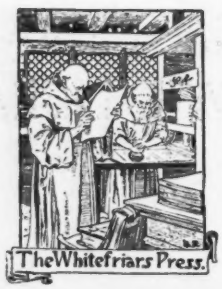


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1916.



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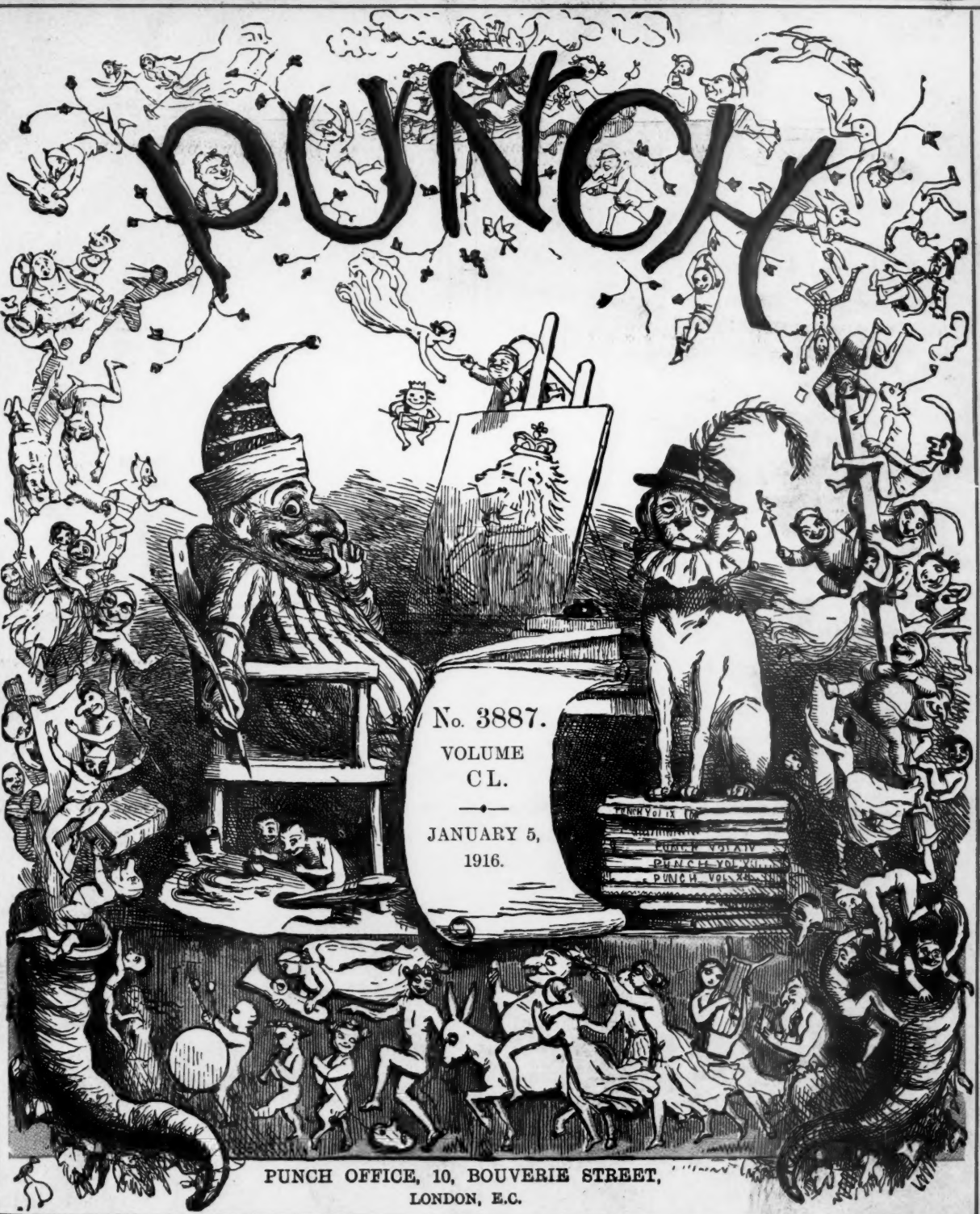
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

MARTELL'S BRANDY

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PUNCH



No. 3887.
VOLUME CL.
JANUARY 5, 1916.

PUNCH OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. PRICE THREEPENCE.

Yearly Subscription, with Summer Number and Almanack—Inland Postage, 16s.; Foreign Postage, 18s. 6d.

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"Thanks for the Cigarettes . . . I like "them and the manner in which the "Crest is produced very much."

100 of each, Turkish and Virginia, sent abroad duty-free and postage-paid cost 11/6.

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Cigarette Makers by Hand,

13 Lower Regent St., Waterloo Place, S.W.

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458—27/6

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THE need for economy has led many a man to Lotus. He feels that, at this time, he simply cannot afford made-to-measure prices.

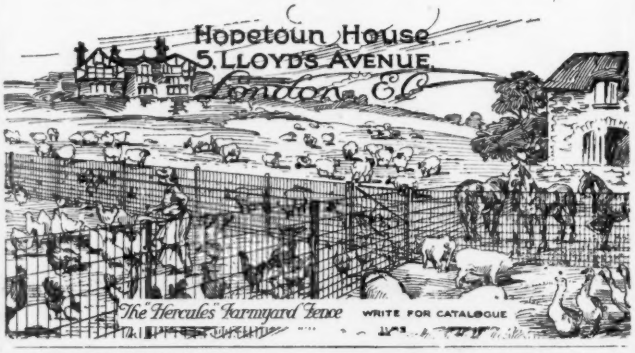
But, when he finds these moderate-priced ready-to-wear boots are quite as comfortable as his old made-to-measure ones, it is out-and-out satisfaction no less than economy that makes him stick to Lotus.

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Benger's Food forms an appetising and easily digested cream, so soothing as to allay internal irritation, and so delicious as to gently incite into activity the weakened digestive functions and process of nutrition.

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in Schemes providing personal and family protection may be unattainable, but here are some plans that seem to come nearer to it than any others that have been devised :—

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is a plain talk—and something more—to the thousands of WOMEN INCOME EARNERS of to-day to whom the thought of old age unprovided for must often be a matter for serious thought. Ask for P. 97.

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is surely the acme of perfection in Accident Insurance. It not only provides for death, but also and substantially for those *who may live without the power of earning a living.* Ask for P. 101.

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LIGHTWEIGHT . . .	3½lbs.	Price 70/-
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Write giving chest measure and length.

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URIC ACID FALLACIES.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GOUT.

IT is a very common fallacy amongst gouty sufferers, the belief that their trouble is due entirely to a disturbed or diseased condition of the kidneys, because it would be found on enquiry that in the large majority of gouty subjects the kidneys are perfectly sound and capable of fulfilling their appointed function of eliminating uric acid, the one common origin of gout in all its varied forms. How does it happen, then, that this dangerous substance remains in the system?

When excessive formation of uric acid takes place from any cause—such as errors in dieting, lack of exercise or over-fatigue—then the liver and kidneys, healthy though they may be, cannot get rid of the overplus quickly enough, and excessive quantities of the harmful waste product are retained in the body.

At first the excess may be only very slight, but the process of uric acid impregnation remorselessly continues until the blood becomes saturated with the poison. The first noticeable effects of this are digestive troubles, heartburn, acidity, flatulence, constant and severe headache, liver pains in the right side of the body, mental depression and nervous irritability.

The gelatinous uric acid is soon converted into solid stony masses or sharply pointed crystals, in which forms it becomes embedded in joints and muscles. These deposits are the cause of those sharp fleeting pains or dull aches which come on so unexpectedly and, to the uninitiated, so unaccountably. They form little hard lumps here and there under the surface of the skin; the piercing crystals penetrating the nerves cause those "pins and needles" sensations which are experienced in the limbs.

HOW GOUT ADVANCES.

Presently the gritty little particles of uric acid begin to fill up crevices in the joints, and fuse themselves together in firmer and harder deposits. Nothing can withstand their penetrating force. The joint becomes embedded in a solid block of cement-like substance and swells enormously until movement becomes acutely painful and finally impossible. This variety is variously called rheumatic, chronic or chalky gout. Other common results of uric acid excess are gouty rheumatism and lumbago, when the uric acid stiffens and hardens the muscles; sciatica and neuritis, when sharp crystals pierce the nerves of the thigh and arm like red-hot needles; kidney stone and gravel, when solid concretions form in the organs; and gouty eczema, when the irritant uric acid permeates the skin.

HOW TO DRIVE OUT URIC ACID.

It is gratifying to know that not only can the advanced stages of gout be effectively remedied, but its recurrence entirely prevented by the administration of the powerful uric acid solvents and eliminants known as Bishop's Varalettes. Bishop's Varalettes are the result of years of close investigation into the subject of uric acid and its solvents, and are made by an old-established firm of manufacturing chemists, whose products for over half-a-century have enjoyed the confidence and support of the medical profession. The best proof of the reliability of Bishop's Varalettes is that they are prescribed regularly by physicians to whom their composition is well-known. The action of Bishop's Varalettes is this. When they come into contact with the uratic deposits they enter into chemical combination with them. They completely change the character of uric acid. The effect of this is the formation of a new, harmless and easily soluble compound. Without difficulty this is completely dissolved and washed out of the body. As a consequence of its removal, pains and aches depart, swellings subside, inflammation dies down, stiffness disappears.

IS SELF-DENIAL A NECESSITY?

So far from this being the case, it is a fact that some of the daintiest, choicest, most palatable and nourishing of foods may be freely partaken of by the gouty not only with safety but with decided advantage. This may sound heretical to many readers, but it is a statement based on the judgment of the highest authorities.

The perusal of a recently published booklet on the subject of gouty dietary will convince you of the truth of the assertion, and show you how you may profit by it. This booklet tells you what foods you must avoid, as being gout provoking, but it gives a long list of permissible foods classified in detail, from which you can make up an extensive variety of uric-acid-free meals.

A copy of this booklet will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (established 1857), 48, Spelman Street, London, N.E.

The booklet contains also a non-technical but scientific description of uric acid disorders generally, giving information as to symptoms and treatment that must commend it to everyone interested in the subject. Please ask for booklet S.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists in vials at 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment), or may be had direct from the sole makers, as above, for 1/3, 2/4 and 5/4 post free in the United Kingdom.

"Stretton"

The English Natural Table Water

The Purest in the World.

IT is bottled in the Stretton Hills and is unique as a beverage for all who suffer from uric acid troubles. Its solvent properties are remarkable.

In Quarts, Pints, and Splits
At all the leading Hotels and Stores.

THE
Stretton Hills Mineral Water Co.
Church Stretton, Salop.

Samuel Brothers LTD
UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS
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RAINPROOF WAR KIT.

Before taking your Commission write us for a Free Copy of "Straight Tips for Subs."

12,000 young Officers have done so to date: it will put you at your ease right from the day you report yourself at Battalion H.Q.

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New FOLKESTONE Branch: 18 Sandgate Rd

ART HOME STUDY SCHOLARSHIPS

Without Entrance Fee to "Punch" Readers.

ILLUSTRATED advertisements are the most successful. Advertisers know the value of drawings, or they would not, in London alone, pay thousands of pounds weekly for sketches.

The demand for effective drawings such as many of our readers can learn to produce increases daily.

Illustrating advertisements offers splendid opportunities to the man or woman with a taste for sketching.

Advertisers pay well and promptly for suitable sketches.

When hundreds of pounds are spent on an advertisement, any price paid for a design that makes it effective is money well spent.

Commercial illustration as a regular occupation or profitable side-line has a wide range of opportunities, and there is room in the profession for anyone with common-sense and a taste for drawing.

Few realise the universal need for drawing—that before even the smallest cottage can be built, before a play can be produced, before any useful article can be put on the market, the work of some man or woman *trained* to make practical, simple drawings is needed.

The demand for Picture Painting, Sculpture, &c., has practically ceased, but the demand for Drawings for reproduction in black-and-white and colours increases daily.

Artists like Bernard Partridge, E. J. Sullivan, the late Walter Crane, R.W.S., Hubert Herkomer, R.A., Fred Pegram, Frank Brangwyn, R.A., Rilette and Chas. E. Dawson, design advertisements because they know it is better for our walls and magazines to bear designs that are good in drawing and colour than advertisements that are merely commonplace.

Nowadays artists sell their work by post, and save the time and embarrassment of personal interviews.

By post, also, anyone with a taste for drawing can enjoy the advantages of a London training at home and launch right into the most interesting and lucrative of the professions.

You can learn by post all about the kind of work that's wanted; how to do it; where, when, and how to sell it.

By post you can acquire all the practical essentials—all the little technical points—from an expert whose business it is to teach and to help you enter the profession in the shortest possible time. Many *Punch* readers in all parts of the world have been helped to do saleable work—and sell it! They have entered the profession by a quick, easy route, personally conducted *by post*, by Chas. E. Dawson, one of London's most successful designers of Pictorial Publicity, who has taught more people to earn money by art than any other man.

Chas. E. Dawson, Responsible.

Punch readers are familiar with the work of Chas. E. Dawson.

His Art Criticisms in the foremost magazines of Great Britain and America have won for him a reputation only equalled by the regard shown on both sides of the Atlantic for his advertisement designs. His pen and pencil have lent Refinement and Distinction to the announcements of the leading Advertisers and Publishers.

His lessons, *exclusive and confidential* to each student, are superbly illustrated. Exercises are sent by post to Mr. Dawson, who criticises them; his letters of personal advice and constructive criticism are alone worth more than the moderate fee for the course. Subjects taught include:—Drawing for reproduction, book cover, advertisement designs, lettering, perspective, line, wash and body colour sketches, splatter work, time and labour-saving devices, originating saleable designs, establishing a connection, correspondence with printers, publishers, and advertisers, how, when and where to sell designs to the best advantage.



One of hundreds of sketches by Chas. E. Dawson in the P.C.C. Course. It illustrates his lesson on brush-work for newspaper advts.

Letter from famous Artist.

(*Contributor to "Graphic," "Illustrated London News," &c.*)

DEAR MR. DAWSON,—I am glad to add my tribute to those which I am sure you must receive from every student of yours who knows a good thing when he sees it.

I am positive that anyone with average intelligence and a little natural ability, who intends taking up Art as a profession—no matter how ignorant he may be at the beginning—cannot fail to lay a sound foundation for future success by carefully following your *clever, practical and most interesting lessons.* I only wish I had the the benefit of your training when I was young.

Any serious man or woman with common sense who takes your Course would, I am convinced, be astonished at his or her progress. If this letter leads anyone who doubts the value of postal instruction to take your Course, I shall feel that I have been the means of doing them a good turn.

You are at liberty to use my name as an endorsement of my entire faith in your amazingly efficient, original and inspiriting system.

Yours faithfully,
A. CHANTREY CORBOULD.

This letter is typical of hundreds of others from artists of all ages in all parts of the Empire, who have written the most sincere and authoritative endorsement ever bestowed upon a teacher or a system.

The Home Study Scholarships.

The Practical Correspondence College — the *All-British Art School with the world-wide Reputation* —offers Mr. DAWSON's full Course of Instruction at half fees, in small monthly instalments, to the first 50 readers to pass a postal examination. Balance of fees only payable WHEN THE STUDENT HAS EARNED TEN POUNDS.

If the Course fails to help the student to earn £10, the student is under no obligation to complete payment of fees.

Students are helped to *earn while they learn*, and dispose of their work at the completion of the course.

Competitors must copy the illustration in this announcement and send it, with stamp for return, to the Secretary, Practical Correspondence College, 7, Thanet House, Strand, W.C.

No preliminary training or expenses necessary. Awards made in the order in which specimen sketches are received.

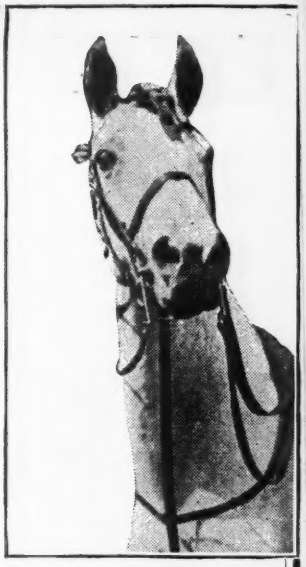
Each sketch will be examined by Mr. Dawson, who will send the competitor a letter of *criticism and advice gratis*, together with particulars of the Course. It costs nothing and you risk nothing by entering the Competition. You get, *gratis*, a famous expert's opinion on your chance of success, and you stand a chance of winning one of the scholarships.

If you can draw well enough to amuse your friends, you can learn to earn by post some of the hundreds of pounds that advertisers—in London alone—spend daily upon simple effective sketches.

First Prize, "Drawing" Competition.

GLASGOW.

You may be interested to hear that I gained first prize in "Drawing" Competition. Without the splendid instruction I received through taking your P.C.C. Course I could never have hoped to obtain this result. J. W. D.



A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION— TO HELP THE BRITISH ARMY HORSES

R.S.P.C.A. FUND FOR SICK & WOUNDED HORSES

Chairman, H. G. The DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.

This Fund, authorized by the Army Council as an aid to the Army Veterinary Corps of the British Army, is helping to minimise the suffering of the horses, and to restore them to the effective fighting force. It is therefore doing a twofold work—humane and economic—and no charitable effort now before the public is more deserving of support.

£20,000 IS URGENTLY REQUIRED

The Fund has erected complete Veterinary Hospitals for 2,500 horses, and is now building another A.V.C. hospital for 1,250 equine patients. Here the horses are treated with the latest scientific skill, and, when operations are necessary, these are all performed under anæsthetics.

It has, besides, dispatched for the use of the British Veterinary Hospitals overseas, 40 motor and horse-drawn ambulances, 18 corn crushers and chaff cutters combined, with petrol engines, motor lorries for carrying fodder, besides thousands of waterproof and other horse rugs, humane killers, halters, bandages, poultice and brushing boots, and countless other veterinary necessities.

This has entailed a vast expense, which the generous public has helped the R.S.P.C.A. to defray ; but, as the war continues, especially in view of the present winter campaign,

MORE AID WILL BE REQUIRED

How much will you send ?

Send all donations to the Hon. Treasurer, C. A. PHILLIMORE, Esq., ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS FUND FOR SICK AND WOUNDED HORSES, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

All cheques to be crossed "Coutts & Co."



Officer: So you have arrived at last.

Dunlop: Yes, by good fortune. I have had a deuce of a time.

Officer: What's been the matter?

Dunlop: The car has been sliding about all over the place. No proper non-skids. There ought to be one steel-studded and one grooved cover on each pair of wheels. A steel-studded cover grips where an all-rubber cover doesn't, and vice-versa. It is the only arrangement for all weathers, and your roads out here are the limit just now.

DUNLOP
RUBBER COMPANY, LD.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,

Aston Cross, Birmingham. London: 14 Regent St., S.W.; 146 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.; and Priory Works, Belsize Road, Kilburn, N.W.

Trade  Mark.



Mr. SMOKER

Apart from the actual detriment to one's teeth, stale tobacco, as you know, gives a most unpleasant taint to the breath, equally objectionable to oneself and friends. *Ordinary* tooth powder cannot help you much—T.M. Smoker's Powder *can*.

T. M. Smoker's Tooth Powder
(and in Paste Form)
is **not** ordinary Tooth Powder. It is the only Powder that absolutely removes at once all trace of nicotine, smell, and taste; cleans the teeth perfectly, leaving them beautifully smooth. There is no grit to injure the enamel. It is a strong antiseptic which removes from the mouth the "bite" so often felt by smokers. Instead there is that clean, healthy taste that has made T.M. so popular with both ladies and gentlemen.

The Best Tooth Powder for All Purposes.

Of all Chemists and Stores, **6d.** per tin, or in paste form, **1/-** per tube; or post free from the Proprietors as under.

ZEPTO

ZEPTO Antiseptic Tartar Pencils get into the chinks where a tooth brush rarely gets. They remove the dark Tartar and Tobacco Stains *at once* and make white, glistening teeth. Last many months. Cost but 9d. each.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free from
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Dept. P), Old Swan Lane LONDON, E.C.

HORLICK'S RATION
OF
MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round, air-tight tin weighing 7 ozs., and containing 80 highly compressed tablets:—this is Horlick's 24-Hour Ration. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how *many* ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to *every* soldier!

SEND ONE TO YOUR SOLDIER TO-DAY

Price 1/6 each.

Post free to any address at the Front.

We will send post free to ANY address at the Front a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address, and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron, or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.,
SLOUGH, BUCKS.



REDLINE
MOTOR SPIRIT
CAN GIVE POINTS TO ALL OTHERS



PROOF

Independent report on Three Months' Test of REDLINE proved to give 1·7 more miles per gallon than any other Spirit. This equals a saving of 10 per cent. or 2d. per gallon.

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21 BURY STREET, LONDON, E.C.
CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE.
Telephone Nos.: Avenue 4964, 4965.

31726

31726



RESOLUTIONS.

I WILL not breakfast in my bed
With downy cushions at my head;
That would be very wrong—and so
Away the eggs and bacon go!

I will not read in bed at night
And burn the dear electric light;
Nor buy another costly hat;
Oh no! I'm much too good for that.

But I will rise before the dawn
And weed and cut and roll the lawn;
My border I will plant with veg,
Abundantly from hedge to hedge.

And all the day I'll practise thrift
And no more happily will drift
In deeper debt, as once, alas!
—But what an awful year I'll pass.

The Art of Sinking.

"Altogether we sank one gunboat, five steamers (one of 3,000 tons), and 17 large sailing ships, three trains, and one railway embankment."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Very Light Marching Order.

From a notice issued to recruits for the New Zealand Expeditionary Force:—

"You should report wearing a pair of serviceable boots, and bring with you your toilet outfit—no additional clothing is required."

"In a conversation with members of the Press Mr. Ford said now was the time for peace on the basis of the *status quo anti bellum*."
Scotch Paper.

He always spells it that way.

AN ILL-USED AUTHOR.

"I GATHER, Sir," remarked my fellow-traveller, after I had put away the writing-block on which I had been jotting down the outline of an article, "that you are a literary man, like myself?"

We were the only occupants of a compartment in a L. & N.W.R. carriage. I had been too absorbed till then to notice his appearance, but I now observed that he had rather unkempt hair, luminous eyes, and a soft hat. "Oh, well," I admitted, "I write."

"But I take it that, whatever you write, it is not *poetry*," he said. What led him to this inference I cannot say, but I had to confess that it was correct.

"Still, even though you are not a Poet yourself, I hope," he said, "you can feel some sympathy for one who has been so infamously treated as I have."

I replied that I hoped so too.

"Then, Sir," said he, "I will tell you my unhappy story. At the beginning of this War I was approached by certain Railway magnates who shall be nameless. It appeared that they had realised, very rightly, that their official notices were couched in too cold and formal a style to reach the heart of their public. So they commissioned me to supply what I may term the human touch. As a poet, I naturally felt that this could only be effectively done through the medium of verse. Well, I rose to the occasion, Sir; I produced some lines which, printed as they were written, must infallibly have placed me at the head of all of my contemporaries. But they were *not* printed as they were written. In proof of which I will trouble you to read very carefully the opening paragraph of those 'Defence of the Realm Regulations' immediately above your head . . . Only the opening paragraph at present, please!"

I was somewhat surprised, but, thinking it best to humour him, I read the first sentence, which was: "*In view of possible attack by hostile aircraft, it is necessary that the blinds of all trains should be kept down after sunset*," and gave him my opinion of it.

"Whether," he said, with some acerbity, "it is or is not as lucidly expressed as you are pleased to consider, only the beginning of it is mine. This is what I actually wrote:—

"'In view of possible attack
By hostile aircraft overhead,
'Tis necessary now, alack!
Soon as old Sol has sought his bed,
That those who next the window sit,
Though they'd prefer to watch the gloaming,
Should draw the blind, nor leave a slit,
Keeping it down until they're homing,
Else on the metals will be thrown
A glowing trail as from a comet,
And Huns to whom a train is shown
Will most indubitably bomb it!'

"That," he observed complacently, "is not only verse of the highest order, but clearly conveys the reason for such precautions, which the official mind chose to cut out. And now let me ask you to read the next paragraph." I did so. "*At night-time when the blinds are drawn*," it ran, "*passengers are requested before alighting to make sure when the train stops that it is at the platform.*"

"Which," he cried fiercely, "is their mangled and mutilated version of this:—

"'At night-time when the blinds are drawn
(As screens against those devils' spawn,
Which love the gloom, but dread the dawn),
A train may be at standstill,
Then we request 'twill not occur
That some impatient passenger,
Whose nerves are in a chronic stir,
And neither feet nor hands still,
Without preliminary peep
Will forth incontinently leap,
Alighting in a huddled heap
To lie, a limp or flat form,
In some inhospitable ditch,
If not on grittier ballast, which
(The darkness far surpassing pitch)
He took to be the platform!'

"As to the next paragraph," he continued, "I don't complain so much, though, personally, I consider '*Extract from Order made by the Secretary of State for the Home Department*' a very poor paraphrase of the resounding couplet in which *I* introduced him:—

"'Now speaks in genial tones, from heart to heart meant,
The Secretary for the Home Department!'

"I could have overlooked that, Sir, if they had retained the lines I had written for him. But they've only let him speak the first four words—'*Passengers in Railway Carriages*'—and then drivel on thus: '*which are provided with blinds must keep the blinds covered so as to cover the windows*'—a clumsy tautology, Sir, for which I am sure no Home Secretary would care to be held responsible, and from which I had been at some pains to save him, as you may judge when I read you the original text:—

"'Passengers in railway carriages
Possess a sense which none disparages;
So those who are not perverse or froward
May be trusted to see that the blinds are lowered,
To cover the windows so totally
That no one inside can be seen, or see.
Mem.—This need not be done, as lately decided,
If blinds for the windows have not been provided.'

"But," he went on, "the deadliest injury those infernal officials reserved for the last. If you read the concluding sentence, Sir, you will observe that it begins: '*The blinds may be lifted in case of necessity!*' (That, I need hardly say, is *entirely* my own. There is a sort of inspired swing in it, the true lyrical lilt with which even red-tape has not dared to tamper! But mark how they go on): '*when the train is at a standstill at a station, but, if lifted, they must be lowered again before the train starts.*' And this insufferable bathos, forsooth, was substituted for lines like these:—

"'The blinds may be lifted in case of necessity;
Thus, if the train at a station should halt,
And the traveller hears not its name, nor can guess it, he
Cannot be held to commit any fault,
Still farther be fined,
Should he pull up the blind
Out of mere curiosity: had he not looked
He might miss the station for which he had booked!'

"Well," he concluded, "that is my case. But I can never put it before the public myself. My pride would not permit me. Though, if someone—yourself, for instance—would present my claims to redress——"

I couldn't help thinking that he had been hardly treated, and so I undertook to do what I could for him. He gave me his verses, also his name, which latter I have unfortunately forgotten. However, I hope I have redeemed my promise here in other respects.

There are times when I wonder uneasily whether he may not have been pulling my leg. But, after all, he could have had no possible object in doing that. Besides, if, the next time you travel by the L. & N.-W., you will study the printed instructions in your compartment, I fancy you will agree with me that they corroborate his statements to a rather remarkable extent.

F. A.

A Christmas Trifle.

"Some stale sponge cake is cut in slices less than an inch thick, and these are spread generously with jam and arranged on a crystal dish, blanched and chopped with Clara and Jo and all their young cousins."—*The Bulletin.*



THE RUSH TO SALONIKA.

WILHELM AND FRANZ JOSEPH. "FERDIE, THE POST OF HONOUR IS YOURS."
FERDIE. "YOU CAN HAVE IT."



Fair Hostess (entertaining wounded soldier). "AND SO ONE JACK JOHNSON BURIED YOU, AND THE NEXT DUG YOU UP AGAIN AND LANDED YOU ON THE TOP OF A BARN! NOW, WHAT *WERE* YOUR FEELINGS?"

Tommy. "IF YOU 'LL BELIEVE ME, MA'AM, I WAS NEVER MORE SURPRISED IN ALL MY LIFE."

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

IT has come as an immense relief to all true lovers of peace to learn that such German soldiers as have been taking part in the war on the Italian frontier have previously resigned their positions in the KAISER'S army and been re-enrolled under the Austrian flag, so that no untoward incident may disturb the profound peace which exists between Germany and Italy. All the same there are elements of possible danger in the situation which should be carefully watched. We look forward to a time when our gallant ally may be confidently expected to advance on to German soil, and we think it would be well for the authorities at Rome (unless the invading host is provided with Montenegrin uniforms) to serve out beforehand a large number of tourist coupons, available over a wide choice of different routes. This might avert the terrible consequences that are likely to follow a breach of relations.

Of course it must be remembered that Italy has now signed on not to enter into a separate peace, and no doubt the only true economy is to make the present one go as far as possible, as it cannot be replaced. Still, since the sinking of the *Ancona* by a German crew (partially whitewashed so as to look like Austrians), Italy's neutrality has become of an extremely virulent order.

We need hardly say that President WILSON even on his honeymoon is closely watching the situation and thinking over it very deeply, very slowly and very calmly, hoping to discover hints for his own future guidance. It is said that he feels himself being drawn more and more into the vortex, and his attitude of passive belligerency may be followed by one of aggressive non-interference. It is common knowledge in Washington that if he can get no satisfaction on the *Ancona* question he will either despatch a new note (which will be *almost* an ultimatum) or simply pass on and declare war on Albania.

Portugal (as the ancient ally of Great Britain), who has already been involved in a scrap with German troops in Angola, is naturally deeply exercised as to what are her present relations with Turkey. The matter is an urgent one and might become crucial in the event of a Turkish Zeppelin drifting in a fog over Portuguese territory.

The King of GREECE is said to have found a happy solution of his difficulty about a Bulgarian invasion of Greece. The incoming forces are to be provided with return tickets to Salonika and back, available only for forty-five days, and containing a stipulation that the traveller may not break his journey at any other point.

"FOR THIS RELIEF——"

(*Suggested by the poster commending a recent Revue as "the last word in syncopation."*)

THE days of our mourning are ended,
The lean years of famine are fled,
When, sick for a spoonful of aught that was tuneful,
We 've sorrowed as over the dead
For Music, forlorn and unfriended,
Gone down into glimmerless gloom,
While rude "rag-time" revels were dancing a devils'
Tattoo on her tomb.

A new dawn of promise doth redden
The rim of our Stygian night;
Our bondage is breaking—O blessed awaking
To melody merry and bright!
My heart, long o'erloaded and leaden,
Now bounds to the blue like a bird;
The shadow has shifted; with pæan uplifted
I hail that "last word"!

CHARIVARIA.

LEAP YEAR ANTICIPATIONS.—A fine spring is expected in France, Flanders and Poland. If the weather is propitious a total eclipse will be visible in Berlin and Vienna.

* * *

Asked by some American journalists where the Peace Conference would be held, Dr. SVEN HEDIN is reported to have said, "Peace will be dictated from Berlin." And so say all of us!

* * *

Relations between Potsdam and Sofia are said to be badly strained. Three days after the KAISER had issued his celebrated manifesto, "To my noble and heroic Serbian people," FERDINAND in the Sobranje was publicly denouncing the Serbians as obstinate, treacherous, and tyrannical. The KAISER considers this conduct extremely tactless, and threatens, if it continues, to spell Bulgarian with a "V."

* * *

All hitherto-published explanations of the threatened German attack on the Suez Canal are hereby cancelled. The fact is that the KAISER'S fleet is increasing so rapidly that it has outgrown its present accommodation.

* * *

During the visit of Mr. FORD'S Ark to Bergen the following notice was posted up at the Grand Hotel:—"All members of the Henry Ford Peace Expedition are requested to call for their laundry at the Grand Hotel, Room 408, Tuesday evening after supper. This notice supersedes the original plan to have the laundry delivered to each individual hotel." It may also explain why the members of the expedition have since washed their dirty linen in public.

* * *

Some of the pilgrims on the *Oscar II.* were much annoyed at the prohibition of card-playing on board. "What is the use," they asked, "of crying *Pax* when there are none?"

* * *

Some strait-laced Conservatives, who were a little shocked to see the announcement of "Mr. Balfour on the Film," were comforted on its being pointed out to them that Mr. CHAPLIN set him the example.

* * *

A ten-year-old girl's essay on "Patriotism":—"Patriotism is composed of patriots, and they are people who live in Ireland and want Mr. Redmond or other people to be King of Ireland. They are very brave, some of them, and are so called after St. Patrick, who is Ireland's private saint. The patriots who are brave make splendid soldiers. The patriots who are not brave go to America."

* * *

Lord KITCHENER, who has a choice collection of old china, has lately added to it several fine specimens of Crown Derby.

* * *

So many Parliamentarians have recently requested the Treasury to stop sending them their £400 a year that a slight change in the designation of the others is suggested—P.M. (Paid Member) instead of M.P.

* * *

A soldier's letter: "DEAR SIS,—You ask what I want—well, for Heaven's sake send us a barber! You never saw such heads in your life as we've got.

Lovingly, BOB.

P.S.—Failing a barber send us a box of hair-pins."

* * *

Is it true that while the Cliff Hotel at Gorleston was blazing furiously during the gale last week a zealous official went up to the unfortunate proprietor and threatened him with pains and penalties for allowing a naked light to be seen far out at sea?



THE NEW LEAF.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF PRUSSIAN POET PREPARING TO WRITE A HYMN OF LOVE—IN CASE IT SHOULD BE WANTED.

We understand that since the entrance-fee was suspended and the subscription reduced, the Automobile Club has increased its membership so largely that the Committee are thinking of re-naming it the Omnibus.

* * *

A conversation in the trenches:—

Private Dougal McTavish (late of the Alberta Police): "Mon, in ma section 'tis aften fafty degrees below zero. But, bless ye, 'tis dry cold, ye 'll never feel it."

L.C. Owen Tyrrell (late of Carpentaria Telegraphs): "Down-under it is usually 125 in the shade. But thin it is dry heat, you are niver sinsible of ut."

Corpl. James Brown (late Tram Conductor, Vancouver): "In B.C. we stake upon 312 to 314 rainy days in the year. But it is dry rain, it don't wet you."

* * *

In an article on the employment of women as dentists, the writer says: "A new charm has been added to the delights of dentistry." Optimist!

* * *

He also says that one lady "extracted 38 teeth from nine patients, and showed little signs of fatigue from it, either." But what about the nine?

* * *

We observe that Mr. PEARCE, the Commonwealth Minister of Defence, fell while in his garden and broke two of his ribs, but are glad to learn that his condition is not serious. The conjunction of a rib, a garden, and a fall has in at least one previous case resulted in permanent injury.

* * *

A martyr to insomnia threatens, unless the Government stops the whistling for taxis, to let Mr. MCKENNA whistle for his.

* * *

Our men in the trenches are beginning to welcome the German gas-attacks. They say there is nothing like them for keeping down the rats.

* * *

Suggested motto for the controversy between the headmasters as to the publication of Public School Rolls of Honour—"*Quot dominies tot sententiæ.*"

Note.

The "Wingfield House" mentioned in the article "Cases," which appeared in *Punch* a fortnight ago, was a purely imaginary name and had nothing to do with the Wingfield House, near Trowbridge, where a hospital has for some time been established.

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MELBA — JOHN McCORMACK
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French charity has done much, but it is handicapped by that lack of resource which comes from paralysed industry; in her need France turns to us to continue the work of mercy which we have begun.

The Urgency Cases Hospital for France

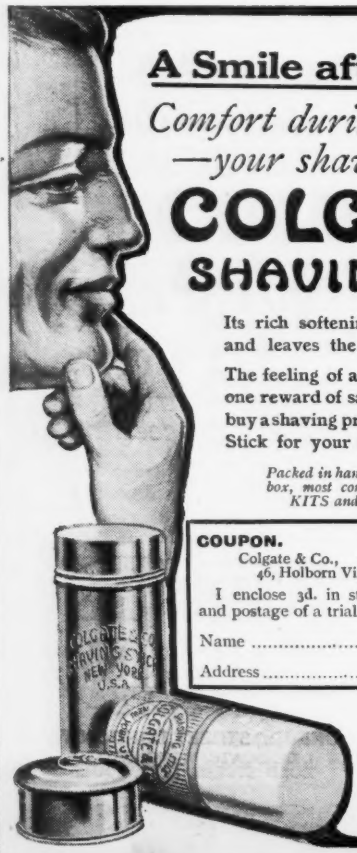
at Revigny is staffed by British Surgeons and Nurses and maintained at the cost of the people of Britain, aided by the generous support of the French Government, as our gift to the severely wounded soldiers of our gallant ally. The hospital is under the direct superintendence of those starred below and other eminent surgeons and nurses. It has met with the warm approval and support of the French military medical authorities, and has been so successful that of 1,161 cases, all seriously wounded, there have been only 46 deaths. The sum of £3,000 is urgently needed for essential extensions and for working expenses.

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Juvenile War Lord. "'ERE! SOMEONE ELSE 'AVE A GO—I'M SICK O' WAR. IT AIN'T IN REASON TER EXPECT A BLOKE TER BE THE KAISER THREE DAYS RUNNING!"

THE VINDICATION OF JIMMY.

IN one corner of the school playground stood a small boy in deep dejection, with his hands in his pockets, his lower lip trembling slightly, whilst he strove to kick a hole in the ground with his right toe. It was Jimmy—Jimmy in his hour of trial.

He wasn't going to blub, he wasn't going to do anything.

Suddenly he stopped kicking at the ground, as he remembered that his mother had told him he must be careful of his boots now that the War was on.

He took out of his pocket a matchbox, the temporary home of a large beetle—a buzzer, Jimmy called it—which had hitherto refused to eat either grass or bran or Indian corn. His gaze then wandered to a hole in his stockings, which he had mended by applying ink to the exposed part of his skin.

From the opposite side of the playground came the tumultuous noise of the calm deliberations of Form II.

Jimmy knew perfectly well that they were discussing him, and that in time one of their number would be sent to inform him of the verdict and sentence.

He expected that he would have to fight them all, one by one, and he wondered how many blows he would be able to stand without returning them, for to hit back was out of the question under the unfortunate circumstances.

Jimmy wished they would get it over, for he was quite willing to undergo any form of punishment they might decide upon, if only they would let him know quickly. He hoped they wouldn't make the Biffer fight him, not that he was afraid of the Biffer, but because it would be so hard to keep himself from hitting back, and that he had decided not to do. You see the Biffer was a new boy, and, for another thing, he wore a leather strap round his wrist. On his very first day at school the Biffer had volunteered the information that he once gave a boy such a biff on the nose that he had sprained his wrist, and that ever since he had worn a wrist strap, lest it should happen again. It was Jimmy who had nicknamed him the Biffer, and from that time the Biffer had sought Jimmy's blood.

But Jimmy was not easy to quarrel with.

He was the acknowledged champion of Form II., and you had to commit three offences before Jimmy would seriously consider you. At the first offence you got a note with the one word "Beware!" written upon it; at the second, another note with the word "Blood" written underneath a skull and crossbones; and at the third you received a note with the word "Deth," and underneath was the drawing of a coffin.

The Biffer had so far arrived at the second note.

Jimmy did hope they wouldn't choose the Biffer, for he could hear even now the Biffer's yell when he had made that awful mistake which had brought about the present deplorable situation.

Jimmy couldn't think how he had come to say what he did say; he could have bitten off his tongue when he realised it; but it was too late—he had said it.

He tried to think how it had all occurred, and the scene flashed again before his mind. There was the master with his pointer resting upon the Dogger Bank on the map of Europe.

"Who can tell me the name of this sea?" he had said, and Jimmy had snapped his fingers and waved his arm about in his anxiety to catch the master's eye. You see, it was so seldom, so very seldom, that Jimmy felt he knew the right answer to any question, and the new experience was intoxicating. The master too seemed to find it unusual, and he at once turned to Jimmy and said, "Well, what is this sea called, then?" Jimmy, full

of the pride of knowledge, burst out with "The North Sea, Sir." Oh! if he had only stopped at that; but in his desire to show how much he knew he added without thinking the fatal words, "or German Ocean!"

In the shout of derision which had followed, Jimmy realised what he had said, and felt himself falling, falling, falling . . .

Jimmy became aware that the noise on the opposite side of the playground was ceasing, and soon, from the corner of his eye, he saw Jones minimus detach himself from the crowd. "Half a mo'," he heard Jones minimus say; "I want to get a knotted handkerchief," and he saw him hurry into the school. As he emerged he flourished the knotted handkerchief, but when delivering the verdict to Jimmy that he would have to run the gauntlet three times to the tune of the knotted handkerchiefs of Form II., he tried to smuggle into Jimmy's hands an exercise-book which he said Jimmy could stuff up his back; it would stick there if Jimmy buttoned his jacket, he said, and it would take the sting off a bit. Jimmy had to bite his lip as he refused the exercise-book, and then with head erect and lips no longer trembling he went forth to face the ordeal.

Form II. had arranged themselves in two ranks, facing one another, and the knots in the handkerchiefs were firm and hard. "You have got to bunk through and back again and then down again," said Jones minimus in a hoarse whisper.

The Biffer was at the head of one rank, and had got his handkerchief slung over his shoulder in happy readiness for the first blow.

"Are you ready? Go!" shouted Form II. in one voice.

At the word "Go!" Jimmy pulled his hands out of his pockets—he was glad his mother wasn't there to see him—and with head still up and eyes to the front he walked slowly up the double lines and as slowly down them. The Biffer got in a good one, he got in two before Jimmy was out of reach, and he then changed the handkerchief to his left hand in readiness for the return journey. Arrived at the end of the lines, Jimmy turned on his heel and began to walk even more slowly than at first.

But there was no sting in the blows this time; all the zest seemed to have gone out of the affair; and, but for the whack the Biffer gave, Jimmy never felt anything. The third time down was a farce, for, after Jimmy had deliberately stopped opposite the Biffer in order to let him have as many as his injured soul required, no one touched him. In fact they were all shaking hands with Jimmy, who was now his smiling self once more and ready to play with the best of them, when suddenly the Biffer took it into his head to make a joke.

"Perhaps he *is* a German," said the Biffer, and waited for the general laugh to follow his sally.

But the laugh didn't come; instead there was a dead silence.

Who was the Biffer—a new boy at that—to call anyone a German? Instinctively a ring was formed and the Biffer found himself in the middle of it.

Jimmy took off his coat and gave it to Jones minimus, who danced for sheer delight.

Jimmy had only one regret: the butcher-boy was not there to see him—the butcher-boy who had expended so much time over him, had taught him the upper cut, the under cut, every cut that the heart of a butcher-boy delights in. The Biffer was very busy biffing the air with a rapid circular motion of the arms, for Jimmy's fixed scowl and set of jaw troubled him.

Oh, why wasn't the butcher-boy there to see that tremendous smack on the nose the Biffer got? He would have felt amply rewarded.

No one had ever seen Jimmy fight like this, and Jones minimus shouted in his joy, for the Biffer was outbiffed in every direction.

In vain did he cry "*Pax*," for Jimmy had not half relieved his feelings, and there was no end to the dodges the butcher-boy had taught him, each of which, he had said, meant sudden death.

"He's had enough, Jimmy," whispered Jones minimus. "I'm satisfied," he added as the Biffer, who was lying on the ground, refused to get up and have any more.

As the boys entered the class-room the next day there was the map of Europe still hanging up in front of the class, and the very first question that was asked by the master was, "Well, Jimmy, what is this sea?"

"The North Sea or British Ocean, Sir!" said Jimmy, a reply that was greeted with a rousing cheer by the whole of Form II.

A SECOND HELPING!

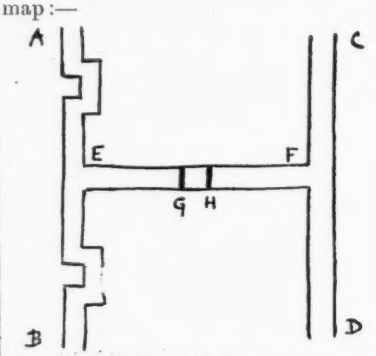
Our Bagdad force fell in a rut
  At Ctesiphon; Turks made things hum.
We found that we had got to Kut,
  Whilst Russians found a way to Kum!

Our men know not the word "defeat,"
  They 'll make it clear on Tigris plain
That, Russian-like, when they retreat,
  'Tis but to cut and come again.

A TURKISH TROPHY.

(A belated letter from Gallipoli.)

MY DEAR ——,—By this week's post I trust you will receive the long promised trophy, to wit one Turkish headpiece procured by my own personal exertions. As the story of its capture, though somewhat out of the ordinary, has been passed over in stony silence both by the official *communiqués* and "Our Special Correspondent" I shall endeavour to give you a brief impression of the difficulties overcome as truthfully as my sense of imagination will allow me. First of all I must draw a map:—



A B British trench, with traverses.
C D Turkish trench, without.
E F Ditch
G British barricade.
H Turkish barricade.

This should give you an idea of the English and Turkish lines at a point where they are about eighty yards apart. Without going into details you will see the English trench is of the superior pattern, as it has traverses. I had to work in that technical term to show I know all about it; I know another, "the berm," but I am not too sure about what that is, and also I don't suppose I could draw a "berm" if I saw one. Anyway, I know it's quite a good term connected with trenches, as I heard a G.O.C. fairly strafe a subaltern, the other day, because he hadn't got a "berm." Well, to refer to the map, you will observe that there is an old ditch running between the two lines of trenches, and both sides have advanced a certain distance along this ditch and have built barricades about ten yards apart. Every day it is part of my job to take a constitutional along our trenches, and after discussing the European situation and the latest Budget with the various battalion commanders to ask them whether there is any particularly obnoxious part of the opposition line they would like me to salute with my battery. Usually they say, "No, there's nothing in particular, but let's have a shoot all the same; for example, there's

a dog that barks abominably every night opposite L 57. Couldn't you abolish him?" Incidentally we no longer give our trenches names, such as Piccadilly, Rotten Row, but mere letters and numbers; the reason being that one of the staff was picked up in a fainting condition, having strolled down Park Lane and then found himself, to his horror, in Peckham High Street. The shock—his own home being in Ealing Broadway—had proved too much for his constitution. However, to refer back to the map once more, our barricade across the ditch is a most convenient spot for observing artillery fire and as such is frequently used by me. Unfortunately my view was always hasty and badly interrupted by the attentions of a Turkish sniper behind their barricade. This man's name was Ibrahim, and he was a Constantinople cab-driver, married, with two children, both boys. You may be surprised that we know so much about the enemy, but we live in such close proximity that opposite the Lancashire Fusiliers a Turk named Mahomet, who lives at No. 3, Golden Horn Terrace, told the reporter of *The Worpington Headlight* that for three years he had been suffering from pains in the back—but that's another story. Incidentally Mahomet at present inhabits a sniper's post surrounded by a perfect thicket of barbed-wire, and I had a bright scheme for its removal. I got hold of a trench catapult, an ingenious contrivance of elastic that hurls a bomb some hundreds of yards, and placed in it a harpoon attached to a long coil of rope. The idea was that on release of the catapult the harpoon would be hurled in the air, the rope would neatly pay out, and then, as soon as the harpoon had grappled Mahomet, all we would have to do would be to haul on the rope and over would come the whole bag of tricks. Unfortunately something went wrong, and the rope, instead of neatly uncoiling, flailed round the trench like a young anaconda, and, catching a harmless spectator by the leg, hurled him twenty feet in the air. Immediately the opposition lines resounded like a rifle-booth at a country fair. However our spectator descended unpunctured, and the only damage done was to our vanity, when Mahomet threw over a message attached to a stone to ask whether we would repeat the performance as he and a pal had a bet on as to who was the best shot and wanted a human aeroplane to judge.

But we have got a long way from Ibrahim. Ibrahim possessed the headpiece I am sending you. I could not think of a method for obtaining it, as his vigilance was deadly. However a bright thought struck me, and I assiduously saved up my rum ration for a month. Then one bitter cold night I tossed over the accumulation in a bottle wrapped up in an old sock. Presently there resounded in the still air a pleasant bubbling sound indicative of liquid being poured out of a glass receptacle, then a deep sigh, followed by a profound silence. Inch by inch I crawled over our barricade and slowly wormed my way along the ditch. At last I reached the Turkish barricade and cautiously slid my hand over the top until my fingers encountered Ibrahim's toque. Then I gave a gentle tug. Horror! he had the flap down under his chin. Unmanned for a moment I recovered, and I slowly slid my fingers down his hirsute neck and with a gentle titillation slid the flap clear. Ibrahim merely stirred in his sleep and resumed his slumbers. Triumphantly hugging the trophy to my bosom I crawled back to our barricade.

The saddest part of the tale is yet to come. I had promised to procure you a trophy unstained by association with human slaughter, but when the day dawned there lay poor Ibrahim stiff and stark behind his barricade, killed by a cold in his head.



PANTOMIME ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Message Boy Wanted for Butchery."
Brechin Advertiser.

A lot of people are after that boy.

"Taxi driver who laid down Fare at Royal Hotel at 2.45 p.m. on Christmas Day, would oblige by returning Gent's Umbrella to Hotel."
Aberdeen Journal.

We gather that it had been a wet morning.



Cyril (eating his bread-and-jam—with not too much jam). "THIS IS PREPOSTROUS—THIS WAR ECONOMY."

HUNTIN' WEATHER.

THERE 's a dog-fox down in Lannigan's spinney
(And Lannigan's wife has hens to mourn);
The hunters stamp in their stalls an' whinny,
Soft with leisure an' fat with corn.

The colts are pasturin', bold an' lusty,
Sleek they are with their coats aglow,
Ripe to break, but the bits grow rusty
And the saddles sit in a dusty row.

Old O'Dwyer was here a-Monday
With a few grey gran'fathers out for a field
(Like the ghostly hunt of a dead an'-done day),
They—an' some lassies that giggled an' squealed.

The houn's they rioted like the devil
(They ran a hare an' they killed a goose);
I cursed Caubeen, but he looked me level:
"The boys are away—so what 's the use?"

The mists lie clingin' on bog an' heather,
Haws hang red on the silver thorn;
It 's huntin' weather, ay, huntin' weather,
But trumpets an' bugles have beat the horn!

A Debt of Honour.

Mr. Punch ventures to plead on behalf of the nine hundred men of the Royal Naval Division who were taken prisoners by the enemy in the retirement from Antwerp. Less fortunate than those of the same Division who were interned in Holland (for want of official information most people imagine that all the missing were so interned), they lack the necessities of life. Parcels of food are sent to them, fortnightly to each man, as well as clothing and tobacco; and it is known that they receive all that is sent. Mr. Punch begs his readers to help the fund from which these simple comforts are provided, and to address their gifts to Lady GWENDOLEN GUINNESS, at 11, St. James's Square, S.W.

From a report of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech:—

"The works of Ireland have been extremely helpful, and I am glad to acknowledge that I have been extremely helpful."
Manchester Guardian.

On this occasion the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS appears to have allowed himself the privilege of "thinking aloud."

"*The Daily Mail* will not be published to-morrow, and for that reason we seize the occasion to-day of bidding our readers a merry Christmas."—*Daily Mail of December 24th.*

And a very good reason too.

Seasonable.

"The Canadian Government has granted to Canadian troops overseas and in training at home a Christmas allowance of one chilling."
Provincial Paper.

"He much regretted that it was not possible to-day to communicate the results of the Derby Report in any detail, or, indeed, at all. The task had been one of stupendous bagnitude."
Evening Standard.

Yes, but how big was the bag?

Two descriptions of the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff:—

"Of Scottish descent, and familiarly known to the Army as 'Jock,' he is one of the most remarkable soldiers of the time."
Glasgow Evening Times.

"That he is known throughout the whole Army simply as 'Wullie' is a sure token that the private soldier has taken him to his heart."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Won't the Germans be puzzled?

"Eddie Harvey (Fleetwood) and Ike Whitehouse (Barrow) went through 15 rounds contest for £5 a side and a nurse, and Harvey won on points."—*The People.*

The stakes, we presume, were divided.

"A kid was born with monkey face and human skull at Saidapet on the 13th instant."
New India.

This is headed "A Curious Phenomenon." But is it? Some of our neighbours' kids are just like that.



THE NEW EDGE.

LONDON AS USUAL.

["*Kelly's London Directory*" *for* 1916, *a contemporary remarks, is very much the same as the volume for* 1915.]

WHERE, where are the signs of the raider
Who swam to our ken like a kite,
Who swore he had played the invader
And knocked us to bits in the night;
Who pounded these parts into jelly
From Mile End, he said, to the Mall?
For the man who should know (J. J. KELLY)
Can't spot 'em at all.

You may turn up the street that is Vigo
Or alight on the Lane that is Mark;
You may let your incredulous eye go
O'er each Crescent and Corner and Park;
You may hunt through the humblest of alleys
Or the giddiest haunts of the town,
And KELLY'S, who're "safe" as the Palace,
Have got 'em all down.

So I sing to those equals in wonder,
Of BRADSHAW (the expert on trains),
Who have torn the Hun's fiction asunder—
That our City 's a mass of remains;
Here 's our proof that we're plainly not undone,
That, although every night she lies hid,
Our stolid undaunted old London
Still stands where she did.

STUDIES IN FRUSTRATION.

I.

THE scene was the comfortable spacious breakfast-room in the Bishop's Palace. His lordship sat nearest to the fire; the bishop's wife presided over the fragrant coffee-pot, and the curate, their dine-and-sleep guest, sat opposite the bishop and farthest from the warmth. As a curate this position was his due. Some day he also would be a bishop, and then he too would know what it was to intercept the glow.

The curate was looking dubiously into the recesses of an egg. His fine Anglican features underwent a series of contortions.

"I am afraid," said the bishop, "that that egg is not a good one."

"You are right, my lord," said the curate. "It is not only bad, it 's alive. I think it 's the worst egg that was ever offered me."

II.

The wounded soldier lay in his deck-chair placidly smoking his hundredth cigarette that day. He was not naturally a smoker, but cigarettes arrived in enormous numbers and something had to be done with them.

His visitor sat beside him, note-book in hand. "Yes?" he remarked.

"And then," said the soldier, "came the order to charge. We fixed bayonets and rushed at the Bosches like mad. It was glorious—like the best kind of football match."

The visitor took it all down, and more.

"I remember bayonetting two men," said the soldier, "and then I remember nothing else. And that's six months ago. Still, I'm getting well, and then there 's only one thing on earth that I really want with a passionate desire . . ."

"I know! I know!" said the visitor, moistening his pencil.

"Never to see any more war as long as I live," the soldier continued.

III.

The aged artist sat in his luxurious studio surrounded by his masterpieces —that is, by the pictures he had never been able to sell.

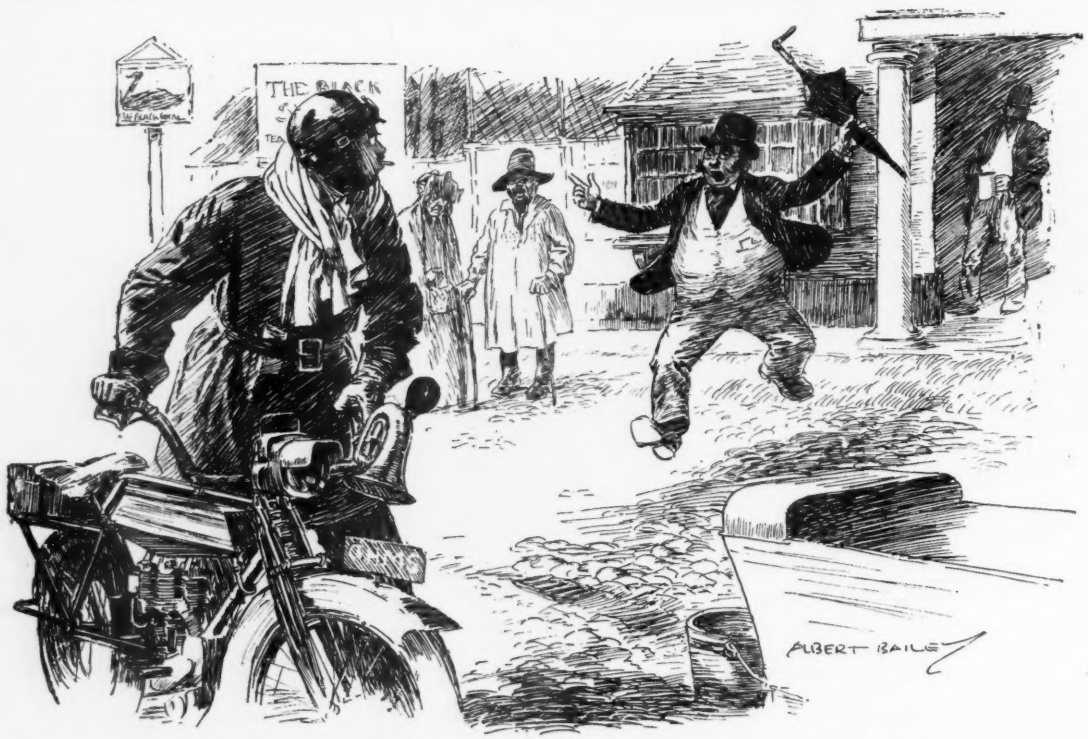
The gem of the collection stood on an easel in the middle of the room; while a connoisseur, hat in hand, inspected it closely, enthusiastically, breathlessly. Then, coming over to where the artist was resting, he sat down opposite to him and in a voice trembling with emotion asked, "Tell me, how *do* you mix your colours?"

There was a deep silence, almost painful in its intensity. A drawing-pin fell with a deafening crash.

The venerable painter stood up with



Porter (*dug-out*). "SHALL I PUT YER 'OCKEY-KNOCKERS IN THE VAN, SIR?"



Excited individual (who has picked up umbrella left in bar, to despatch rider just leaving). "HI! MISTER. IS THIS YOUR UMBRELLA?"

a calm and leonine expression. "I use an ivory palette knife," he said.

IV.

The shadows were lengthening in the beautiful garden. It was a warm spring evening. The old sun-dial had just struck seven.

The poet threw aside his book and called his Airedale terrier; the dog, responding in time, eventually reached his master's knee.

Seizing his opportunity, the representative of the Press observed, "You are, I see, fond of dogs."

"Fond of dogs?" replied the poet. "I? I detest them;" and so saying he kicked the Airedale a distance of several feet into the air, so that, falling immediately on the sun-dial, it was transfixed by the gnomon.

As he watched its struggles, thus impaled, the poet laughed the hearty resonant laugh for which he was famous.

V.

The Civil Service clerk so famous for his drollery was entering the office doors at half-past ten in the morning, or exactly sixty minutes past the appointed time. By an unfortunate chance his principal met him, as, alas! he had too often done, at the same tardy hour. "Late again," said the great man, consulting his watch. "I believe that you get here later every day." "Yes," said the clerk, "I do. But then I always stay on and work overtime."

VI.

The eminent publicist replaced his glass on the table and turned to the lady who sat beside him. "My business," he said, "is the manufacture of mustard. I have made a vast fortune out of it."

"How very interesting," the lady replied absently; but the next moment, inspired by a hidden thought, she added with quickened interest, "Please don't think me inquisitive, but how can a fortune be made out of a thing like mustard? People take so little of it."

"Madam," answered the mustard magnate deliberately, "we do not make our fortunes from the mustard that people eat"—

"Yes, yes?" cried the lady eagerly.

—"but," he continued, "from what they spill in mixing poultices."

VII.

The famous money-lender one evening arrived as usual at the Casino, but this time only to bid his friends good-bye.

"Not leaving Monte?" they asked.

"Yes, I am," he replied; "I'm going to Rome."

"Rome?"

"Yes, why not? I'm told it's wonderful. I shall be there a month;" and so saying he hurried to his hotel.

Three days later he walked into the Casino again.

"What," cried his friends—"you here? We thought you were going to be in Rome a month."

"So I am," said the money-lender, "and more. I came back for my things, most of which I left here, as it had occurred to me I might not like it. But I adore it. Rome is beautiful, august, sublime. The simple severe beauty of the Vatican, the vast solemnity of the Campagna! It is indeed the eternal city. Let me keep Rome!"

And again he hurried away.

A Long Turn.

"To-morrow evening Miss Phyllis Bedells makes her final appearance at the London Empire, where she has danced without interruption for nine and a half years."
Bristol Times and Mirror.

De Mortuis. . . .

"Tired of this much worn physical life Chief George Moshesh bursted the bands of morality as under Tuesday, November 2nd."
South African Paper.

"Tenders invited for alterations and additions to the late Mr. Waata W. Hipango, Pitiki, are hereby cancelled."—*New Zealand Paper.*



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE
Now Proceeding

Our Winter Sale takes place every January, and every single article in it is in accordance with our well-known standard of quality: thus you have the opportunity of acquiring the most desirable and absolutely correct articles of dress at prices which are less than you would pay elsewhere for the ordinary.

Please send for the Book of the Bargains.

BARGAINS IN THE SALE

29 Coloured Coats and Skirts made in a variety of materials. Reduced from 7½ gns. to **48/6**

35 Well-cut New Broadtail and Pony Cloth Coats, very fine quality, trimmed fur, lined throughout silk.
Regular price, 6½ gns.
Sale price, **98/6.**

Lustrous Fibre Sport Coat in black and white shot, with belt at back. No collar.
Usual price, 27/6.
Sale price, **22/6.**

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"Can you send me some Milk-maid Cream? It is better than Devonshire Cream."

It is indeed! For absolute purity and delicate richness of flavour Milkmaid Cream is unequalled. Easily digested and free from preservatives, it is better and *far safer* than dairy or any other cream for those ordered a cream diet. Splendid with fresh or stewed fruit, porridge and other cereals, etc.

MILKMAID CREAM

Cash price 5½d., 7d., and 11d. per tin of all Grocers and Stores.

BEWARE of cream containing a preservative and packed to closely imitate "Milkmaid."

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14 h.p.	5 seater .	£456 10s.
11 „	4 „ . . .	£385
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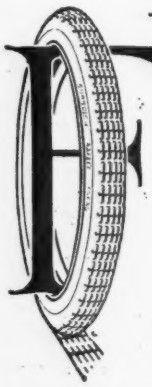
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—The Good*rich* Track of Perfect Safety.

FIT Good*rich* and let those tough fingers of superfine rubber come between you and the skid which lies in wait on every road: fit your car with Good*rich* Safety Tread Tyres and be done with 'skid-dread.'

Make your winter motoring as safe as motoring *can* be made by seeing to it now that your car is equipped with Good*rich*.

The finest rubber in the world and manufacturing skill of the highest order go into Good*rich* tyres, and the longer you use them the more apparent it is.

Thousands of practical motorists have *proved* these things. Have YOU?

REMEMBER THE NAME—

GOOD*RICH* TYRES
SAFETY TREAD

BEST IN THE LONG RUN.

Send for Descriptive Literature to the B. F. Goodrich Co. Ltd., Sole Makers, 117-123 Golden Lane, London, E.C.

ROWLAND'S



ODONTO A non-gritty Tooth powder; it whitens the teeth, prevents decay, sweetens the breath; **2/9.**

MACASSAR OIL

preserves and beautifies the hair, and prevents it falling off or turning grey. Golden colour for fair hair. Sizes, **3/6, 7/-, 10/6** (equal to four small).

KALYDOR is most soothing and refreshing for the skin, prevents and removes Redness and Roughness, heals Irritation, and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Bottles, **2/3** and **4/6.**

Sold by Stores, Chemists, & Rowlands, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

FRENCH RED CROSS SOCIETY

The London Committee of the CROIX ROUGE FRANÇAISE
Patrons: H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
H. E. PAUL CAMBON, French Ambassador.
Présidente: La VICOMTESSE DE LA PANOUSE
provides SUPPLIES, and in many cases Staffs and Funds, for a large number of War Hospitals throughout France. They are in

URGENT NEED OF MONEY

and the following, among other, SUPPLIES: SHEETS, BLANKETS, TOWELS, SOCKS, VESTS, PANTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, MEDICAL STORES, SURGICAL DRESSINGS. There is also a great and urgent need of MOTOR AMBULANCES and X-Ray Automobiles.

Gifts of money or kind may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 9 Knightsbridge, S.W. Cheques should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, French Red Cross, and may also be sent to the French Ambassador, Albert Gate, S.W., crossed "Croix Rouge." Hon. Auditors, Price, Waterhouse & Co.; Bankers, London County and Westminster Bank. PHILIP A. WILKINS, Hon. Sec.

KYNOCH CARTRIDGES

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"PRIMAX" **11/6**



10/6 Per 100

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No blowback—low recoil

Try a COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

THE XMAS ADVENTURES OF A DRAWING.

From Robert Simpson, Edinburgh, to Joan Dalgleish, London.
December 15.

DEAR MISS DALGLEISH,—I send you as promised, when we parted in Skye, one of my little drawings. I am sorry I have had no time to get it framed. I am off in ten days to India to resume my work. If you have no room for this little picture on your walls it will do for a Red Cross Bazaar.

Hoping to meet you some other summer,

Yours sincerely, R. SIMPSON.

From Joan Dalgleish to Robert Simpson.
London, December 17.

DEAR MR. SIMPSON, — So many thanks for the drawing of the bay. It will always remind me of our delightful holiday in the North, and in the murky days of December it will make me feel again in the fresh air of Scotland.

With best wishes for a pleasant journey,

Yours sincerely, JOAN DALGLEISH.

From Joan Dalgleish to Mary Morris, Manchester.
December 23.

DEAREST MARY,—I am sending you a little Christmas card, in the shape of a water-colour drawing with a calendar attached, which can be removed each year. It will remind you of the fine time we spent bathing and boating on the Welsh Coast, which I know you people in the North adore. I have long wanted to send you some token of our days together in that pleasant land, and, after much searching, here at last it is.

Your affectionate Friend,
JOAN DALGLEISH.

From Mary Morris to Joan Dalgleish.
December 24.

DEAREST JOAN,—What a treat to see that glorious Welsh Coast, that heaving sea and those sunny cliffs, when I am barely existing in this gloomy city! *Always* will this *dear* scene be in my sight morning and evening, to remind me of my friend whom I miss *so much*, and of those grand aspects of nature which we enjoyed together.

With dear love, MARY.

From Mary Morris to Miss Eleanor Mendip, Writers' Club, London.
December 30.

DEAR MISS MENDIP,—It seems ages since we met after your *great* visit to Manchester and after that *splendid* lecture on "Some Aspects of Nature." I cannot let the New Year pass without sending you a little picture of our Northern coast as a humble token of my *immense* admiration for your charming work—the poor offering of a constant admirer.

Hoping to see you again in our city and that you will again stay at our home,

Your affectionate admirer,
MARY MORRIS.

From Miss Mendip to Miss Morris.
January 2.

DEAR MISS MORRIS,—Forgive me for not acknowledging before the graceful tribute of your admiration for my work. I do indeed regard you as a friend—few girls of my acquaintance have so real a sense of literary perfection as my dear young friend in Manchester. Always will I cherish your appreciative gift as a remembrance of my sweet young friend.

Yours affectionately,
ELEANOR MENDIP.

From Miss Mendip to the Editor, "Women's Welfare," London.
January 4.

DEAR MR. SCRIMBLES, — You said you intended to obtain an illustration to my paper on "Cottage Homes by Western Waters." I can save you trouble and some expense. I have succeeded in obtaining just the picture you want. I accordingly enclose it. You can add the fee of 10*s.* 6*d.* to my cheque for the article. I hope it will come out in February.

Yours truly, ELEANOR MENDIP.



Neighbour. "AND HOW DOES YOUR SON LIKE HIS TRAINING?"
Proud Mother of Recruit. "OH, HE'S VERY HAPPY. BUT HE SAYS THEY DO TAKE HIM VERY LONG WALKS."

"WANTED.—Good School-Master, in exchange for Blue Pom dog, 3 months, splendid coat, or sell £1. Approval both ways."
Welsh Paper.

Lest our scholastic readers should be incensed at this cynical estimate of their value we hasten to inform them that this "School-Master" is a pigeon and not a pedagogue.

AT THE PLAY.

"PUSS IN BOOTS."

IF Messrs. SIMS, DIX and COLLINS did in fact, as they claim, make the book of this year's pantomime at the Lane, Mr. GEORGE GRAVES gagged and bound it. This popular annual festival indeed tends to become more and more of a GRAVES solo (with of course the innumerable customary *da capos*) and a bright sketchy EVANS *obbligato*. As a Grand Duchess and Duke respectively the genial twain present themselves. Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, in a flounced skirt of green tartan check, copper curls and mahogany features, is a delectable creation; says some strangely unladylike things (as is expected of him); is still oddly preoccupied with "gear-boxes" and other anatomical detail; and generally indulges in a fine careless rapture of reminiscence and improvisation—zealously assisted by Mr. WILL EVANS' familiar tip-tilted nose and bland refusal to be perturbed by entirely unrehearsed effects and obviously irregular cues. A jovial and irreverent pair of potentates, crowned by public laughter.

There is, of course, a sort of background to all this audacious fooling, more definitely directed *virginibus puerisque*. The new principal boy, Mr. ERIC MARSHALL, woos his princess with a romantic air and a mellow tenor, in which emotion somewhat overshadows tone. Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON, an accepted Drury Lane favourite, looks very charming, makes love in pretty kitten wise and still indulges in those queer harmonics of hers—virtuosity rather than artistry, shall we call it?—but is altogether quite a nice princess of pantomime. Little RENÉE MAYER is the Puss. Nothing could well be daintier. But I hope she will let me tell her (in a whisper, so that the others won't hear), that she doesn't *quite* realise what a jolly part she has got. I would implore her to spend an hour or two at serious play with any decent young cat and study the grace and variety of its beautiful, imitable gestures. Then she will assuredly pounce on her magician turned mouse, and fawn on her master and friends, with a greater air of conviction. And she will mightily please all the other nice children in the house.

Of the great *ensemble* scenes unquestionably the finest was the Fairy Garden, with a quite beautiful backcloth by R. MCCLEERY and a bewildering (and, to tell truth, largely bewildered) bevy of butterflies, decked by COMELLI, fluttering in a flowery pleasaunce. And there was also a clever variation on the now inevitable staircase *motif* as a *finale*. But the Harlequinade of happy memory has deplorably declined to something like a mere display of advertisements—a sad business.

"THE STARLIGHT EXPRESS."

It would be uncandid to pretend that Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD gets everything he has to say in *The Starlight Express* safely across the footlights—those fateful barriers that trap so many excellent intentions. But he so evidently *has* something to say, and the saying is so gallantly attempted, that he must emphatically be credited with something done — something rather well done really. The little play has beautiful moments—and that is to say a great deal.

This novelist turned playwright wishes to make you see that "the



Princess Rosabel . Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON.
Florian . . . . Mr. ERIC MARSHALL.

Princess Rosabel and *Florian*, a young man —though only a miller's son—of considerable polish, especially about the hair and feet.

Earth's forgotten it's a Star." In plainer words he wants to present you with a cure for "wumbledness." People who look at the black side of things, who think chiefly of themselves—these are the wumbled. The cure is star-dust—which is sympathy. The treatment was discovered by the children of a poor author in a cheap Swiss *pension* and by "Cousinenry," a successful business man of a quite unusual sort. You have to get out into the cave where the starlight is stored, gather it —with the help of the Organ Grinder, who loves all children and sings his cheery way to the stars; and the Gardener, who makes good things grow and plucks up all weeds; and the Lamplighter, who lights up heads and hearts and stars impartially; and the Sweep, who sweeps away all blacks and blues over the edge of the world, and the Dustman, with his sack of Dream-dust that is Star-dust (or isn't it?), and so forth. Then you sprinkle the precious stuff on people, and they become miracles of content and unselfishness. (The fact that life isn't in the very least like that is a thing you have just got to make yourself forget for three hours or so.)

The author was well served by his associates. Sir EDWARD ELGAR wove a delightfully patterned music of mysterious import through the queer tangle of the scenes and gave us an atmosphere loaded with the finest star-dust. Lighting and setting were admirably contrived; and the grouping of the little prologue scenes, where that kindly handsome giant of an organ-grinder (Mr. CHARLES MOTT), with the superbly cut corduroys, sang so tunefully to as sweet a flock of little maids as one could wish to see, was particularly effective.

Of the players I would especially commend the delicately sensitive performance of Miss MERCIA CAMERON (a name and talent quite new to me) as *Jane Anne*, the chief opponent of wumbledom. She was, I think, responsible more than any other for getting some of the mystery of the authentic Blackwoodcraft across to the audience. The jolly spontaneity of RONALD HAMMOND as young *Bimbo* was a pleasant thing, and ELISE HALL, concealing less successfully her careful training in the part, prettily co-operated as his sister *Monkey*. The part of *Daddy*, the congested author who was either "going to light the world or burst," was in O. B. CLARENCE'S clever sympathetic hands. Mr. OWEN ROUGHWOOD gave you a sense of his belief in the efficacy of star-dust. On what a difficult rail our author was occasionally driving his express you may judge when he makes this excellent but not particularly fragile British type exclaim, "I am melting down in dew." The flippant hearer had always to be inhibiting irreverent speculations occasioned by such speeches.

I couldn't guess if the children in the audience liked it. I hope they didn't feel they had been spoofed, as MAETERLINCK so basely spoofed them in *The Blue Bird*, by offering them a grown-ups' play "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." But the bigger children gave the piece a good welcome, and called and acclaimed the shrinking author. T.

"36 MAGNIFICENT, ACCLIMATISED, WELL-BRED DAIRY COWS, &c. Many of these were bred on the Premises, and others were purchased from a renowned Breeder of Friesland Cattle, and they need no comment from the Auctioneers, but will speak for themselves."
Natal Mercury.

Blowing their own horns, so to speak.



Irish Sergeant. "KEEP YER HEAD DOWN THERE! DON'T YE KNOW THAT'S THE VERY PLACE THAT MIKE ROONEY WAS SHOT THROUGH THE FUT?"

THEY.

JUST lately I have been thinking often of Them. But Their image has never been more vividly in my mind than now, when I sit here among the aftermath of festival. I wonder, for example, are the homes in which They live pervaded with this same *débris* of Christmas (or, as They themselves are so fond of calling it, Yuletide)? Does dismembered turkey coldly furnish forth Their meals? Are there too many calendars, and a litter of crumpled paper? And cards—do They send each other cards? Stupendous thought!

Most of all is my fancy busy with Them to-morrow, Tuesday, December the twenty-eighth. I see Them rising, a little wearily, perhaps, and heavy-eyed. Breakfast They snatch, and so out into the winter morning towards that place where, unknown and unrecognised, They pursue throughout the year Their changeless toil. I imagine Them gathering with mutual greetings in the workroom—a little company about whose features I have so often speculated. Poets are there, and artists; probably some among the men may wear their hair a trifle longer than the military fashion of to-day; but the greater part of the crowd are almost certainly women. Now the talk dies down; presently They are all once more bending in silence over Their appointed tasks.

Yes, here at one desk is the artist to whose genius we owe the obese robin perched upon a horse-shoe, or the churchyard by moonlight after (apparently) a severe spangle-storm. Here again a poet, whose eye in a fine frenzy rolling proclaims an inspiration, or at least some subtle variant upon a familiar theme. He stoops and, even as I watch, has traced swiftly, with vibrant pen, this couplet:—

> "The old, old wish I send to thee,
> Jocund may thy Xmas be!"

Then, with a little sigh, he leans back, satisfied that for him the holiday intermission had not rusted the fine edge of originality. "Jocund" proved that.

Behind him perhaps sits a maiden like Fate, who with abhorred shears fashions strange shapes and borderings of foliage unknown to mere nature. And further still, in yonder obscure and shadowy corner, is one who by her art can penetrate the future and outstrip the foot of Time himself. For see, upon her cards, there is already written—

> "With every blessing good and true
> May the New Year be packed,
> And 1917 bring to you
> What 1916 lacked."

I wonder—how does their work seem to Them upon this morning after Boxing-day?

What to do with our Boys.

"Bun-Prover wanted, 20-25 Trays Capacity."
Portsmouth Evening News.

Not from the Cocoa Press.

"At a concert given in the sick bay, H.M.S. Crystal Palace, 34 large boxes of chocolates were distributed among the patients. Mr. Balfour sent a telegram wishing the men a speedy recovery."—*The Times.*

The following advertisement appeared on Dec. 23:—

"Lady recommends her Companion-Housekeeper."—*Morning Paper.*

She was not going to risk her own Christmas stocking.

"It is no easy thing to replace an artist of the quality of Miss Lily Elsie, who, in spite of the warmth of her reception at His Majesty's Theatre, recently took so severe a chill that the doctor would not hear of her playing again for some time."—*Daily Mail.*

The figurative has no chance with the actual.

AT THE SOURCE.

"OH," said Francesca, coming into the library, "I see you're busy with your papers. Don't let me disturb you."

"If," I said, "it depended on me I wouldn't. I'd take you at your word and have you out of the room in two-twos. But you wouldn't like that, now, would you?"

"I'm afraid I should have to enter a protest. That's right, isn't it? Protests *are* things that have to be entered, aren't they?"

"Yes," I said, "they're like candidates for examinations, or rooms, only some rooms oughtn't to be entered, but are."

"Jocose?" said Francesca.

"No," I said; "I was thinking of Blue Beard. I daresay you remember about him. He was a very uxorious man, you know, and most domestic. Something of a traveller, and when——"

"We won't worry about Blue Beard," she said. "I think I know the outlines of his family history."

"Well then," I said, "why can't you leave me alone? You see I'm busy and yet you insist on staying here and interrupting me. Do you call that being a helpmeet?"

"Well," she said, "I call it joining myself unto you, and that's what we were told to do to one another in the marriage service."

"You're wrong," I said. "I was told to do that unto you, but you were told to submit yourself unto me and to reverence me."

"It's all the same," she said. "All I'm doing is to help you to obey the Prayer-Book."

"Anyhow," I said, "you've sat down and you mean to stay here. Is that what it comes to?"

"It is," she said. "You're in tremendous guessing form to-day."

"All I know," I said gloomily, "is that if my return for Income Tax contains many mistakes it'll be your fault, not mine; and I shall take care so to inform the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. I shall put down in the Exemptions and Abatements, 'Interrupted by wife. Abatement claimed, £100.' The CHANCELLOR will understand. He's a married man himself."

"So you're doing your Income Tax," she said dreamily. "I've often wondered how that was done. Do you like it?"

"No, Francesca," I said, "I do not like it. To be quite frank with you I detest it."

"But you're helping the War," she said. "That ought to buck you up like anything. Every extra penny you pay is a smack in the eye for the KAISER, so cheer up and make a good big return."

"I will do," I said, "what is strictly fair between myself and the Government. I can afford to be just to the CHANCELLOR, but, by Heaven, I cannot afford to be generous. Generosity has no place in an Income Tax return."

"Go ahead with it then," she said. "I don't know what's stopping you."

"You," I said, "are stopping me—you and that part of my income from which the tax is not deducted at the source."

"That sounds quite poetical," she said. "It runs into metre directly. Listen:—

> No man can well be rude or even coarse
> Who has his tax deducted at the source.

But I wish you'd tell me what it means."

"Francesca," I said bitterly, "you are pleased to be a rhymer. You are, in fact, rhyming while the exchequer is burning; and then you add insult to injury by asking me the meaning of an elementary financial phrase."

"Well, what *does* it mean?"

"It means," I said, "that if your money is invested in public companies or things of that nature, then when your half-yearly dividend—— You know what a dividend is?"

"Rather," she said. "It comes in on blue paper or pink, and you say, 'That's something to be thankful for;' and you write your name on one half of it and you send that half to the bank, and you tear off the other half and lose it in the next spring-cleaning. I know what a dividend is all right."

"Francesca," I said, "your knowledge is very wonderful. But if you suppose that that is the whole dividend, you are much mistaken. It is the dividend minus the tax. The company saves you trouble by deducting the tax and pays it to the CHANCELLOR for you."

"Bravo the company!" said Francesca.

"And so say I. You see you never get that part of your money, so there's no temptation to spend it—in fact you don't spend it."

"That," she said, "sounds highly plausible."

"Yes, but listen. Suppose you've got some little job at, say, two hundred and fifty pounds a year——"

"Like the little job you were so pleased to get a few years ago."

"Yes," I said, "more or less like that."

"Not so honourable, of course," said Francesca.

"No, of course not, but similar as to emoluments. Well, in that case you get the whole amount, and you spend it in perfectly useless things and forget all about it after you've put it down in your return; and then suddenly some Surveyor of Taxes writes and demands Income Tax on those two hundred and fifty pounds, actually demands something like forty pounds. I tell you, it goes through you like a knife."

"Haven't you any remedy?"

"Of course I could chuck the job," I said, "or do it for nothing. Yes, I think I'll chuck it. It'll be a lesson to them."

"Yes," she said, "it would probably make the Government sit up—but, on the whole, I don't think I should go so far if I were you. You see——"

"Go on," I said, for she was hesitating. "Let us strip ourselves of everything at once and throw ourselves on the charity of our neighbours."

"Well," she said, "I'd go on for a bit. A job's a job even if it does make you pay. You've had £210 on balance, and you ought to be thankful to have been allowed to pay forty pounds for munitions."

"And now," I said, "perhaps you'll let me get on with my work."

R. C. L.

The Pull-Through:

Being a paraphrase of an answer in an O.T.C. examination.

Just one long pull, a straight strong pull—no other pull will do;
A man must never take two pulls to pull the pull-through through.

Village Amenities.

"The hearty congregational stinging was a feature of church life to be proud of."—*Parish Magazine.*

"WANTED.—Comfortable Home with private family for Gentleman who is not strong in Brighton, Eastbourne, or St. Leonards."
The Times.

The poor fellow should try Bournemouth or Torquay.



GETTING EVEN.

Outraged victim of "Confidential Report" (being put to bed prematurely). "PLEASE, GOD, NURSE *sewed* FOR HER SOLDIER ON SUNDAY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IF it should ever be your lot, which pray Heaven forbid, to be stranded on the coast of Panama, seek out Miss WINIFRED JAMES as your hostess, for she can teach you how to tolerate, and even in a way enjoy, an existence one might have thought unendurable. She lives, I gather, some two hundred miles or so from the Canal, in a town that is going to be built some fine day on a site that has to be prepared by filling up a marsh with clay and sand. In the meantime, until the day and the town arrive, she rightly describes herself as *A Woman in the Wilderness* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Civilisation is turned back to front out there, for although such comforts as refrigerators and electric light are a matter of course, there is still lacking to *Mrs. Henry de Jan* and her rather shadowy *William* anything, for instance, in the nature of a road on which to walk, or indeed any approach to their own verandah except, floating on the clay, a narrow plank gangway that has to serve as a hustling high-road for a mixed and dusky populace. Under the circumstances she has done nobly well to arm herself with the twin defences of cheerfulness and humour; and if the cheerfulness comes at times near to being that of a martyr on the rack, while the fun is perilously apt to swing from themes that are nice for a lady's wit to others that are not so nice, and back to sheer triviality, what, in the name of a population of sand-flies and negroes, can you expect? It is much that so lifelike a picture of a region so desolate should be presented on the whole with sweetness and charm, when no better material is available than the myriad misdeeds of her coloured servants, the antics of her puppies and an occasional reminiscence of home.

Certainly VIOLET HUNT and FORD MADOX HUEFFER have one achievement to their credit. They have evolved an entirely new and original setting in which to bring together a number of short stories. What is supposed to happen is that sundry persons who did not feel exactly drawn towards bed before 2 A.M. on those summer nights when Zeppelins were about, meet for bridge and sandwiches and incidentally to listen to certain stories read aloud by their author. In this way they are able to forget their apprehensions of the gas-bags (dare I put it that they lose Count?) and spend a pleasant series of evenings with history. For the stories in *Zeppelin Nights* (LANE) are all historical of a kind. Mostly they deal with the byways of history, or rather with the emotions of ordinary people who are just on the outer edge of historical happenings. For example, the central figure of the first is a slave whose basket of figs is upset by PHEIDIPPIDES running from Marathon; while the last con-

cerns an insignificant little anti-militarist who finds himself cheering for the army on the outbreak of the Boer War. That is the kind of tales they are, slight and momentary things, with no plot but plenty of atmosphere, and in their style remarkably well done. Whether they would actually keep the nerve-ridden oblivious of bombs for the thousand-and-one nights that might have seen raids and didn't is a matter that need not concern us. For my part, I liked as much as any the pages in which Miss HUNT or Mr. HUEFFER folded up her or his manuscript and allowed the other (whichever it was) to tell us about the very pleasant and human audience. I had only one disappointment, but that was acute. I did want just once for them to hear a distant bang, and see what happened. I rather doubt whether the placid and literary charm of the tales would have sufficed to keep them within doors had there been anything to see outside.

"In his hot indignation his yellowish face had in places turned blackish: literally, black streaks ran from the corners of his lips upwards and downwards, and from the inner corners of his eyes." If you read that sentence in a novel with Mr. EDGAR JEPSON'S name on the cover, and found that the passage was a description of a man named *Shadrach Penny*, would you not, as I did, settle down comfortably in your armchair and wait with perfect confidence for the human zebra to murder somebody in the most fascinatingly brutal manner? But he did not do anything of the kind. I think that the fact that I was disappointed in, and even seriously bored by, *The Man Who Came Back* (HUTCHINSON) was largely due to the mild, dull way in which the story developed. And yet I think I could have forgiven the absence of lurid sensationalism if the book had been a good book of its kind. It is not. It is so crude and amateurish that it is difficult to believe that a professional writer could have written it. Mr. JEPSON, like most other authors, has had the idea of modernising the story of the Prodigal Son. He adheres to the original story closely in one respect, for *Roland Penny's* first meal in his old home consists of roast veal, but he departs from it in making *Roland*, so far from wasting his substance, amass a large fortune among the husks and swine. I do not know how to classify *The Man Who Came Back*. It is not a novel of incident, for nothing happens in it. It is not a novel of character, for there is no attempt at any but the crudest character-drawing. It is just a six-shilling novel, and I do not see what else one can say of it. Mr. JEPSON must do one of two things. He must either brace up and make his style less irritatingly slipshod, or he must give us a few more murders. If we cannot have literary elegance he must give us blood.

Lieutenant L. B. RUNDALL, of the 1st Gurkha Rifles, author of *The Ilex of Strā-Ping* (MACMILLAN), was not only a soldier and a sportsman, but a writer with a most keen sense of the beauty of nature and the beauty of words. Children should love these Himalayan sketches, for Mr. RUNDALL, from material which in some cases was admittedly slight, could weave a tale full of magic and charm. The story of the old brown bear in "The Scapegoat" may not greatly stir the heart with the thrill of adventure, but the hero has attractions that no child and no man that has not forgotten his childhood could resist. An inconspicuous notice in the book tells us that the author fell in action towards the close of 1914. I salute his memory. Rich as we are to-day in authors who can write enchantingly of birds and animals, I feel a sense of personal sorrow in the loss of one whose work gave so fair a promise of high achievement.

When you take up *Russian Folk-Tales* (KEGAN, PAUL), don't allow yourself to be subdued by the deplorably learned preface of the translator, Mr. LEONARD MAGNUS, LL.B., because it is not the proper attitude really. Forget how little business a Bachelor of Law has to lay his sceptical hands on such inappropriate material, and plunge into a jolly, bewildering tangle of tales of magic and adventure, bloodthirstiness and treachery, simple charity, *vodka* and genial superstition. You will be led from one to the other, puzzled but, I dare conjecture, highly entertained. I think you may take it, too, that a certain healthy sort of children will like to have these queer stories read aloud. The villainies of the *Bába Yagá*, an old witch of terrific resourcefulness, and the oddly inconsequent animal stories should make particular appeal. But you will be hard put to it to answer the questions which will be thrust at you; and (by the way) perhaps you will discreetly have to leave out a phrase or two for prudence' sake. On no account let the youngsters read the preface. I am not really quite sure whether you ought to read it yourself.



Recruit. "AW—I SAY, SERGEANT—I'M AFRAID THIS HORSE IS A BIT TOO TALL FOR ME."
Sergeant (old school). "OH! AND DOES THE *colour* SUIT YOU, SIR?"

The Charge of the Six Hundred.

Some three-score years or so ago six hundred gallant men
Made a charge that cost old England dear, they lost four hundred then;
To-day six hundred make a charge that costs the country dear,
But now they take four hundred each—four hundred pounds a year.

"Somebody to steal of my cabbage, cauliflower, old potato, new potato, and a small rake and hooks, fork. Everything. Somebody snatch on Thursday and Saturday night. Perhaps anybody to see the steal man to take something from my garden to tell me about that is I will reward five pounds truth, £3 for tell-tale.—WONG LONG."
Poverty Bay Herald.

WONG LONG apparently differs from the accepted authorities as to the value of hearsay evidence.

Evidence concerning the System.

The late Lord ALVERSTONE, who, it is well-known, was a man of great physical activity and attainments, had been for a long time a follower of the Muller System. In a letter to Lieut. Muller the Ex-Lord Chief Justice said, "I have used your exercises for some years with great advantage," and later he also with characteristic courtesy sent Lieut. Muller a copy of "Recollections of Bar and Bench," with this autographed inscription :—

"To Lieut J. P. Muller, with best wishes from his friend, the Author, Viscount Alverstone, in grateful recognition of his excellent advice given to Viscount Alverstone for many years in the matter of health.

ALVERSTONE.

"February, 1915."

Dr. JAMES SWANSON, M.A., M.B., C.M., F.R.F.P.S. Glasgow :

"I have no hesitation in saying that no living man has done more to promote a clean, healthy life among the men and women of England than you have done. "I wish you long life and strength to continue your good work of salvation by attention to the body."

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Mr. HUGH de SELINCOURT, writing in "The Daily Mail":

"After three months' regular discipline —discipline, mind you, accessible to every man—a man's body changes almost beyond belief.

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"THE TIMES":

"Lieutenant Muller is a good advertisement of his system, for he has a fine well-proportioned figure."

"THE OBSERVER":

"There is no terrible development of thigh or biceps. You are only supple and upright; only healthier and happier, less cross and less nervous, only nicer to live with; cleaner, pluckier and more self-confident."

"ARMY & NAVY CHRONICLE":

"It is essentially a system of home gymnastics suitable for all ages of men and women. It is simplicity itself, and a very slight acquaintanceship will convince those who try it of the benefit to be derived from it. It should be introduced into every school, and we should like to say every family, in England."

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A line drawing of a photograph of Boegebjerg's life-size statue of Lieut. Muller.

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In removing superfluous fat naturally and with absolute safety the System is most efficacious, by exercising the muscles under it, which are not called into play in the ordinary way, and by massage with the hands. After a few weeks' practice of the exercises the body begins to recover its natural shape, while at the same time becoming stronger in every respect.

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The System is taught at the Muller Institute, 45 Dover Street, Piccadilly (opposite Tube Station), W., under the personal supervision of the author. No medical man is attached to it, and no one suffering from an organic complaint will be accepted as a pupil, except with written approval of his own medical man.

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'K' Service Boots are absolutely reliable.

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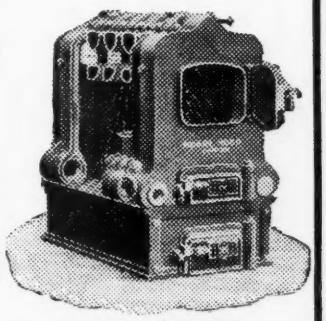
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are not just 'fair-weather friends,' but 'all-weather friends.'

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The Goodyear Tyre shows its friendship—

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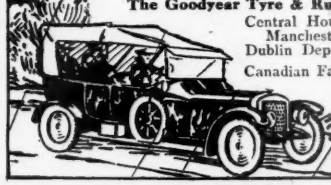
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COLLARS & SHIRTS.—Castle quality Collars, in newest single and double shapes, all 4-fold with fine Irish Linen woven in our Belfast factories in all sizes, reduced to 5/9 doz. **Royal quality, 7/9** doz. Postage 3d. extra. Our Celebrated "Matchless" quality **White Shirts**, for dress or business wear, each 5/9.

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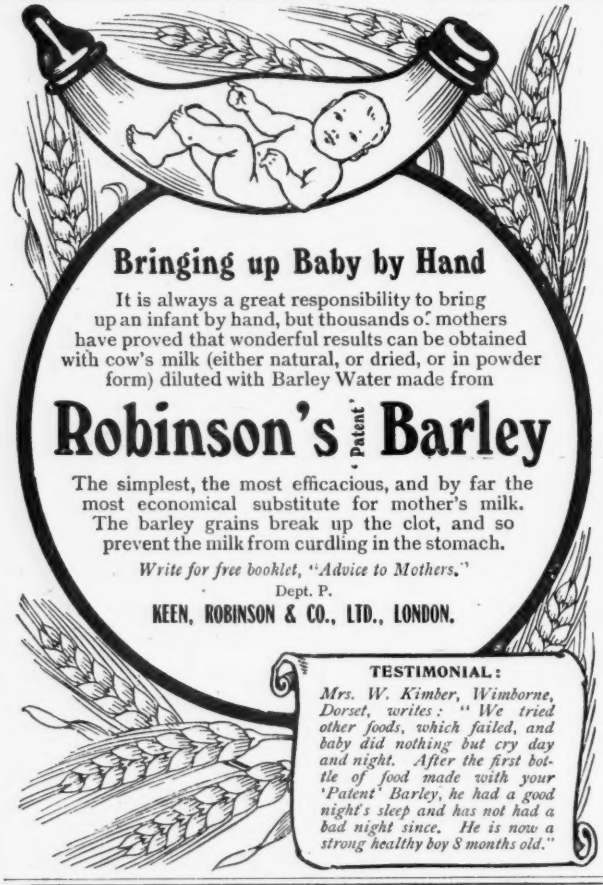
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It is always a great responsibility to bring up an infant by hand, but thousands of mothers have proved that wonderful results can be obtained with cow's milk (either natural, or dried, or in powder form) diluted with Barley Water made from

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The simplest, the most efficacious, and by far the most economical substitute for mother's milk. The barley grains break up the clot, and so prevent the milk from curdling in the stomach.

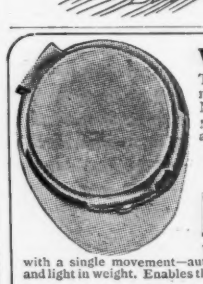
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The wrist watch, while easily "get-at-able," always handy, never in the way and, therefore, the most suitable for Naval and Military Men, is easily broken by these men of strenuous action.

Now here's a little case that will fit *any* wrist-watch, converting it into a miniature hunter, thus making it break-proof yet easy to "get-at."

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives absolute protection to any Wrist Watch.

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement—automatically closes when released—unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

Send one to your friend at the Front.

Nickel or Khaki finish, 1/6. Leather Covered, 2/6.

Solid Silver, from 6/3. Also in Solid Gold.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

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EAR-DEFENDER

(As Supplied to the Admiralty)

For prevention of Gun-Deafness

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A pair in Pocket Case s. d. 4/2 post free

Used by all branches of the Services.

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Thermal Baths with



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Per Tin 1/6.

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It is not from what a man *swallows*, but from what he *digests*, that blood is made. Pure blood means perfect health. Imperfect digestion and assimilation causes impure blood, bodily weakness and mental apathy. Unsuitable food is a frequent contributory cause of indigestion and consequent stomach and intestinal disorders. Errors of diet can be quickly and safely corrected by the prompt use of

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the natural remedy for preventing and relieving all functional disorders of the body's filter—the liver—enabling it to separate from the blood those carbonaceous matters which are dangerous to health.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt' contains valuable constituents of ripe fruit in a portable, agreeable, and simple form, and is in every respect as harmless as the juices of the fruits from which it is obtained.

Order a bottle TO-DAY from your chemist or stores.

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With 32-p. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal.) For samples address post-card: **F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.** Sold everywhere.

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Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut
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Also PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut) PACKED IN 2-OZ. and 4-OZ. AIRTIGHT TINS at 1/6 and 3/- respectively.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—MILD and MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf) 100 for 3/8; 50 for 1/10

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Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

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Boots CHEMISTS

555 Branches in Town and Country.

800 QUALIFIED DISPENSERS.

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Loss of Appetite

is often due to internal congestion. Modern social conditions, especially sedentary occupations, have a tendency to warp the natural functions of the human organism.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

taken at regular intervals will counteract this tendency, promoting a healthy appetite and a keener vitality. It is equally efficacious for **Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Constipation, Gastric and Intestinal troubles & Headache.**

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67 Southwark Bridge Rd. London, S.E.



DEWAR'S is the amber fluid steadfast in its purity and ripened strength, which has guided and guarded three generations, from all the Four Corners of the Earth.

"Be temperate—drink **Dewar's Whisky.**"

Printed by Herbert Heather, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., and published weekly by him in the Office at Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London—WEDNESDAY, January 5, 1916.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is much satisfaction in the German Army at the announcement that iron coins to the value of ten million marks are to be substituted for nickel and copper. It is now hoped that those Crosses may yet prove to be worth something.

* * *

A resident of Honor Oak writes to the papers to say that such was the patriotic anxiety of people in his neighbourhood to pay their taxes at the earliest possible moment that he found a long queue before the collector's door on January 3rd and had to wait an hour before his turn came. On reading his letter several West-end theatres patriotically offered the collector the loan of their "House Full" boards.

* * *

Prince WILLIAM OF WIED, the ex-ruler of Albania, is at present in Serbia, feverishly awaiting restoration to his former dignity. The situation is not very favourable, however, and his German advisers have warned him to curb his Mpretuosity.

* * *

An American barque with a cargo of beans for Germany has been seized and unloaded by the Swedish authorities. A cruel fate seems to overtake every effort of the United States to give Germany these necessary commodities.

* * *

Among the suspicious articles discovered at the Bulgarian Consulate in Salonika was a large stock of red brassards. But the inference that they belonged to members of the British V.T.C., who were determined to fight for the enemy rather than not fight at all, is certainly premature.

* * *

Several inmates of the Swansea workhouse, having been told that margarine was to be served out instead of butter, returned their portions, only to discover that it was butter after all. As similar incidents have occurred in many other establishments it is suggested that margarine should in future be dyed scarlet or blue in order to prevent a repetition of these embarrassing contretemps.

* * *

Sir JOHN SIMON, in the debate on the Compulsion Bill, said that the alleged 650,000 slackers were arrived at "by subtracting two figures from one another." Everyone must agree with him that if that was the method employed the result would be "negligible."

* * *

In a tram-car in a Northern city, as the girl-conductor went round for fares, a "nut" tried to take a rise out of her by asking for a ticket to "Gallipoli." She charged him for the full length of the tram journey, and as soon as the tram arrived at a recruiting office she rang the bell and said, "You change here, Sir, for Gallipoli."

* * *

The KAISER thinks it very mean of the British Government to turn his Corfu palace into a hospital. His submarine commanders are now wondering how to shell the inmates without damaging their master's property.

* * *

The Militant Suffragette who some years ago damaged the Velasquez Venus with an axe has just published a novel, of which the hero is a plumber who thought he was a poet. It ought to be called "The Burst Pipe," but isn't.

* * *

Women are now employed on some of the railways in the North. A traveller recently had two Tommies for fellow-passengers. They related that they had every week to take a long slow duty journey which was "the limit"; but lately it had taken on a different aspect, for "*now*," said Tommy, "when you get too bored you just hop out and kiss the porter."

* * *

Extract from a letter written to a loved one from the Front:—

"I received your dear little note in a sandbag. You say that you hope the sandbag stops a bullet. Well, to tell the truth, I hope it don't, as I have been patching my trousers with it."

* * *

Prince VON BUELOW, who has been for some time in Switzerland, has obtained an increase in the number of his secretaries, of whom he now has a round dozen. Several of the poor fellows are suffering from writer's cramp through having to pen so many letters explaining that the Prince is at Lucerne purely for the sake of his health.



Fiery Major (*discussing delinquent Subaltern*). "BUT THERE—WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT? HE'S ONLY ONE OF THOSE *TEMPORARY* BLIGHTERS!"

Colonel (*sweetly*). "BUT ISN'T THAT BETTER THAN BEING A *PERMANENT* BLIGHTER?"

THE BATTLE OF THE PASS.

["This Bill was 'selling the pass.'"—*Sir WILLIAM BYLES, in the House, on The Military Service Bill.*]

"WHAT though against our sacred front
They muster, miles on miles,
I am resolved to stick the brunt,"
Said bold HORATIUS BYLES;
"For Liberty I'll take my stand,
Just like a stout Berserk,
And still defend with bloody brand
Our glorious Right to Shirk.

"We've SIMON, worth four columns' length;
We've REDMOND, doughty dog;
THOMAS and those twin towers of strength,
PRINGLE and whole-souled HOGGE;
And OUTHWAITE—not our dearest foe,
Bulgar or Bosch or Turk,
Could wish to plant a ruder blow
For Britain's Right to Shirk.

"And, lastly, should the Tyrant storm
The pass for which we fight,
It must be o'er the riddled form
Of Me, the Champion Knight;
Meanwhile, on caitiffs who would keep
The pledge we bade them burke,
My lusty battle-cry shall leap:—
'God and our Right to Shirk!'"

* * * * *

The scrap was over. There he lay
Prone on the reeking grass;
"SIMON," his faint lips strove to say,
"Somebody's sold the pass!"
"True," said the other; "I descry
The NORTHCLIFFE'S hand at work."
"Farewell!" said BYLES; "'tis sweet to die
For Britain's Right to Shirk!" O. S.

WORLD WARFARE OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

WHAT IT HAS DONE IN 1915.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. ARCHIBALD HURD in "The Daily Telegraph.")

SUPERIORITY, and again Superiority! In this one word lies the secret of our success at sea. Yet it would be hard to say how many careless civilians there are, taking all things for granted, who fail to recognise that fact even now. Not numbers nor organisation, nor men nor guns nor ships—though these have counted for something—have been responsible for our victory. It has been due above all to superiority—sheer superiority.

Think what would have happened if there had been any strategic fumbling at the opening of the War! It is not pleasant to reflect upon what might have occurred (had not superiority stepped in) at the very outset if, for instance, we had sent several *Dreadnoughts* to catch the *Emden*. It was strongly suspected, mind you, that there were German armed vessels on the trade routes. As one merchantman after another was sunk there could no longer be any doubt about it. What if, in panic, we had suddenly dispersed our naval force to every part of the globe? What then? But we didn't. What again if it had been determined, in accordance with some fanciful scheme, to concentrate our main striking force in the Mersey? Germany well might have captured the initiative. But authority was not distracted from its primary purpose. Was its policy a success? Come, now, was it?

The old year has gone. On January 4th the British Fleet had been at war seventeen months—roughly seventy-four weeks (anyone can count them up; there is nothing abstruse about my statistics). In a word, it might almost be said, with some approach to accuracy, that it has been in the throes of the struggle for a year and a half. Very well.

The German Flag has been banished from the ocean. Not since the War began has a German battleship steamed down the Channel—nor a battle cruiser, nor yet an armoured cruiser, nor even a light cruiser, nor a monitor, nor a destroyer. None of them—not one. Why is that? Because *(vide supra)* the German Fleet has been banished from the ocean. It still exists, but it is safely locked up behind explosive agents (mines) and protected by submersive factors (submarines). The German Fleet is in a zareba.

Let us recall the striking words of one of Germany's leading naval strategists, written, mark you, before the War: "England's strength is mainly in her Fleet." I wonder now if that is generally known.

He goes on to define the duties of a fleet in the following words:—

(1) To avert invasion.
(2) To keep the sea open for the arrival of imports;
(3) And the departure of exports;
(4) And for the exit of re-exports;
(5) Also the entrance of re-imports.
(6) To protect trade.

Has the British Fleet succeeded?

The German Flag is banished from the seas. In January 1916 the German Fleet is still lurking in that zereba. The *Dreadnought* embodied an offensive *in excelsis*, even as the expansion of the *Dreadnought* policy embodies an offensive *in extenso* and imposes upon the enemy a defensive *in extremis*.

It is perhaps hardly realised that the performance of the British Navy in this War has no parallel in history. In the past, enemy frigates always succeeded in getting out of ports, however close the blockade. But none has broken through this time—not a single frigate. On the other hand enemy submarines may be said to have been more formidable than in the Napoleonic wars.

But the German Fleet is strong. I am not one of the sort of humourists who hold it up to contempt in its inactivity. For that matter I am not any sort of humourist. Perhaps you have found that out. But the German High Seas Fleet is no fit subject for joke. That it has proved harmless is due to one thing alone—superiority.

And so the War wags. All over the high seas our merchantmen continue to inscribe their indelible furrows.

And where is the German Fleet? I think I have answered that.

Here then I conclude my synopsis of the work of the Fleet in 1915. And if it be said that it might well have stood almost word for word as the record of the work of the Fleet in 1914, I may reply that I sometimes wistfully wonder if I shall have to make any alterations in the text before it goes to press again this time next year. BIS.

Very Early Victorian.

"Handsomely carved early Victorian sideboard, been in one family for a century."—*Advt. in "Horncastle News."*

From Mr. BONAR LAW's speech as reported by a morning paper:—

"We were quite ready to carry on on the principle of keeping a united nation by keeping in opposition and not facetiously opposing the Government."

Unlike those eminent humourists, Messrs. HOGGE, PRINGLE, and KING.



THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING.

BOSCH (*with visions of the conquest of Egypt*). "I SUPPOSE HE KNOWS THE WAY THERE."

CAMEL (*overhearing*). "*AND* BACK!"



Harassed N.C.O. "CALL THAT 'PRESENTING ARMS'! IF I WAS THE KING AND YOU PRESENTED ARMS LIKE THAT, I'D—I'D THROW MY HAT AT YOU!"

THE PESSIPHONE.

IT is weary work being a pessimist these days, for the process of corrugating the brow and groaning at the War news must of necessity entail much energy. For some time past it has been patent to sympathetic observers that what the pessimist to-day really needs is a machine to do the work for him.

To meet this want the Electrophobia Syndicate have invented the Pessiphone—a mixture of gramophone and pessimist—believing that he who to-day can make two whimpers grow where one grew before deserves well of his country in war time. With the Pessiphone there is now absolutely no excuse for cheerfulness. It is the marvel of the age, and has very fittingly been described as worth a guinea a groan. With one pint of petrol the Pessiphone will disseminate more depression throughout the household in ten minutes than could be accomplished in a day by thirty human pessimists.

As soon as people commence to be cheerful all you have to do is to press the button and hold on to something. A child can start it but nobody can stop it. Ten minutes is all that is sufficient to give a whole family melancholia or creeping dyspepsia. It has been known to be fatal at 200 yards' range. Messrs. WILKIE BARD and GEORGE GRAVES have already offered a heavy reward for the body dead or alive of the inventor—a fact which speaks highly for the machine and its maker.

When the instrument was first tried on a select party of confirmed optimists two of them rushed out of the office and have not been heard of since, while the others clawed savagely at the office mat.

No burglar will go near it. It will drive away rate-collectors and poor relations. One client has already used it on his mother-in-law with favourable results.

The Pessiphone is fitted with a little oil-bath, all black fittings, self-starting lever, Stormy Arthur two-speed gear, thus rendering it easy of change from "Mildly Miserable" to "Devastating," and the whole is packed complete with accessories and delivered carriage free to your back garden, where it may be let loose.

The following letters from grateful pessimists — all involuntary contributions—speak for themselves:—

GENTLEMEN,—For years I have been troubled with ginger hair, but since using the Pessiphone I have had the beastly stuff turn grey.

DEAR SIRS,—I used to read *The Moaning Herald* aloud each morning, but I now use the Pessiphone with more deadly effect.

HOUSEHOLDER writes: Please turn the Pessiphone off at the main. None of my family has been able to get near the house for five days.

GOLDER'S GREEN says: The other day the butcher's boy, cheerful as usual, was coming up the garden path whistling, and though it may hardly seem credible this so affected the Pessiphone that it actually jumped off the table and bit the boy.

A Change of Cure.

"The Infectious Diseases Hospital at Colchester has been appointed to the vicarage of Hurst Green, Etchingham, Sussex."
Essex and Halstead Times.

From a chemist's reminiscences:—

"In the early part of the last century the sale of leeches was one of the most important. Doctors bled their patients for every imaginable ailment. To-day all that we can say of leeches is that we just keep them."—*Observer.*

As pets, we suppose.

RULES FOR HERO-NAILERS.

THE following notice appears daily in the *Wilhelmshavener Tageblatt*.

The statue to which it refers, known as "The Trusty Look-Out," represents a seaman in oilskins looking out over the North Sea. The face is that of VON TIRPITZ.

THE TRUSTY LOOK-OUT.

Nails may be driven into the statue on week-days between 11 and 1, and on Sundays between 10 and 5. The sale of tickets for Nails and Shields takes place at the Treasury of the Town Hall during office hours, and also at the time for driving in Nails on the spot.

Further, tickets for iron Nails may be bought in the following shops: (*here follows a list of three booksellers, one general store and six tobacco shops*).

The prices are fixed at:—

0.50 m. for an iron Nail.
5.00 m. for a silver Nail.
10.00 m. for a small gold Nail.
20.00 m. for a larger gold Nail.

Anyone who buys 100, 200, 300 or 400 marks, worth of iron Nails receives a silver Shield with a corresponding inscription; similarly, a gold Shield for iron Nails to the value of 500 and more marks. WHOEVER CHANGES A 10 MARK GOLD PIECE RECEIVES AN IRON NAIL FREE.

For the purpose of preparing inscriptions on Shields the date on which it is proposed to drive in the Nails must be notified at the Treasury three days in advance.

If clubs, societies, or other collections of people wish to drive in their Nails in private parties they are requested to get into touch with the Municipal Architect, Mr. Zopff, with a view to fixing the day and hour, in order that no delay may be caused by overcrowding.

Wilhelmshaven, 12th December, 1915.
For the Municipal Council.
(Signed) BARTELT.

Not in a spirit of carping criticism, but as earnest admirers of German forethought and thoroughness (*Gründlichkeit*), we feel it our duty to point out that there are a few contingencies for which these otherwise admirable regulations fail to provide, and we beg leave to suggest to the Municipal Council of Wilhelmshaven the following additions:—

(1) It is unpatriotic and un-German to spend more time than necessary in driving in nails, as standing-room, the number of hammers and the patience of the officials are all limited.

(2) The limit of time allowed for driving in one nail is one minute, for a silver nail two minutes, for a small gold nail two and a-half minutes and for a large gold nail three minutes.

(3) If in any case the time-limit is exceeded the Municipal nail-driver will displace the person whose lack of skill is responsible for the delay and will drive home the offending nail himself.

(4) If any person offers resistance to this procedure he or she will be nailed to the statue by the Municipal nail-driver as a warning to others. A large *iron* nail will be used for this purpose, the charge for which will be added to the death-duties.

(5) It is unpatriotic and un-German to use bad language when driving in nails. However, in view of the well-known tenderness of the human heart and the high state of nervous tension in which many persons of an ardent patriotic disposition may be expected to perform this supreme act of symbolic devotion, those who drive in iron nails will be allowed to swear once for each nail, or seven times for half-a-dozen nails, whilst a higher proportion of swear words will be allowed for silver and gold nails, on the progressive lines laid down in (2).

(6) Anyone exceeding the patriotic limit of bad language will be dealt with by the Municipal nail-driver as in (4).

(7) Classes of instruction in nail-driving will be held in the Town-hall daily between 10 and 11 A.M. (Sundays excepted).

(8) Persons who wish to be photographed in the act of nail-driving must give notice to the Municipal photographer two days in advance. The cost of the photograph will naturally be in inverse proportion to the value of the nail which is driven in.



"BEJABERS! IF YOU 'RE GETTIN' ON, I'M GETTIN' OFF!"

"Hon. John Fellowes Wallop, of Barton House, Morchard Bishop, brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Portsmouth, entered his 57th pear on Monday."
Western Times.

We congratulate him on his digestion.

NIGHT OPERATIONS.

"STORM or no storm," said Charles, "as a medical man I can't stick this fug any longer."

He disappeared behind the heavy anti-Zepp curtains and opened the window. A piercing draught caught the back of Bill's neck and he sat up.

"Look here," he said crossly, "this is no night for a poor Special to go out in. Can't I send a medical certificate instead?"

"You cannot," replied Charles. "I will not be a party to such evasions."

"It 's pouring with rain and blowing a gale. No Zepp ever hatched would come over to-night."

"That 's not the point, Bill." Kit unexpectedly opened one eye. "How are Charles and I to sleep soundly in our warm beds unless we know you 're outside, guarding us?"

"That 's right," growled Bill. "Rub it in. Your turn to-morrow, anyway."

The other two sang the praises of bed in fervent antistrophe till at last Bill rose with a groan and assumed his overcoat, badge and truncheon. He stopped at the door.

"Charles," said he, "if after this night's work I die of bronchial catarrh, unzepp'd, unhonoured and unsung——"

"Good night, dear old thing," interposed Charles sweetly. "Run away and play, there 's a good child; Uncle 's tired."

He disappeared to bed.

An hour later he was awakened by a tremendous knocking at the front-door. Resolutely turning on to his other side, he tried to ignore it, but the fusillade continued and swelled. Only when it appeared likely to do permanent and irreparable damage to the building did he rush out on to the landing. There he met Kit, half awake, with his eyelids tightly gummed together.

"That ass Bill," he said peevishly. "Forgotten his latchkey most likely. Serve him right if we left him there!"

"My good man, one must sleep."

Charles ran downstairs, opened the door and indignantly confronted the glistening figure on the steps.

"It is my duty to warn you, Sir," said William's voice in an official but triumphant tone, "that one of your downstairs windows has been left open. Most dangerous. Also," he added quickly, "that I am authorised to use my truncheon in self-defence, and that anything you say may be used as evidence against you."

UNRULY BRITANNIA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that Canon MASTERMAN, in his Presidential Address to the Members of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, delivered yesterday week, observed that the German teacher had been the servant of the State; his function had been to foster love for the Fatherland. But, he continued, "that love was degraded by jealousy, distrust and arrogance. The spirit that breathed through our 'Rule, Britannia!' was corrected in our national life by our sense of humour and self-criticism." How true and how necessary! It is indeed surprising to me that no one has said it before. Why should we dwell on the greatness of our sea-power and proclaim our resolve not to be slaves? I have always understood, in spite of the view of Sir HENRY NEWBOLT, that DRAKE was nothing more than a buccaneer. The public utterance of such sentiments is surely prejudicial to "moral uplift," and, in the memorable words of *Mr. Pecksniff*, is "Pagan, I regret to say."

It seems to me that the time has now come when, in the interests of reticence and humanity, a serious attempt should be made to revise our so-called patriotic songs, and, though fully conscious of my own literary shortcomings, I cannot refrain from suggesting, by the following examples, the lines on which such revision might be profitably carried out. For instance, the refrain of "Rule, Britannia!" would be shorn of its thrasonical quality and rendered suitable for use in elementary schools if it took the following form:—

"Curb, Britannia, Britannia curb thy pride;
True Britons never, never, never PUT ON SIDE."

Another song which clamours for drastic revision is "The British Grenadiers." I cannot help thinking that it would be greatly improved if it were remodelled thus:—

"Some talk of ALEXANDER, and some of HERCULES,
Of HECTOR and LYSANDER, and warriors such as these;
But infinitely greater than the stroke of any sword
Is the pow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow of WILSON and of FORD."

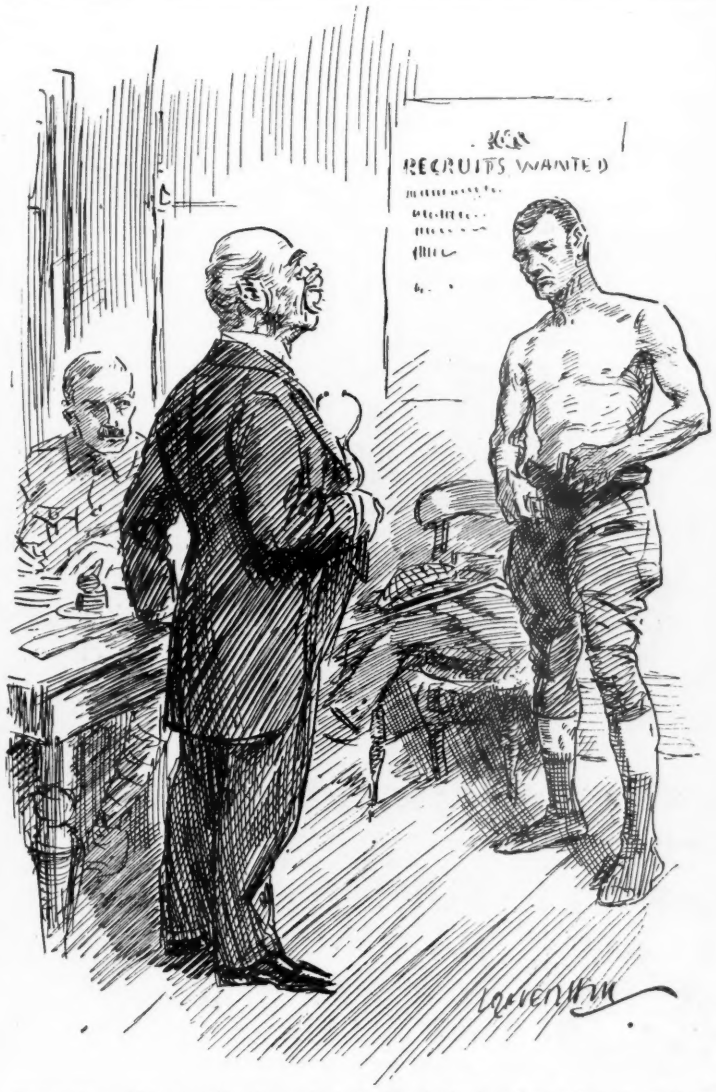
There are many other standard songs and poems which could be dealt with in similar salutary fashion, but I am content to leave the task to others, and will content myself with the following original lines, which, whatever may be said of their form, have, at any rate, the root of the matter in them:—

"The men who made our Empire great
Have long ago received their meed;
Then why the tale reiterate?
Self-criticism now we need.
Then, O my brethren, lest you stumble
Look carefully before you leap;
Be modest, moderate and 'umble—
Like the immortal Mr. Heep."

Once more and in conclusion:—

"Let us be humorous, but never swankful—
Swank mars the finer fibres of the soul—
For what we have achieved devoutly thankful,
But disinclined our prowess to extol;
And, when our foemen bang the drum and bump it,
In silence be our disapproval shown;
'Tis nobler far to blow another's trumpet
Than to perform fantasias on your own."

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours earnestly,
CHADLEY BANDMAN.



Doctor (to would-be recruit, whipper-in to the Blankshires). "SORRY I CAN'T PASS YOU, MY MAN. YOU 'VE GOT AN ENLARGED HEART."

Recruit. "SQUIRE ALWAYS SAYS AS YOU COULDN'T HAVE TOO BIG AN 'EART TO RIDE OVER A COUNTRY ON WAR-TIME 'OSSES."

Our Experts.

"There are still three gaps in the trunk line through Asia Minor to Baghdad, but these will be filled in during the course of next year, and unless we can reach the city before the Germans, they will certainly reach it before us."
Truth.

"One of Mr. Copeland's ancestors, Sir John Copeland, who captured David, King of Scotland, with 40,000 troops at the battle of Neville's Cross, after lodging the latter in Carlisle Castle, proceeded to France, to report the event to the King, who knighted him at Calais and conferred on him the Barony of Kendal."—*Carlisle Journal.*

In these days he would have been fined for overcrowding.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

ONCE upon a time a rash man, wishing who knows for what?—possibly a peerage, possibly to be relieved of superfluous cash and so no longer have to pay super-tax, possibly for the mere joy of pulling wires—decided to start a newspaper.

After much consultation the plans were complete in every particular save one. The premises were taken, the staff appointed, the paper, ink and so forth contracted for, the office girls and lift girls were engaged, the usual gifted and briefless barrister was installed as editor, and the necessary Cabinet Minister willing to reveal secrets was obtained. Everything, in short, that a successful newspaper at the present time could possibly require was ready, when it was suddenly remembered that no provision had been made for a daily supply of pictures. A popular paper without pictures being such a crazy anomaly, a pictorial editor was instantly advertised for.

"Well," said the editor to the applicant for the post, "give me an idea of your originality and resource in the choice of topical photographs."

"I think you can rely on me to be original," said the young man, "and not only original but revolutionary. I have thought about it all a lot, and I have made some discoveries. My notion is that the public wants to be 'in' all that is happening. Nothing 's beneath their notice; their eyes want food to feast on all the time."

"Go on," said the editor; "you interest me strangely."

"The function of the camera, as I conceive it," the young man explained, "is to serve as the handmaid of the fountain-pen. Together they are terrific—a combination beyond resistance. That perhaps is the chief of the inspirations which much pondering has brought me. One must always be fortifying the other. People not only want to read of a thing, they come to see it, and very rightly. Here is an example. We are gradually getting shorter and shorter of messengers, so much so that many shopkeepers no longer are able to send purchases home. That means that people must carry them themselves. Now what more interesting, valuable or timely picture could you have than a photograph of a customer carrying, say, a loaf of bread—a picture of the unfortunate victim of the KAISER in the very act of having to do something for himself? How that brings it home to us!"

"By Jove, yes," said the editor, deeply impressed.

"I could arrange for someone to be taken just leaving the shop," the applicant went on; "and I would put underneath something about the straits to which the War has brought shoppers."

"Capital!" said the editor. "Go on."

"Then I have noticed," said the youth, "that people are interested in photographs of musical-comedy and revue actresses."

"I believe you may be right," the editor remarked pensively.

"So I would arrange for a steady series of these ladies, which not only would delight the public but might be profitable to the advertisement revenue of the paper if properly managed; for I should state what plays they were in, and where."

"A great idea," said the editor.

"But I should not," the young man continued, "merely give that information beneath. I should add something topical, such as 'who has just received an admiring letter from a stranger at the Front'; 'who spends her spare time knitting for our brave lads'; 'whose latest song is whistled in trench and camp'; 'who confesses to a great admiration for Khaki,' and so on. In this way you get a War interest, and every one is the better for looking at some pictures. Nothing is so elevating as the constant spectacle of young women with insufficient noses."

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the editor. "But what of the War itself?"

"Ah, yes, I was coming to that," the young man went on. "I have a strong conviction—I may be wrong, but I think not—that war-pictures are popular, and I have noticed that one soldier astonishingly resembles another. This is a priceless discovery, as I will show. I would therefore get all the groups of soldiers that I could take in open country wherever it was most convenient to my operator, and I would label them according to recent events. For example, I would call one group—and understand that they would all have non-committal backgrounds—'A wayside chat near Salonica'; another, 'A Tommy narrating the story of his escape from a Jack Johnson'; a third, 'A hurried lunch somewhere in France'; a fourth, 'How the new group of Lord DERBY's men will look after a few weeks'; a fifth, 'Our brave lads leaving Flanders on short leave'; and so on."

"But you are a genius!" exclaimed the editor, surprised into enthusiasm.

"As for the rest of the pictures," said the applicant, "I have perhaps peculiar views, but I hold that they ought to be photographs of Members of Parliament walking to or from the House of Commons, a profoundly interesting phase of modern life too little touched upon; photographs of the *fiancées* of soldiers, of whom it does not matter if no one had ever heard before, engagements being of the highest importance, especially at a time when marriage is a state duty. So much for the staple of the picture-page, which I trust you do not consider too daring."

"Daring, perhaps," said the editor, "but not excessively so, and one must be both nowadays. One must innovate."

"And then," pursued the youth, "for padding—though padding of course only to the experts, not to the great hungry asinine public—anything can be rendered serviceable provided that the words beneath are adroit enough. Thus, a view of Westminster Abbey would be 'The architectural jewel of England which the Zeppelins have in vain tried to bomb'; a view of Victoria Station, 'The terminus at which every day and night, thousands of homing Tommies are welcomed'; any picture of a dog or cat or canary or parrot would bear a legend to the effect that all our brave lads love pets and are never so happy as when accompanied by a favourite animal; while any maritime scene would be certainly related to a recent submarine outrage, the Almighty in His infinite wisdom and prevision having made all expanses of ocean look alike.

"You are certainly," said the editor, "a very original and enterprising young man and I have great pleasure in engaging you to enrich our sheet."

But when the paper came out the picture page was found to differ in no single respect from the other picture pages in the other dailies.

LITERARY REPRISALS.

NEARLY three years ago Mr. E. C. BENTLEY wrote an excellent detective story called *Trent's Last Case*. We now see amongst the latest literary announcements, *Bentley's Conscience*, by PAUL TRENT.

This retaliation prepares us for a whole series of recriminatory works of fiction. Among those shortly to be expected are the following:—

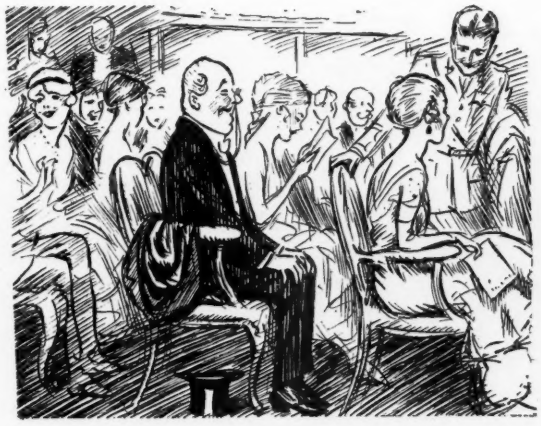
The Delusions of Doyle, by ANTHONY HOPE, and *Hope's Hallucinations*, by CONAN DOYLE.

Hewlett's Downfall, by G. K. CHESTERTON, and *Chesterton's Catastrophe*, by MAURICE HEWLETT.

The Curse of Cain, by MARIE CORELLI, and *Marie the Malevolent*, by HALL CAINE.

Dexter Street, by COMPTON MACKENZIE, and *The Meanderings of MacKenzie*, by G. S. STREET.

AN OLD-FASHIONED PLAYGOER VISITS A MODERN REVUE.



"AHA! BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE. THIRD ROW OF STALLS—NEXT TO GANGWAY. I'M GOING TO ENJOY MYSELF."



ACT I. SCENE I.



SCENE II.



SCENE III.



ACT II. SCENE I.



"I SAY—DO YOU THINK YOU COULD CHANGE MY STALL FOR A QUIET CHAIR ON THE STAGE?"



First Clubwoman. "I NOTICED YOU TALKING TO THAT OLD BORE. DID SHE GET ON TO HER AILMENTS?"
Second Clubwoman. "YES. YOU MIGHT ALMOST CALL IT AN ORGAN RECITAL."

A TALE OF HEADS.

AFTER nine o'clock parade on that memorable morning the Sergeant-Major spoke to this effect: Though he, the Sergeant-Major, was new to the unit, he could and would make it plain that It Would Not Do. Had he taken up his duties in a dashed glee club or in a blanked choral society, he wanted to know? Though he had tried hard not to, he had been forced to admit that It was d——d disgraceful. He had never, he reflected aloud, seen anything like it during an active army existence that had provided many shocking sights. And he opined that there would be fatigues and C.B.s and court-martials and shootings-at-dawn if It continued. He was good, even for a Sergeant-Major.

The trouble was the hairs of the heads of the unit. And though he had rightly got the unit by the hairs which should have been short we felt it to be exceeding the limit on his part to refer to us as blanked musicians. Moreover, the band were most annoyed about it.

The Sergeant-Major paused to reflect, and to arrange matters with what he imagined was a sense of justice.

Though, he continued bitterly, we *were* more like a Spillikins Circle than an Army unit, he would, from sheer native kindness of heart, save us the imminent gibbet or the burial by a trench-digging party which awaited us. He would merely illustrate our manifold faults by taking the case of No. 3 in the rear rank.

"Please, Sir——" This from the outraged No. 3.

Silence must be observed. There was no excuse for the state of No. 3's hair. Here in camp (coldly), though we *were* five miles from a town, we had a barber, and by all report, though he had been there but two days, an excellent barber. No. 3, rear rank, did not appear to know this.

"Sir——"

Silence in the ranks. Not only was the living presence of a most valuable functionary stultified by No. 3, but he, like all his slack kind, must babble on parade. He, the S.-M., would do all the talking necessary. But even if No. 3 thought he *was* back in his local Debating Society even then he need not wear his hair long. The others might look at him to see what an unclipped man could come to, and afterwards show him the Barber's Tent.

A ripple went along the ranks, and No. 3's arms shot up despairingly.

There need be no demonstration, and No. 3 should remember that he was on parade and furthermore was standing at attention. He had had no orders to practise semaphore signalling.

Well, perhaps (grudgingly) he had now given the unit some faint inkling of his feelings on the matter. If at any time in the future a long hair was found on a man in his unit, etc., etc. (eleven minutes).

He would now condescend to hear any excuse that No. 3, rear rank, had to offer, so that he would be able to remark upon its utter worthlessness. Now, No. 3.

"Please, Sir," viciously, "I'm the barber."

"For fifteen years, he [Sir William Osler] said, the slowly evolving, sprightly race of boys should dwell in a Garden of Eden, such as that depicted by the poet.

During this decisive period a boy was an irresponsible, yet responsible creature, a mental and moral comedian taking the colour of his environment."—*Daily Mirror.*

We fancy that Sir WILLIAM really said "chameleon," but most schoolmasters will think that the other word is just as good.



THE CRACK OF DOOM.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Paddy. "I'LL NOT HAVE CONSCRIPTION."
Premier. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE LEFT OUT OF IT."
Paddy. "IS IT LAVE ME OUT OF IT? ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO TH' OULD COUNTHRY!"

House of Commons, Tuesday, January 4th.—This is the PERTINACIOUS PRINGLE'S day. True it is also, to a certain extent, the Empire's. A Session opening in 1914 has entered upon a third year. After briefest Christmas recess Members called back to work. They come in numbers that crowd benches on both sides. Atmosphere electrical with that sense of great happenings that upon occasion possesses it. Understood that Cabinet have resolved to recommend adoption of principle of compulsory military service. Rumours abroad of consequent resignations from Cabinet. To-morrow PRIME MINISTER will deal with these matters. Sufficient for to-day is urgent business of amending Munitions of War Bill in order to meet Labour objections.

In such grave circumstances reasonable to expect that private Members, howsoever fussy by nature, would restrain themselves and permit public business to go forward. Member for North-West Lanarkshire does not take that view of his duty. Here is a day on which eyes of nation are with exceptional intensity and anxiety fixed on House of Commons. What an opportunity for PRINGLE-prangling! So at it he went, kept it up not only through Question Hour but, by interruptions of MINISTER OF MUNITIONS when speaking during successive stages of Amending Bill, by questions in Committee, by acrimonious speeches on Report Stage and Third Reading, he hushed HOGGE, snowed-up SNOWDEN, ousted OUTHWAITE, and dammed the flow of DALZIEL'S discourse.

In spite of this, which, in addition to major objections, wasted something like two hours, work got through a little before ten o'clock.



THE PERTINACIOUS PRINGLE.

Business done.—Munitions Amendment Bill, recommitted for insertion of new clause, passed through remaining stages. Read a third time amidst general cheers.

Wednesday.—When shortly after three o'clock this afternoon the PRIME MINISTER asked leave to introduce Bill delicately described as designed "to make provision with respect to military service in connection with the present War" he was greeted by hearty cheer from audience that packed the Chamber from floor to topmost row of benches in Strangers' Gallery. Members who had not reserved a seat filled the side Galleries and overflowed in a group thronging the Bar.

Since the War began we have from time to time had crowded Houses awaiting momentous announcement from PREMIER. A distinction of to-day's gathering is the considerable proportion of Members in khaki. The whip summoning attendance had sounded as far as the trenches in Flanders, bringing home numbers more than sufficient to "make a House" of themselves. Among them was General SEELY, who contributed to debate one of its most effective speeches. He met



"WANT TO DO YOUR BIT, MY LAD?"
"OF C-C-C-C-C-C-C-COURSE I D-D-D-D-D-D-D-D-DO."
"THEN TAKE MY ADVICE AND JOIN THE MACHINE-GUN SECTION."

with friendly reception even from that part of the House not similarly disposed when he was accustomed to address it from Treasury Bench.

The EX-HOME SECRETARY, rising to state the conscientious reasons that compelled the sacrifice of high Ministerial office, also had warm reception from all the Benches. General regret that he will, for the present at least, resume the status of private Member after a Ministerial career as brilliant as it was brief.

Business done.—Bill requiring military service for unattested single men and childless widowers of military age introduced by PRIME MINISTER. Blandly explained that it is not necessarily compulsory. If this class of citizen who has hitherto held back now likes to come forward and enlist he may do so under the Group system, which will be reopened for that purpose. What could be more thoughtful or obliging?

Thursday. — By comparison with yesterday's crowded attendance and buzzing excitement, through greater part of to-day's sitting Benches only moderately full, and general conditions otherwise normal. Members who objected to carrying debate over second day felt themselves justified. Two speeches made it worth while to extend debate—one delivered from below Gangway by LONG JOHN WARD of Stoke-on-Trent, now a full-blown Colonel. Hurried over from the Front to defend and vote for Compulsion Bill, although heretofore a strong opponent of conscription. Animated manly speech, much cheered from all quarters.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who, moving from modest place habitually occupied towards lower end of Treasury Bench, seated himself next the PREMIER, thence shortly after ten o'clock rose and delivered a speech which recalled his greatest triumphs achieved in former days when in different circumstances he stood by same historic brass-bound box which DIZZY in his day clutched and GLADSTONE thumped.

As he resumed his seat amidst storm of cheering, SPEAKER put the Question for leave to introduce the Bill. A mighty shout of "Ay!" responded, answered by futile cry of "No!"

"Agreed! agreed!" cried the peacemakers. But the minority were out for a division and insisted on taking it. Resulted in leave being given by majority of four to one, a conclusion hailed with renewed outburst of cheering.

Business done.—Leave given by 403 votes against 105. PRIME MINISTER brought in Military Service Bill.

"The holder of an Exchequer Bond for £100 will receive £100 on December 1st, 1910, and will in the meantime receive £5 per annum in interest."—*Evening Paper.*

The new security seems to have a brilliant future behind it.

"The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of pale bridegroom. She was attended by the hat, and carried a bouquet, the gift of the pink taffeta silk and a large dark blue bridegroom's two little nieces."

Kentish Mercury.

What colour was the bridegroom?

"The last paragraph in Mr. A. F. Dunnett's letter, appearing in our issue of the 14th inst., contained an obvious error. 'Nathan's vineyard' should, of course, have been 'Nabob's vineyard.'"

Daily Gleaner (Kingston, Jamaica).

Of course—where the pickles grow.

"Sergeant Capes saw the fowls in a crater on Castle-hill. On the crater being opened two of them were almost dead, and others were exhausted, and could scarcely stand."

Nottingham Evening Post.

No doubt overcome by the gas.



Tradesman. "ARE YOU INSURING AGAINST ZEPPELINS FOR THE NEW YEAR?"

Householder. "WELL, I'M THINKING OF IT, AS I REMEMBER READING IN THE LAST RAID HOW THEY DROPPED SEVENTEEN BOMBS IN ONE AREA. I WONDER THEY DON'T GET HIT, STANDING STILL ALL THAT TIME IN THE AIR."

THE SORROWFUL SNIPER.

I'M un'appy, so I am. Don't enjoy me beef nor jam,
An' I'm grumpy an' as 'umpy as a camel.
Bin an' stopped my leave? Oh no! *That* was fixed up long ago;
But the trouble is, I've got it, an' I feel afeared to go,
An' it 's all alonger tin o' green enamel.

Fancy spendin' New Year's Eve, when you oughter be on leave,
In a dugout where the damp is slowly tricklin',
All alonger tin o' green an' a sniper lank an' lean
'Oo was swearin' an' a-strafin' an' a-snipin' in between,
Till the Sergeant told me off to stop 'is ticklin'.

So I trimmed meself with straw, an' a grass an' hay coffyure,
An' I clothed meself with faggots that a pal 'ad;
Then the Sergeant got a brush an' some green an' sticky slush,
An' 'e plastered me all over till I couldn't raise a blush,
And I looked jest like a vegetable salad.

Then I crept out in the night, an' I waited for the light,
But the sniper saw me fust an' scored an inner.
I could 'ear the twigs divide, but I signalled 'im a "wide,"
Then I squinted down me barrel, an' I let me finger glide,
An' I pipped 'im where 'e uster put 'is dinner.

Yus, I busted up the Bosch, but I found out, at the wash,
That enamel was a fast an' lastin' colour,
An' the soap I used to clean made me shine a brighter green;
I'm a cabbage, I'm a lettuce, I'm a walkin' kidney bean,
An' I ain't a-leavin' Flanders till it 's duller.

Good News for Taxpayers.

"Income-tax can be paid in the case of individuals and firms who are liable to direct assessment in respect of trade, profession, or husbandry, in two halfpenny instalments—the first on January 1, and the second on July 1."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Lucky Scots, to get off with twa bawbees!

From an advertisement;—

"——'s Mustard Digests the Dish."

And so saves washing-up.

"Strive to acquire new ideas. Vary the hour of rising. If you take luncheon out never go always to the same place."—*Daily Mail.*

We seldom go always to the "Blue Lion," and usually never by the same way every time, for fear of hardly ever being unable to get out of the habit of it.

"*The Westminster Gazette*," writes a correspondent from Venice, "has always been regarded by the Italian Press as the most insular of English newspapers." Still we think that *La Difesa*, of which he encloses an extract, goes too far in referring to our esteemed contemporary as *La West-Monstergazette*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BASKER."

I IMAGINE *The Basker* to be designed by "CLIFFORD MILLS" as a Tract against Dukes. And certainly her *Duke of Cheviot* is a miracle of obtuseness, who, if he had not been made a hero by his valet (an original and happy creation), would have grievously belied the proud old family motto, "*Je me sauvegarde.*" *George de Lacorfe*, fashionable, *fainéant* and forty, reader of *The Pink 'Un*, ardent bachelor, *Basker* in short, suddenly finds the dukedom of Cheviot thrust upon him. Quite unlike his egregious ancestors, who went out and biffed their enemies in the gate, especially the *Gorndykes*, who were an unpleasant shifty kind of raiders, *George* proposes to resign all the Cheviot places, emoluments and responsibilities to his cousin and heir, *Richard de Lacorfe*, on the day the said *Richard* shall marry. Now *Richard* is a *de Lacorfe* with the hereditary *Gorndyke* blood and nose acquired on the distaff side. This conspicuous organ inflames the anger of *George's* grandmother, the dowager, steeped as she is in the history and prejudices of the family, while other members of the august circle harbour unkind thoughts about their kinsman.

And well they might. If anyone had "wrong 'un" written all over him it was *Richard*. Indeed his Roman nose was the straightest part of him. The guileless *George* who, though (or because) his grandmother presented him every birthday after his majority with a copy of *The History of the de Lacorfes*, knew and cared nothing about their glorious and stormy past, didn't suspect the *Gorndyke* rat in the *de Lacorfe* granary. Spendthrift *Richard*, who is always getting urgent blue envelopes from *Samuel & Samuel*, is bent on marrying for money the very *Diana* that *George* loves for her blue hyacinth eyes. There is a misunderstanding between *George* and *Diana* (of such a childlike ingenuousness as to suggest that really this too easy spot-stroke should be barred to playwrights), and the idiotic girl promptly engages herself to *Richard*, who is of course in love with a patently naughty married woman. The most reckless of lovers from the moment when in his ardour he (apparently) bites this lady's hand in the First Act, in full view of the family, till he plans a midnight flirtation by the Cheviot postern gate on the very eve of his marriage to *Diana*, he is an obviously doomed villain. The lady is surprised by *George* in the act of knocking thrice on the said postern within. When three knocks are heard without



Miss HILDA MOORE as *Mrs. Radford.*

together with the voice of *Richard*, the *Duke* really begins to suspect something. Virtuous imbecility prevails over villainous stupidity. The final blow is dealt upon the *Gorndyke* nose. *Diana* is retrieved by this last of the safeguarders, and we are left to a melancholy calculation as to what the mental capacity of their issue is likely to be.

A good deal of spontaneous and honest laughter, the best of testimonials, greeted this rather ingenuous extravaganza. I think Mrs. CLIFFORD MILLS would do well not to prolong her mystifications beyond the point when they are quite clear to her audience. May I without boastfulness record that I guessed all about what *Richard* was going to do with the tiara quite three minutes before a well-known editor in front of me gave away the secret in a hoarse whisper to his neighbour? And that was some time before the author had finished the "preparation" of the business. And may I ask why *Richard* was forced to so fatuous a contrivance as the pawning of the tiara to make the exigent *Samuels* stay their hands for a week? True he couldn't tell them about the Cheviot deal, which was a secret between himself and *George;* but he could surely have used the fact of his coming marriage with *Diana's* money? And why didn't *Diana* write to her mother and ask her what was the solemn warning about *Richard* that she had on the tip of her tongue when she was interrupted just before going abroad? There *is* a mail to Singapore, isn't there? And does a *George*, succeeding to a dukedom, become "*Cheviot*" to his sister?

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER was at his excellent best in the lighter moods of the *Basker*. But I did not like to see him in pain (especially as it all seemed so unnecessary). Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE, in the really engaging part of the *Duke's* valet, who learned to think for himself and read to such excellent effect the history so carelessly neglected by his master, was quite admirable. But then he always is. Mr. NORMAN FORBES had little to exercise his powers in a churchwarden version of the stage-parson with a tiresome wife. Miss HILDA MOORE looked charmingly wicked and acted with intelligence. The too serious *rôle* tossed lightly by the author into the broadest farce presents an impossible problem. Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY never mishandles a part. Sometimes, as here, a part is not too kind to her. As *George's* sister she could be no more than a competent peg. Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY had merely to look perplexed and pretty, which she did with complete success. Everyone was frankly delighted to welcome back to the stage that great artist Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD as the *Dowager*



THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

Nalet, the valet (Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE), having been dismissed for not calling *George de Lacorfe* (Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER) in the morning, makes good by waking his master's soul up at one o'clock at night.

Duchess. She had the sort of reception that is only accorded to favourites of much more than common merit. And she played with decision, humour and resource. Sir GEORGE made a happy and generous little speech about her. The author was called to receive the felicitations of a gratified house. T.

A Grand Concert is to be given at the Kingsway Hall by the Independent Music Club, on January 18th, at 2.30, in aid of Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S Fund for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. The Independent Music Club, which has been of invaluable assistance to musicians suffering from the War, proposes to entertain at least five hundred Wounded Soldiers at this Concert.

Five shillings will provide ticket, transport and tea for one Wounded Soldier. Gifts for this purpose and for the object of helping our Blinded Soldiers and Sailors will be very gratefully acknowledged by the Treasurer, Independent Music Club, 13, Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, W.

The net proceeds of a "Special Night" at the National Sporting Club on Monday, January 17th, commencing at 8 P.M., are to be given to the Wounded Allies Relief Fund.

OPEN SECRETS.

(*Inspired by the sight, anywhere in France, of the notice: "Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous! Les ennemies oreilles vous écoutent!"*)

THERE is something in the air,
Dinna doot!
We shall shortly see some *guerre*
Hereaboot.
Yes, we're going to make a rush,
Starting Tuesday next at—Hush!
Pourquoi?
Les ennemies oreilles nous écoutent!

We have got some special guns
For to shoot,
And to make the fleshy Huns
Up and scoot.
Would you care to hear the list?
There's a grandmamma at—Hist!
Silence!
Les ennemies oreilles nous écoutent!

It is more than patent to
The astute
That a very big to-do
Is *en route*.
There's a million men, I'm told,
Sailing round to land at—Hold!
Doucement!
Les ennemies oreilles nous écoutent!

Tho' to you, my simple friend,
It is moot
When the War is going to end
(*Dat vas goot!*)
I could say exactly when
Peace will be declared. But then,
Hélas!
Les ennemies oreilles nous écoutent!

* * * * *

I should be the very last
To dispute
That remarks, too freely passed,
Come as loot
To those wicked people, spies;
Yet what lots and lots of lies
(*Mon Dieu!*)
Les ennemies oreilles en écoutent!
HENRY (WATCH DOG).



Fickle Young Thing (revisiting Tattooist.) "ER—DO YOU THINK YOU COULD POSSIBLY ALTER THIS BADGE ON MY ARM? YOU SEE, I'VE—ER—EXCHANGED INTO ANOTHER REGIMENT."

From a report of KING FERDINAND'S address to the Sobranje:—

"The speech then exalts over victories won, and generally is couched in a rather orid strain."—*Cork Constitution.*

Like everything else that FERDY does.

New Ideas for War Weddings.

"The bride looked extremely well in a gown of ivory crepe-de-chene, trimmed with filet lace and ivory aeroplane. Her hat was of gathered aeroplane, adorned with real ospreys."
Times of Ceylon.

"The ceremony and congratulations being of smilax and pom pom'mums."
Wiarton Echo (Canada).

"The public simply hand in the order and cash to any tobacconist, with the name of the man to whom the cigarettes are to be sent, and the welcome gift will reach Tommy in time for Christmas."
Advt. in Morning Paper, Dec. 31st, 1915.

Unless, as we all hope, Tommy is at home again before that.

Another Crisis Averted.

"Our London Correspondent says that he has offered to resign, but the Prime Minister refused to accept his resignation."
Cork Examiner.

MY BIRTHDAY.

"My birthday," I said, "is setting in with its usual severity."

"What," said Francesca, "has driven you to this terrible conclusion?"

"Little signs; straws showing how the wind blows."

"I wonder," she said, "how that came to be a proverb. Personally I don't keep packets of straws to test the wind by, and I never met anybody else who did. Handkerchiefs are much more certain, and men's hats are best of all."

"Yes," I said, "when I see my hat starting full tilt on an excursion I always know which way the wind is blowing right enough. Tell me, Francesca, why does a man's hat, when it's blown off, always bring up in a puddle?"

"And get run over by a butcher's cart?"

"And why does everybody laugh at the hat's owner?"

"And why does the boy who brings it back to you expect payment for the miserable and useless object?"

"And where," I said, "does the owner disappear to afterwards? You never see a man with a hat on his head that's been run over—no, I mean, with a hat that's been run over on his head—no, no, I mean, with a hat that's been run over off his head—Francesca, I give it up; I shall never get that sentence right, but you know what I mean. Anyhow I will put the dreadful vision by. What was I talking about when this hat calamity broke in?"

"You had made," said Francesca, "a cold and distant allusion to your birthday. It's coming to-morrow."

"Well," I said, "it can come if it likes, but I shall refuse to receive it. I don't want it. I'm quite old enough without it. At my age people don't have birthdays. They just go on living, and other people say how wonderful they are for their years, and they must be sixty if they're a day, but nobody would think so, and——"

"And that it's all due to early rising and regular habits."

"And smoking and partial abstemiousness."

"And general good conduct. But you can have all that sort of praise and yet celebrate your birthday."

"But I tell you I won't have my birthday celebrated. Those are my orders."

"Orders?" she said. "People don't give orders about absurdities like that."

"Yes," I said, "they do; but their orders are not obeyed. There's Frederick, for instance. He's only eight, I know, but he's got something up his sleeve. He asked me yesterday if I could lend him threepence, and did I think that a small notebook with a pencil would be a nice present for a sort of uncle on his birthday—not a father, mind you, but an uncle. There's a Machiavelli for you."

"And what did you say?"

"I told him I had never met an uncle who didn't adore notebooks, but that few fathers really appreciated them; and then he countered me. He said he had noticed that many fathers were uncles too."

"That child," said Francesca, "will be a Lord Chancellor. He'd look splendid on a woolsack."

"Yes, later on. At present his legs would dangle a bit, wouldn't they?"

"They're very-well-shaped legs, anyhow. Any Lord Chancellor would be proud to possess them."

"To resume," I said, "about the birthday. There's Alice too. She's engaged on some nefarious scheme with a paint-box and a sheet of paper. It's directed at me, I know, because, whenever I approach her, things have to be hustled away or covered up. However, it's all useless. My mind's made up. I will *not* have a birthday."

"You can't prevent it, you know."

"Yes, I can," I said. "It's mine, and if I decide not to have it nobody can make me."

"But isn't that rather selfish?"

"It can't be selfish of me to deprive myself of a birthday."

"But you're depriving the children of it, and that's worse than selfish. It's positively heartless."

"Very well, then, I'm heartless. At any rate my orders are that there shall be no birthday; and don't you forget it, or, rather, forget it as hard as ever you can."

"I can't hold out the least prospect that your suggestion will meet with favourable consideration."

* * * * * * *

The birthday duly arrived, and I went down to breakfast. As I entered the room a shout of applause broke from the already assembled family. "Look at your place," said Frederick. I did, and beheld on the table a collection of unaccustomed articles. There was a box of chocolates from Muriel and Nina; there was a note-book with an appropriate pencil. "That," said Frederick, "is for Cousin Herbert's uncle. Ha, ha!" And there was, from Alice, a painted Calendar fit to hang on any wall. It represents a Tartar nobleman haughtily walking in a green meadow, with a background of snow-capped mountains. He has a long pig-tail and a black velvet cap with a puce knob. His trousers are blue striped with purple. He has a long blue cloak decorated with red figures, and his carmine train is borne by a juvenile page dressed in a short orange-coloured robe. It is a very magnificent design, and on the back of it is written:—

> "This is but a Birthday rhyme
> Written in this dark War-time.
> We can't afford to waste our ink,
> And so I'll quickly stop, I think."

Thus I was compelled to have a birthday after all.

R. C. L.

TO LUCASTA, FROM THE WARS.

PERUSING the epistles I devotedly indite
You long, I know, Lucasta dear, to see me as I write;
Your fancy paints my portrait framed in hectic scenes of war—
I'll try to show you briefly what my circumstances are.

Your swain is now a troglodyte; as in a dungeon deep
He who so worshipped stars and you must write and eat and sleep;
Like some swart djinnee of the mine your sunshine-loving slave
Builds airy castles, meet for two, 'neath candles in a cave.

Above, the sky is very grey, the world is very damp,
His light the sun denies by day, the moon by night her lamp;
Across the landscape soaked and sad the dull guns answer back,
And through the twilight's futile hush spasmodic rifles crack.

The papers haven't come to-day to show how England feels;
The hours go lame and languidly between our Spartan meals;
We've written letters till we're tired, with not a thing to tell
Except that nothing's doing, weather beastly, writer well.

So when you feel for us out here—as well I know you will—
Then sympathise with thousands for their country sitting still;
Don't picture battle-pieces by the lurid Press adored,
But miles and miles of Britishers, in burrows, badly bored!



WAR ECONOMY.

Mistress to chauffeur, who is crawling down-hill). "WHY ARE YOU DRIVING SO SLOWLY?"

Chauffeur (*ex-coachman*). "WELL, MA'AM, YOU TOLD ME TO BE AS ECONOMICAL AS POSSIBLE THESE TIMES, SO I WAS PUTTIN' THE BRAKE ON TO MAKE THE DOWN-'ILL LAST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Narcissus (SECKER), by Miss VIOLA MEYNELL, is one of those books for which I cannot help feeling that my appreciation would have been keener two years ago than is possible to-day. It is the story of the growth to manhood of two brothers, *Victor* and *Jimmy*, who live with their widowed mother in an outer suburb of London. That there is art, very subtle and delicate art, in the telling of it goes without saying. The characters of the brothers are realized with exquisite care. *Victor*, the elder, uncertain, violently sensitive and emotional, seeking always from life what he is never destined (at least so far as the present story carries him) to attain; *Jimmy*, placid, shallow, avoiding all emotion, attracting happiness like a magnet. Nothing, I repeat, could be better done in its kind than the pictures of these two, and of the not very interesting crowd of young persons among whom they move. But, for all its real beauty of style, I have to confess that the book left me cold, and even a little irritated. Perhaps we demand something more from our heroes these days than susceptibility, or indifference, to emotion. Was the purpose of life, one wonders, ever as delicately elusive as these bewildered young men seem to find it? I kept longing for Lord DERBY. Perhaps, again, this is but part of the cleverness of the writer, and Miss MEYNELL, like the child in the poem, only does it to annoy. But I hardly think so. Her tenderness and sympathy for *Victor* especially are obvious. He, I take it, is *Narcissus* (though *Narcissi* would have been a truer title for the book, as each of the brothers is more in love with his own reflection than with anything else), and, since he is left unmarried at the close of the volume, I derived some quiet satisfaction from the thought that modified conscription might yet make a man of him.

Why will the heroes of historical fiction persist in that dangerous practice of leaving an angry and overmastered villain bound to a tree to await death or rescue? The result is rescue every time, and one way and another a mort of trouble for the good characters. Still it may be argued that if the protagonist of *The Fortunes of Garin* (CONSTABLE) had not followed this risky precedent those fortunes would not have led him where they eventually did, and we should have missed one of the best costume novels of the year. Miss MARY JOHNSTON is among the very few writers whom I can follow without weariness through the mazes of mediævalism. This tale of the adventures of a knight and a lady in the days when HENRY II. sat on the throne of England, and his son RICHARD princed it in Angoulême, is told with an air that lifts it out of tushery into romance. She wields a picturesque and courtly style, sometimes indeed a trifle too charged with metaphor to be altogether manageable (as for example when she speaks of "pouring oil upon the red embers of a score unpaid"), but for the most part admirably pleasing to the ear. Her antique figures are alive; and the whole tale goes forward with a various and

high-stepping movement and a glow of colour that reminded me of nothing more than that splendid pageant one follows round the walls of the Riccardi Palace in Florence. Of course the journey ends in lovers' meeting and the teaching of his place to the evil-minded. The fact that this latter was called *Jaufre*, a name that I would wish kindlier entreated, is almost my only complaint against a lively and entertaining story which more than once rises to real beauty.

Given a plot of the conventional order I dare say it is best to make very little fuss or mystery about it. So, at any rate, "KATHARINE TYNAN" seems to think, for after about page 32 of her latest book, *Since First I Saw Your Face* (HUTCHINSON), there is really almost no guessing left to do, the authoress seeming principally concerned to ensure a smooth passage for one's prophecies. Thus, while the unknown son of a secret marriage, happening by good luck to thrash the ostensible claimant to the title and heroine, gets that successful start in the early pages that is so necessary to his happiness in the last, and the lady never really looks like straying far into disconcerting opinions of her own, even the rival himself obliges us by throwing up the sponge just when the game should really begin. All this is soothing enough, but it is also very thin stuff; and the addition of a ghostly ancestress, who lures her descendants to midnight assignations by smiling at them out of a LELY painting, does not stiffen things much. The fact is that away from such a purely Irish subject as, say, "Countrymen All," Mrs. HINKSON really has not much to tell. Sweeney's New York Stores do not harmonise at all well with her atmosphere of wistful tragedy. The effect suggests a soap-bubble trying to cake-walk.



THE UNINTERNED PERIL IN OUR MIDST.

Portrait of Herr Pfunk ("Sister Susie"), who edits "Our Mites' Corner" in the well-known weekly, *Mum's Pets*, and also conducts a column of "Hints to Mothers," which is having an alarming effect on infant mortality.

When cattle-ships put forth to sea
From Montreal across the Atlantic,
The life on board would not suit me,
Nor you, I think. The cattle frantic,
The tough steel plates beneath the might
Of crashing waters well-nigh riven—
Ugh! Here it is in black and white,
Clearly described by FREDERICK NIVEN.

Published by HEINEMANN (six bob),
The book relates the ceaseless battle
Which they must wage whose steady job
Is valeting a mob of cattle;
And yet they pant to get a ship,
For jobs the owners they importune
At—mark you this!—one pound the trip!
I wouldn't do it for a fortune.

It 's just a tale of common men,
Who never went to school or college,
Writ by a skilled and practised pen
Most certainly from first-hand knowledge;
It has no very obvious plan,
No movement, no connected story;
And yet I don't see how you can
Fail to enjoy *The S.S. Glory*.

You 'll meet some men you 're sure to like—
Men who would greet you as a brother;
One is that honest fellow, *Mike*,
And *Cockney*, possibly, another;
Unpolished, quick to wrath and slow,
When roused, to lay aside their choler,
Yet are they types you ought to know
As well as did the hero, *Scholar*.

In an eloquent foreword to *The Queen's Gift Book*, (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), we are told by Mr. GALSWORTHY that it is "in the nature of a hat passed round, into which, God send, many hundred thousand coins may be poured." The coin that we are asked to put into what I hope will be a very widely circulating hat is half-a-crown, and whatever you may or may not think of Gift Books I can promise you that in this instance to pay your money is to get its worth. It is true that some of the contributors have given us work that we have already had an opportunity to know; but even here I am not grumbling, for among the stories that have already been published is Mr. LEONARD MERRICK'S "The Fairy Poodle," a tale so full of sparkle that the oftener I see it the better I shall be pleased. All tastes, however, are catered for. You can read tales by Sir J. M. BARRIE or Mr. JOSEPH HOCKING, verses by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Mr. JOHN OXENHAM or Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE, sketches by Mr. CONRAD or "SAPPER." But I advise you to read the lot. An especial word of praise is, I feel, due to Mr. JOHN BUCHAN for a tale humorous enough in its dry way to squeeze a smile from a mummy, and to the artists who have helped to make this Gift the success that it is. In short, the book is good, nearly as good as the object for which it has been published. "In aid," we read on the cover, "of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals. For Soldiers and Sailors who have lost their limbs in the War." Here then, by helping to provide our maimed heroes with the best mechanical substitutes for the limbs which they have lost, is a chance for us to pay a little of the unpayable debt we owe to them. Mr. GALSWORTHY may rest assured that his appeal to "our honour in this matter" will not be made in vain.

An extract from the Master of the TEMPLE'S sermon on "Muddling Through":—

"When we rejoiced at the efficiency of our Navy we too seldom recollected that it was primarily due to a superbly effective system of education built up by the efforts of a few great men loyally supported by enthusiastic insubordinates."—*Morning Paper*.

NELSON'S "blind eye" is not forgotten.

CHARIVARIA.

IN a description of Lord KITCHENER'S home at Broome Park we read that on the way there one passes a kind of crater known by the rustics as "Old England's Hole." And a little farther on you come to the man who got Old England out of it.

* * *

A German professor advocates the appointment of State matrimonial agents. Elderly and experienced ladies and gentlemen should be employed to bring young people together, and "unostentatiously to give them practical counsel, conveying their remarks tactfully, and in such a way as not to awaken the spirit of contradiction found in youthful minds;" paying due regard, moreover, to theories of eugenics and heredity. The Winged Boy disguised as an antique German professor makes an attractive picture.

* * *

Some anxiety was caused in America by the news that the FORD Peace party was to meet in the Zoo at the Hague. But they have all emerged safely.

* * *

The Governor of South Carolina, who was one of the members of this heroic mission, left the Hague in a great hurry and returned to America before the rest of the delegates. Much curiosity is expressed as to what the Governor of North Carolina will have to say to him on this occasion.

* * *

In spite of the Government's official discouragement of any further rise in wages a demand for an increase of no less than 33⅓ per cent. has been made by the "knockers-up" in the Manchester district. For going round in the chill hours of the morning and wakening the workers, these bloodsuckers (chiefly old men and cripples) receive at present the princely remuneration of threepence per head per week; and they have now the effrontery to ask for fourpence.

* * *

The German Government has decided to raise the charge for telegrams. WOLFF'S Bureau has instructed its correspondents that in order to meet this new impost the percentage of truth in its despatches must be still further diminished.

* * *

Before the opening of the Luxemburg Parliament two members of the Opposition threw the chairs belonging to Ministers out of the window. It is feared that something of the kind may be attempted at Westminster, since several Members have been observed to cast longing eyes upon the Treasury Bench.

* * *

With a view to increasing the food-supply the German Government have extended the time for shooting hares from January 16th to February 1st, and for pheasants from February 1st to March 1st. The dachshund season, we understand, will be continued for the duration of the War.

* * *

Count KOSPOTH, a member of the Prussian Upper House, in the course of an energetic plea for economy, remarks that "at one's country-seat one can very well do without a motor-car, and even with two to four horses in the stables instead of six or eight." This was read with great satisfaction by the Berlin *Hausfrau* on a meatless day when the bread-card was exhausted.

* * *

The House of Commons was quite relieved when Sir GEORGE REID took his seat. There had been some fears that he would take two.

* * *

A young woman who mistook Vine-street police station for a tavern, and was fined ten shillings for drunkenness, is reported to have expressed the opinion that there is room for improvement in the nomenclature of our public edifices.

* * *

"My grave doubt," writes a Conscientious Objector regarding his fellows, "is whether there is any reasonable chance that most of them will be able to convince a tribunal that their conscientious objection is real." It may comfort him to know that his doubt is very widely shared.

* * *

"DEAR MR. PUNCH," writes a soldier at the Front who has been reading the Parliamentary reports,—"Do you think an officer out here who developed 'conscientious objections' might get a week's leave?"

* * *

In the course of a debate in the Reichstag on the German Press Bureau it was revealed that the Censor had struck out quotations from GOETHE as being dangerous to the State. Our man who tinkered with KIPLING is wonderfully bucked by this intelligence.

* * *

Bread is the staff of life, and, in the view of certain officers in the trenches, whose opinions we cannot of course guarantee, the life of the Staff is one long loaf.

* * *

Extracted from the report of an enthusiastic company commander after a brisk action with some tribesmen on the Indian Frontier: "The men were behaving exactly as if on ceremonial parade. They laughed and talked the whole time . . ." We seem to recognise that parade.



Extract from letter from an Unconscientious Slacker.

"DEAR LORD KITCHENER,—I am not a good walker, which prevents my joining the Infantry. As I have no experience of horses, the Cavalry is also out of the question. The Artillery I don't care for on account of the noise, and flying makes me giddy. The A.S.C. does not appeal to me, and the R.A.M.C. would entail some very unpleasant duties.

"So you had better not worry about me. Perhaps when the fine weather comes I may think about the Navy. I am rather keen on boating . . ."

"We have from the first declared that should the voluntary system fail to supply the men needed to win the war and who could be spared from civil war we would accept and support it."
Manchester Guardian.

Unfortunately, to judge by the proceedings at the Labour Conference, the claims of civil war are very heavy.

This paragraph from "Town Topics" in *The Liverpool Echo*—

"We know that many of our men—especially the single ones, judging by the Derby figures—are sheltering behind skirts"—

helps to explain this one:—

"Several lady tram-conductors in the city declare they are denied the common courtesies far more by women passengers of the female gender than by men."

The insistence upon the sex of the uncivil females is necessary to distinguish them from the male civilians.

"FURNISHED house (small) wanted in Edinburgh; with ballroom, h. & c."—*Scotsman.*

Hot for the chaperons and cold for the dancers.

TO THE PRO-SHIRKERS.

[Thirty-nine Members voted against the Second Reading of the Military Service Bill.]

You that in civilian lobbies,
While the battle-thunder rolls,
Hug your little party hobbies,
So to save your little souls,
Treating England's deadly peril like a topic for the polls;

Half of you—the record's written—
Lately strode to Downing Street
And for love of Little Britain
Wallowed at the PREMIER'S feet,
Urging him to check the wanton waste of our superfluous Fleet.

Had your passionate prayer been granted
And the KAISER got his way,
Teuton crushers might be planted
On our hollow tums to-day,
And a grateful foe be asking what you want for traitors' pay.

Disappointed with the Navy,
You in turn were keen about
Putting Thomas in the gravy,
Leaving Thomas up the spout,
Lest if adequately aided he should wipe the strafers out.

Well, our memories may be rotten,
Yet they'll stick to you all right;
Not so soon shall be forgotten
Those whose hearts were fixed more tight
On the salvage of a fetish than the winning of the fight.

When the Bosches bite the gutter
And we let our tongues go loose,
Franker words I hope to utter
In the way of free abuse,
But at present I am badly hampered by the party truce.

O. S.

WHITTLING THEM DOWN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know you must be longing to have my analysis of the Derby figures. I hasten to comply, for I may say that I have never, since the War began, had finer scope for my individual talents. Never have I had—not even in the great Copper Controversy—a bunch of figures of which it may more truly be said that they are not what they seem, that there is more in them than meets the eye, and that they contain wheels within wheels. And first of all, Sir, I hope you will allow me to explain where I am in this matter; everybody's doing it; and you will then see at once the moral grandeur of my attitude. I am a convinced believer in the Voluntary System, always have been—on principle. But I am willing to sacrifice even that for victory. If it can be shown that by compulsion *one single man* can be added to our forces who would not have volunteered (even if he had been scientifically bullied), I will be willing to adopt conscription. But, Sir, it cannot be shown.

The crux of the situation admittedly lies with the figures of the Single Men. (In case of misapprehension I should make it clear that when I spoke above of "one single man" I did not mean one unmarried man, but one sole man). We have to begin our attack upon this figure of 651,160 unstarred single men unaccounted for. It seems a good many. But wait a bit. We shall now proceed to concentrate a powerful succession of deductions. It only needs a fearless and patriotic ingenuity.

Let us not disregard obvious facts. From this number we must subtract—

(1)	Ministers of religion . .	5 per cent.
(2)	Mercantile Marine . .	5 ,,
(3)	Medically unfit . . .	40 ,,
(4)	Criminals	1¾ ,,
(5)	Badged	10 ,,
(6)	Indispensables . . .	10 ,,

Total 71¾ per cent. You see we are already getting on. But before going any further we had better consolidate the ground already won by making certain additions, in case any one man has been counted twice. These are—

(1) Ministers of religion who are also medically unfit.
(2) Criminals in the mercantile marine.
(3) Ministers of religion in the mercantile marine.
(4) Criminals who are medically unfit.
(5) Indispensable criminals.
(6) Badged criminal ministers of religion.

These categories taken together may be put at 7¼ per cent. of our 71¾ per cent., and must be deducted from the deductions. There are also the blind, halt and maimed, deaf, dumb and inebriate, but I am willing to throw all of them in so as to be on the safe side.

So far we have to deduct, then, some 66½ per cent. from our total. We must do better than that if we are to get on the right side of negligibility. So now we come to examine the canvass. A good many men were not canvassed, or at least misunderstood the canvasser. I know of one man in my constituency (unstarred, unbadged, fit, single and of army age) who thought the fellow had come to collect for Foreign Missions, to which he has a conscientious objection.

Along with these I propose to deduct the great class of what I shall call the Self-centred. These are they who not only were never canvassed, but didn't even so much as hear about it, who had probably given up newspapers as a war economy and were living quiet virtuous lives in out-of-the-way places. Add to them removals and conscientious objectors (*less* allowance for conscientious removals) and we have a total not short of 27½ per cent.

Then again, as the supply of recruits becomes exhausted, it must always be remembered that we are dealing with a residuum. That is to say, those that remain are always growing more conscientious, more criminal, more unfit, more mercantile and so on. However, I count nothing for that, for I haven't much of my total left to dispose of, and I have still to deal with spoiled cards.

Everyone who has assisted at a contested election knows very well that many mistakes occur. I propose to allow 3 per cent. for illegible cards which prevented the canvasser from tracking his prey, 4 per cent. for those who failed to find the recruiting office owing to misdirection, but will be sure to find it before long, and ½ per cent. for sundries, such as men who were temporarily confined to the house.

Our final result is thoroughly satisfactory, and one that must give Compulsionists some food for thought, for however much they may wish to introduce the principle they cannot desire to reduce our forces in the field in the middle of a great war. In a word, we must deduct 101½ per cent. from 651,160. That gives us an adverse balance of 9,767. This means that, if the present Bill is to go through and compulsion is definitely adopted, nearly half a division of our present army must be disbanded forthwith. It is just as well that we should see clearly what we are heading for.

It has given me great pleasure to have the opportunity of clearing up this vexed question.

I am, Yours as usual,
STATISTICIAN. BIS.



FOR NEUTRALS.

"WHY DO WE TORPEDO PASSENGER SHIPS?
BECAUSE WE ARE BEING STARVED BY THE INFAMOUS ENGLISH."



FOR NATIVES.

"WHO SAYS WE ARE IN DISTRESS?
LOOK WHAT OUR SPLENDID ORGANISATION IS DOING!"



THE IRREPRESSIBLES.

Nurse (of private hospital). "A MESSAGE HAS JUST COME IN TO ASK IF THE HOSPITAL WILL MAKE A LITTLE LESS NOISE, AS THE LADY NEXT DOOR HAS A TOUCH OF HEADACHE."

EVEN.

["Even the food of the men was wholesome and abundant."—*Report* of a German Correspondent who visited the High Canal Fleet.]

SING ho! for the Fleet in the Kiel Canal,
Where every man is the KAISER'S pal,
And lives upon beer and bread;
And they all have food, so help them BILL!
For every officer gets his fill
And even the men are fed.

His beard as long as his hair is short,
VON TIRPITZ says with a mighty snort,
"We've money and men and boats;
We're here to-day and we're here to-morrow;
Pass up the beer and drink death to sorrow;
Why, even our Navy floats!

"Behind the locks of our snug retreat
We hurl defiance at JELLICOE'S Fleet
From Rosyth down to Dover!
We look across at the wet, wet sea
And we drink our beer till even we
Are almost half-seas over!

"Our men can eat, and they even drink;
They walk and talk, and they almost think;
They can turn to the left and right;
And when we strike a blow in the back,
Or sink a liner or fishing-smack,
By Odin, they even fight!"

Two headlines that appeared side by side in the same issue of an Evening Paper:—

"WOMAN WILL PROBABLY BE TRIED IN CAMERA.
GERMAN FEARS FOR LENS."

"'Most of the world's real literature was written by poor authors in their garrets.'
'Quite so. Homer, for example, wrote in the Attic.'"—*Evening Paper.*

Did he now? And we were always taught that he wrote (or, rather, sang) in the Ionic.

From an article on the Clyde disputes:—

"Contrary to the instructions of the Munitions Ministry, peace-prices are sometimes reduced, with resulting friction."
Daily News.

We are glad to learn that the Scotch workmen do not belong to the peace-at-any-price brigade.

THE CONQUEST.

EVERY January so long as I can remember it has been difficult; but this year more so than ever. I cannot say why, except that last year was peculiarly eventful and momentous.

The odd thing is that one begins so well. For the first day, at any rate, one can do it quite easily; but it is after then that one has to be vigilant; and however vigilant one is there are off-guard moments when the fatal slip occurs.

Nor will any mechanical device assist you, for nothing can successfully defeat the wandering of the mind. Continuous concentration is an impossibility; there is nothing for it but habit—a new habit that shall be as strong as the old—or the total cessation of all correspondence and (O that 'twere possible!) all making out of cheques.

Still conquest comes sooner or later, and I have reached that point in my own struggle. I have at last finally got over the tendency to write 1915.

"As a result of the Labour Conference at Westminster, yesterday, a resolution was sunk on Lake Tanganyika."—*Western Daily Press.*

The best place for it.

A NEW THEATRICAL VENTURE.

A FRIEND of mine has started as manager of his first theatre these holidays. It may seem to you an unpropitious moment for such a beginning, but in many ways this special theatre is exceptionally well guaranteed against failure. The proprietor was kind enough to invite my presence at his opening performance. As a matter of fact I had myself put up the money for it.

Naturally I was anxious for the thing to be a success. The theatre stands on what you could truthfully call a commanding situation at one end of the schoolroom table. It is an elegant renaissance edifice of wood and cardboard, with a seating accommodation only limited by the dimensions of the schoolroom itself, and varying with the age of the audience. The lighting effects are provided in theory by a row of oil foot-lamps, so powerful as to be certain, if kindled, to consume the entire building; in practice, therefore, by a number of candle-ends, stuck in the wings on their own grease. These not only furnish illumination, but, when extinguished (as they constantly are by falling scenery) produce a penetrating aroma which is specially dear to the managerial nostrils.

The manager, to whom I have already had the pleasure of introducing you, is Peter. I have been impatiently waiting for the moment of Peter's first theatre, these nine years. Like marbles or *Treasure Island*, it is at once a landmark and a milestone in the present-giving career of an uncle. So I had devoted some considerable care to its selection.

In one respect Peter's theatre reminds me of the old Court in the days of the VEDRENNE-BARKER repertory. You recall how one used to see the same people at every performance, a permanent nucleus of spectators that never varied? The difference is that Peter's permanent nucleus are neither so individually agreeable nor in any true sense enthusiasts of the drama. Indeed, being painted on the proscenium, with their backs to the stage, the effect they produce is one of studied indifference. Nay more, a horrible suspicion about them refused to be banished from my thoughts; it was based partly upon the costumes of the ladies, partly on the undeniably Teutonic suggestion in the gentlemen's uniforms. However, I said nothing about this to Peter.

Despite the presence of these unpleasing persons, the opening performance must be pronounced a real success. Perhaps more as a spectacle than anything else. Scenically the show was a triumph; the memory of the Forest Glade especially will remain with me for weeks by reason of the stiff neck I got from contorting myself under Peter's guidance to the proper angle for its appreciation. But histrionically it must be confessed that things dragged a little. Perhaps this was due to a certain severity, not to say baldness, in the dialogue as spoken. Not having read the script, I have a feeling that it might be unfair to judge the unknown author by the lines as rendered by Peter, who was often preoccupied with other anxieties. As, for example, the scene in the Baronial Castle between its noble but unscrupulous proprietor and a character introduced by Peter with the simple notice: "This is a murderer coming on now."

Baron. Oh, are you a murderer?

Murderer. Yes.

Bar. Oh, well, you 've got to murder the Princess.

Murd. All right.

Bar. That 's all of that scene.

Crisp, of course, and to the point; but I feel sure that there must have been more in the interview as originally written.

Perhaps, again, the cast was to blame for whatever may have been disappointing in the performance. Individually they were a fine company, passionate and wiry of gesture, and full of energy. Indeed their chief fault sprang from an incapacity to remain motionless in repose. This led to a notable lack of balance. However sensational it may be for the exit of every character to bring down the house, its effect is unfortunately to retard the action of the piece.



Nervous Country Gentleman (as taxi just misses an island). "DO DRIVE CAREFULLY, PLEASE. I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO TAXIS."

Driver. "THAT'S FUNNY! I AIN'T USED TO 'EM, NEITHER. AS A MATTER O' FACT I'VE ONLY TAKEN THIS ON FOR A BET."

Personally I consider that the women were the worst offenders. Take the heroine, for example. Lovely she may have been, though in a style more appreciated by the late GEORGE CRUIKSHANK than by myself; but looks are not everything. Art simply didn't exist for her. Revue might have been her real line; or, better still, a strong-woman turn on the Halls. There was the episode, for instance, where, having to prostrate herself before the Baron, she insisted upon a backward exit (with the usual result) and then made an acrobatic re-entrance on her knees.

Tolerant as he was, even Peter began at last to grow impatient at the vagaries of his company. Finally, when the Executioner (a mere walker-on of no importance whatever) had twice brought ridicule upon the ultimate solemnities of the law by his introduction of comic dives off the scaffold, the manager rang down the curtain. Not before it was time.

"They 're lovely to look at," he observed, surveying the supine cast, "but awfully difficult to do anything with."

"Peter," I answered gratefully, "as an estimate of the theatrical profession your last remark could hardly be improved upon."

Of course he didn't understand; but, being dramatist as well as uncle, I enjoyed saying it.

"February 3.—A total eclipse of the sun, partly visible at Greenwich as a partial eclipse. Eclipse begins to be visible at Greenwich at 4.31 P.M.; ends after the sun has set."

"February 3.—A partial eclipse of the moon, partly visible at Greenwich. Begins at 4.31 P.M."—*Churchman's Almanack.*

This double obscuration will make navigation very difficult for sky-pilots.

BADGES.

MY companion had the habit of muttering to himself and I was relieved when he leant over and spoke to me. He was a dry little man of middle age, with a nervous kindly face and eyes that twinkled with the voluntary spirit. I had seen him on summer evenings clipping his hedge and pruning his roses, for we lived nearly opposite to each other. Suddenly he emerged from his newspaper and said in a quick determined way, "What this country wants, Sir, is more buttonholes. The best suits have only two buttonholes; that is to say, only two that are superfluous, the rest are all needed by buttons. It's a scandal, Sir!"

"Isn't there one at the bottom of the waistcoat?" I asked.

"Quite useless," he said with much energy, though smiling very kindly. "Quite useless for the purpose. The matter," he added, "would not be so urgent if we had more sleeves. Worse even than the dearth of button-holes is the lack of eligible sleeves. In peace time two sleeves may have been sufficient; to-day . . . Well, you can sympathise." He looked (still smiling) at the khaki armlet that bound my arm and the Special Constable's badge that nestled in my overcoat.

He had the shy decisiveness of a man who seldom spoke his mind. If necessary I would have wrested his name from him and pretended a relationship with his wife. But he needed no encouragement.

"At the beginning, when one was just a special constable, it didn't matter so much. I wore my badge and my armlet when I was on duty and sometimes when I was not. Even when I joined our Volunteer Corps I was not seriously embarrassed. After all, one could alternate the badges and the armlets and, at a pinch, wear them all together. Then I became an unskilled munition worker, which meant three badges and two armlets. At first I wore two on my overcoat and three inside. Then I would give some of them a rest, generally to find that I was wearing the wrong ones on the wrong occasions. Altogether it was very confusing."

"So far," I said with some sympathy, "I can follow you. I am myself an unskilled War Office clerk; but you have forgotten Lord DERBY'S armlet, which at the moment has the place of honour with me."

"No," he said, "I have that too. And I have another badge. I earned it on New Year's Day."

He took off his spectacles and rubbed them mechanically. It gave him a very detached appearance and he spoke gently, without malice.

"I have an aunt," he said, "by self-election, a most worthy woman, who was my mother's cousin. It came to her ears that I had become a teetotaler for the duration of the war. It appears that there is a badge for temporary teetotalers. She brought me one. She begged me with tears in her eyes to wear it. I remonstrated. I pointed out that if every public and private virtue is to be symbolised in this fashion, people with few vices and a willing heart would soon be perpetually in fancy-dress."

"And what happened?" I asked.

"I wavered for a time and then happily I found a way out. A few days ago it occurred to me that there must be other means, as yet untried, of advertising one's patriotism. I saw a notice in a restaurant I sometimes go to, 'No Germans or Austrians Employed Here.' 'Happy proprietor,' I said, 'who can so trumpet his honesty without increasing either his badges or his armlets!' The fact is that it set me thinking. Eventually I hit on a plan. It was very disappointing to my aunt, but it answers wonderfully."

"May I ask?" I said; "it might be useful."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. We have bought a little enamelled plate and had it fixed to our gate. You may have noticed it. It has the words, 'No Bottles.'"



THE MASCOT.

Adoring Damsel. "AND YOU *WILL* WEAR IT ALWAYS, *WON'T* YOU?"

Popular young Sub. "THANKS AWFULLY. IT'S FRIGHTFULLY DECENT OF YOU, AND ALL THAT, BUT—ER—YOU SEE, THERE'S A LOT OF OTHER LITTLE CHAPS WAITIN' TO DO THEIR BIT; I'M AFRAID HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS TURN WITH THE REST."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You didn't catch sight of any mention of me in despatches, did you? I have been rather too busy myself to read the list properly, but I did just have time to cast a casual eye over the "H's," and I didn't notice the name of "Henry" standing out in heavy-leaded capitals. It must be an inadvertence, of course. They must have said something about me, as, for instance: "Especially to be remarked is the noble altruism of Lieut. Henry, who on more than one march has been observed to take his pack, containing all his worldly goods, off his back and to hand it without ostentation to some lucky driver of a limber, saying, 'Take it, my lad; your need is greater than mine.'" Or again, referring to my later career: "The pen is mightier than the sword, but Lieut. Henry's indelible pencil, when engaged on official correspondence, is mightier than both." Or at least, at the very beginning of things, I'm quite sure the Mentioner devoted a passing phrase to me: "By the way, I have just received a consignment described on the Movement Order as 'Officer, one, Henry, Lieut.' Speaking frankly as between ourselves, what is it exactly? In any case I would gladly exchange for a dozen tins of bully beef."

Talking of despatches, I see that our old friend the Regimental Anarchist has not escaped notice. I never thought he would, for a less unnoticeable man I don't remember meeting. He is one of those big untidy fellows, very nice for purposes of war and all that, whom not the cleverest adjutant could manage to conceal on a ceremonial parade. His service equipment alone was notorious in the division. While we were still in England he and I used to share a billet. Every night the last thing I saw before going to sleep was the Anarchist trying on a new piece of personal furniture. He had at least a hundred aunts, and each of them had at least a hundred bright ideas; besides which few days went by but he paid a generous visit to the military outfitter. Never in my life shall I forget the sight of him during our last moments at home. While others were stuffing into themselves the last good meal they expected to taste for three years or the duration, he was putting on patent waterproof after patent waterproof. He stepped forth at last, sweating at every pore, and it wasn't raining at the time and didn't look like raining till next winter. The 38-lb. limit prevented his putting more than four coats into his valise, and his method of packing didn't economise space. If there had been any limit, however generous, to the amount of room an officer may occupy in the column of route we'd have had to go abroad without our Anarchist, and a much quieter and more respectable life we'd have had that way.

Even in our earliest days in B.E.F., when we were well behind the firing line, he started playing with fire. Thinking that we shared his low tastes he would gather us round him and lecture us on the black arts. "This little fellow," he would say, fetching an infernal machine out of his pocket—"this little fellow is as safe as houses provided he has no detonator in his little head. But we will just make sure." A flutter of excitement would pass round the audience as he started unscrewing the top to make sure. "Of course," he'd continue, finding the screw a bit stiff and getting absorbed in his toy—"of course, if there *should* happen to be a detonator inside, you have only to tickle it and almost anything may happen." While he'd be struggling with the screw, the front row of the audience would be shifting its ground to give the back rows a better view. "You can't be too careful," he'd say, passing it lightly from one hand to the other in order to search for his well-known clasp-knife, "for if you're not careful," he'd explain, tucking the bomb under his arm so as to have both hands free to open the knife—"if you're not careful," he'd say, suddenly letting go the knife in order to catch the bomb as it slid from his precarious hold—"if you're not very careful" (getting to real business with the murderous blade), "very—very—careful . . ." But none of us were ever near enough by that time to hear what would happen if we weren't (or even if he wasn't).

And then those strange nights in the trenches, when he and I used to be on duty together! I would be waiting in our luxurious, brightly-lit gin-palace of a dug-out for him to join me at our midnight lunch. He'd come in at last, clad in his fleece lining, the only survivor of his extensive collection of overcoats, its absence of collar giving him a peculiarly clerical look. He'd sit down to his cocoa, but hardly be started on the day before yesterday's newspaper (just arrived with the rations) before the private bombardment would begin. I would spring to attention; he would go on reading. "Hush!" I'd say. (Why "Hush!" I don't know.) "What's all that for?" "Me," he'd say, turning to the personal column. And then I'd know that, seizing the opportunity of being unobserved, he'd been out for a nocturnal stroll with a handful of bombs, seeking a little innocent pleasure. The gentlemen opposite, not being cricketers themselves or knowing anything about the slow bowler, had, as usual, mistaken him for a trench mortar and were making a belated reply.

Only his servant accompanied him on these jaunts. He was a nice quiet villain, whose lust for adventure had, I always imagine, been long ago satisfied by a dozen or so gentle burglaries in his civilian past. He didn't want to kill people; his job in life was to keep his master alive and well fed. So when the latter went out bombing he thought he might as well go out with him, and occupy himself picking turnips for to-morrow's stew.

When the Anarchist wasn't distributing bombs he was collecting bullets. Being untidy by nature, he didn't particularly care where they hit him, provided they didn't damage his pipe. That was all he cared about, his lyddite and his tobacco. I often wonder how it was he didn't get the two habits of his life mixed up—fill a pipe with H.E., light it and finish off that way. But he didn't; he has just gone on collecting lead, letting it accumulate about his person until it got too heavy to be convenient and then resorting to the nearest hospital to have it removed. I hear he's there now, the result, I gather, of a bit of a show. It was his servant who was walking about that unhealthy field at that imprudent time and found him. One would like to paint a romantic picture of the meeting, but I doubt if there was much romance about it. I am quite sure all the Anarchist cared about was his tobacco pouch and all the servant was interested in was the further collection of vegetables, just in case.

I can see our Anarchist, lying in his little white bed in the hospital, surrounded by his sevenpenny racing novels (with or without covers), his tins of navy-cut (some empty, some full), his fleece lining, his compass, his socks, his field-glasses, his ties, his revolver and his last month's letters (some opened, some not), all jumbled happily together, with his ragged old shaving-brush reigning proudly in the midst. I doubt if he knows he's been "mentioned," for one could never get him to take interest in any news which wasn't "sporting"; possibly he is made suspicious by the uncomfortable presence of unopened telegrams in all corners of his bed. But one thing I do hope, and that is that this bed is, at any rate, not strewn, inside and out, with unexploded hand-grenades.

Yours ever, HENRY.

WARFARE AT THE BARBER'S.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PAPER THIS MORNING, SIR?"



"QUITE TIME WE HAD COMPULSION, EH?"



"NO GOOD SHUTTING OUR EYES TO FACTS."



"WHAT WE WANT IS MORE ENERGY."



"OF COURSE MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN"—



"AND IT'S NO GOOD POURING COLD WATER ON ENTHUSIASM."



"I'M HOPING FOR THAT 'FORWARD PUSH' IN THE SPRING."



"WELL, IT WILL BE A GREAT RELIEF WHEN IT'S ALL OVER."



PRUSSIAN DREAM OF PEACE IN THE SPRING.

PROVINCIAL PATRIOTS.

From Jim Figgis, Whitty Bridge, to George Roberts, South Farm, Sudborough.

Dec. 5th, 1915.

DEAR GEORGE,—I hear the remount officer is coming round your part. I have a compact little bay horse, just the sort for the Army. We must all do our bit now, so here's our chance. The Vet says the horse has laminitis in his off fore foot, but it's all my eye. Anyhow he's the useful sort they require for the Army. They wouldn't look at me if I offered him, but you can get round them. Give me fifty quid and I'll send him over.

Your friend, J. FIGGIS.

From George Roberts to Jim Figgis.

Dec. 7th, 1915.

DEAR JIM,—Yours to hand. No one can say that you're not a good patriot, and I won't be No. 2. But fifty quid for that little horse—not me. Say thirty and he's mine, sound or unsound. Yours, G. ROBERTS.

George Roberts to the Hon. Mordaunt Fopstone, White Lion Hotel, Sudborough.

Dec. 10th, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—Hearing you are looking out for horses for the Army I write to say I have one or two which I shall be pleased to place at your disposal and at a very reasonable price, as in these times we must all give up something for the country. I shall be pleased to see you at any time convenient, except Tuesday, when I have to be at our local Agricultural Show.

Yours to command,
G. ROBERTS.

From the Hon. Mordaunt Fopstone to George Roberts.

Dec. 11th, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. It is very satisfactory to find local people of your position anxious to help. I will call at your farm on Friday next and see the horses you refer to. With thanks,

Yours truly, M. FOPSTONE.

P.S.—I have been warned against a man named Figgis. Do you know him?

From George Roberts to the Hon. Mordaunt Fopstone.

Dec. 13th, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—Friday will suit me very well for your call, at any time you please. You are quite right to avoid Figgis; he is one of the small horse-dealing class who are a discredit to our country districts. Any further information is at your service.

Yours to command, G. ROBERTS.

From the Hon. Mordaunt Fopstone to George Roberts.

Dec. 21st, 1915.

DEAR MR. ROBERTS,—I have now pleasure in enclosing cheque for £65 for bay horse. As stated to you when I called at South Farm, I was not in a position to go beyond £60 without further authorisation; this I have now obtained. Thanking you for the patriotic spirit you have shown in this little business,

Yours truly, M. FOPSTONE.

From the Adjutant, Royal Beetshire Hussars, Tickful Camp, to Messrs. Davison Bros., The Mart, Southtown.

Jan. 1st, 1916.

Please enter bay gelding, aged, sent herewith, in your next sale without reserve, as he is not sound and of no use to Army.

Memo. from Davison Bros. to Adjutant.

Jan. 17th, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—Herewith please find cheque £5 4*s.* 3*d.* for bay gelding, being amount realised for same, less our commission and expenses.

Yours faithfully, DAVISON BROS.

The Times heads an article, "Unity in the Air." It deals, however, with the new Anglo-French Aviation Conference and has nothing to do with the latest *Peter Pan*.



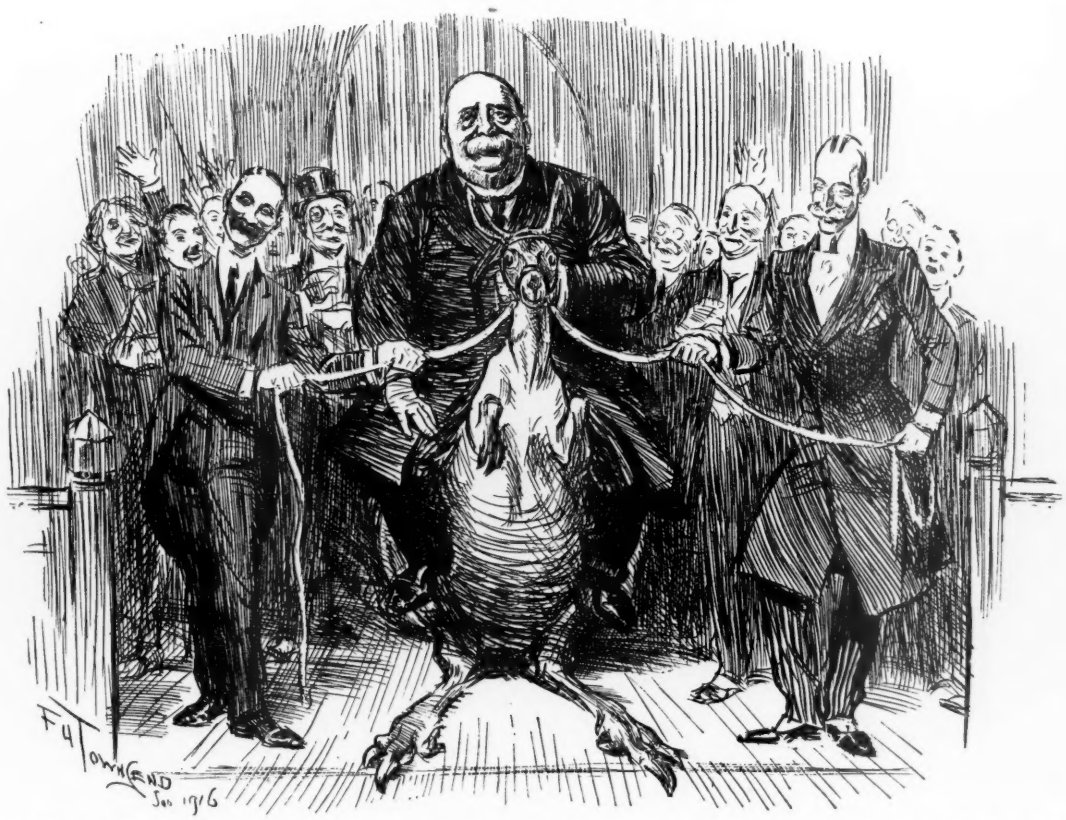
GALLIPOLI—AND AFTER?

SULTAN. "CONGRATULATE ME, WILLIAM. NO ENGLISH REMAIN. I'VE DRIVEN THEM ALL INTO THE SEA!"

KAISER. "VERY CARELESS OF YOU. WHY, *THAT'S THEIR ELEMENT!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



The SPEAKER *(lapsing for the first time from Parliamentary etiquette at the sight of Sir* GEORGE REID *ready to take his seat in the House).* "ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

House of Commons, Monday, January 10th.—In spite of sharp rebuke administered by SPEAKER last week the PERTINACIOUS PRINGLE to the fore again—to be precise, to the *Forward*. This the name of weekly paper that is published in Clyde district, and has of late emerged from obscurity by "deliberately inciting workers," as LLOYD GEORGE said, "not to carry out Act of Parliament passed in order to promote the output of munitions." On motion for adjournment PRINGLE perceived opportunity of attacking MINISTER OF MUNITIONS. Accused him of suppressing the sheet because it had reported proceedings at meetings attended by him in Glasgow, at which his speech was interrupted by noisy minority. This course of procedure imitated by PRINGLE when LLOYD GEORGE, replying, quoted passages in the paper making violent attack on the KING and systematic attempts to stem flood of recruiting.

"These things," said the MINISTER, in passage loudly cheered, "meant life or death to our men in the field. They are not suitable matters for Parliamentary sport. We are dealing in tragedies. I am doing my best to save the men at the Front. I am entitled to be helped, not to be harried."

OUTHWAITE, coming to assistance of PRINGLE, otherwise prangling all forlorn, jumped upon by Captain CAMPBELL.

"If I had the Hon. Member in my battalion at the Front," he said, "he would be strung up by the thumbs before he had been there half-an-hour."

This scarcely Parliamentary; but it passed the Chair, leaving the gallant Captain, who modestly wears well-won ribbon of D.S.O., time to adjure the House to "get on with the War."

Business done.—In House barely half full Motion carried calling upon Government to enter into consultation with the Overseas Dominions in order to bring economic strength of Empire into co-operation with our Allies in a policy directed against the enemy.

Tuesday.—Said with truth that a speech in the House of Commons, however forcible and eloquent, rarely influences a vote. Some orators, however, have gift of stirring the soul to emotions that carry a man to actions beyond range of conventionality. Such an one is the Right Hon. THOMAS LOUGH, commonly and affectionately known through several Parliaments as "Tommy." One of small faction of Liberals who have not withdrawn opposition to Military Service Bill. Declaiming against it just now on motion for Second Reading, he described it as a sham.

"It is not true," he said, "that young unmarried men have held back. On the contrary they have come forward nobly and in great numbers."

Vindication of a maligned class so affected somebody seated in the Strangers' Gallery that he loudly clapped his hands. This a decided breach of order. The Assyrians (in form of Gallery attendants) came down upon him like a wolf on the fold. Ordered



Sailor (who has been reprimanded by young officer for not saluting him). "BEG PARDON, SIR; BUT YOU TOMMIES ARE ALL SO MUCH ALIKE."

him to withdraw. He explained that he was so entirely at one with argument of the Hon. Member for West Islington that he preferred to remain to listen to continuance of his speech. Assyrians insistent on his immediate departure. Martial spirit of young unmarried man roused. Refused to budge. Whereupon the Assyrians, lifting him out of the seat, carried him forth *vi et armis*—free translation, by legs and arms.

From his seat below the Gangway Mr. FLAVIN watched procedure with wistful eyes. Remembered how towards break of day dawning on an all-night sitting held towards the close of last century he also was carried forth shoulder high, not by officers of the House in nice white shirt fronts, with glittering badges hung round their necks, but by the common or street policeman helmeted and belted. As he journeyed he sang, "God save Ireland," his compatriots, more or less attuned, joining in the chorus.

Recognition of historical incident sharply marks contrast in attitude of Irish Members then and now. Still fighting for Home Rule they stopped short of no outrage upon order, systematically and successfully obstructing public business. Military Service Bill offers enticing opportunities for exercise of old tactics. They might, if they pleased, keep House sitting for weeks fighting Bill in Committee line by line, word by word, as was their custom of an afternoon, and half-way through the night, in days of old. Other times other manners. Interposing early in debate JOHN REDMOND announced that his party, having made their protest against Bill in Division Lobby on First Reading, would withdraw from further opposition.

Business done—Second Reading of Military Service Bill moved.

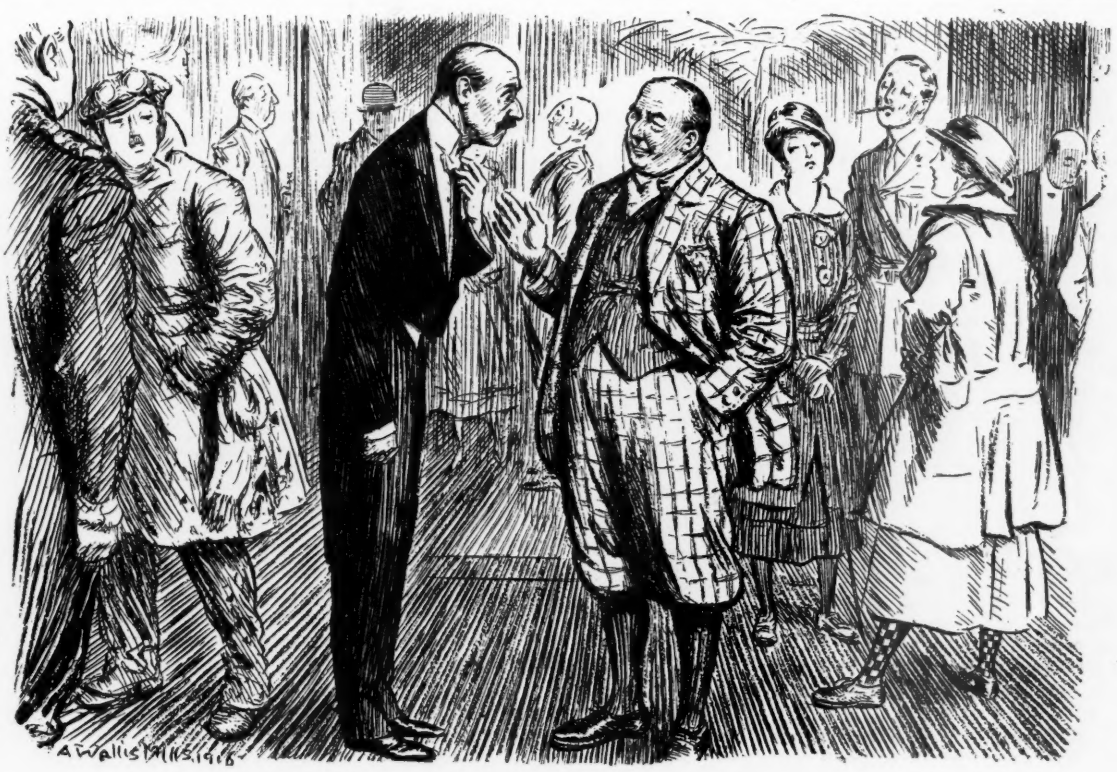
Wednesday.—Sir GEORGE REID, having completed term of service as High Commissioner of Australia, took his seat as Member for St. George's, Hanover Square. Carefully dismounting at Bar from his native steed he was introduced by BONAR LAW, Unionist Colonial Secretary, and HARCOURT, Colonial Secretary in late Liberal Government. This concatenation of circumstance, testifying to universal esteem and exceptional personal popularity, unique in Parliamentary records.

New-comer will serve in double capacity. Nominally Member for St. George's, he will also be Member for Australia, an innovation that will probably have wider scope and formal recognition when the Overseas Dominions have completed their splendid work of helping the Mother Country to bring the War to triumphant conclusion.

GEORGE REID'S career on a new stage will be watched with keen interest in his two antipodal homes. Since, six years ago, he came to London, he has acquired the reputation of being one of the best after-dinner speakers of the day. How will the qualities that ensure success in that direction serve him at Westminster? MACAULAY truly said, "The House of Commons is the most peculiar audience in the world. A place in which I would not promise success to any man."

The MEMBER FOR SARK puts his money (or such portion as is left after paying War taxes) on the Member for St. George's, Hanover Square-*cum*-Australia.

Debate on Second Reading of Military Service Bill resumed. Best thing said during two days' talk was an incidental remark of BIRRELL'S. Relating



Guest (who has been asked to a theatre dinner-party). "I SAY, I THOUGHT——"
Host. "OH, DON'T BOTHER ABOUT YOUR CLOTHES, OLD CHAP. PEOPLE WILL ONLY THINK YOU 'RE A BIT OLD-FASHIONED."

history of Bill in Cabinet he said he had felt it his duty to say something about Ireland.

"What I said," he added, "is of course known only to those of my colleagues who were sitting round the table and to such representatives of the London Press as were sitting underneath it."

This hint explains mystery clouding the fact that whilst the secrets of Cabinet Councils are held to be inviolable there are morning papers able habitually to give detailed information of what passes behind the locked and barred doors.

Business done.—Second Reading of Military Service Bill carried by 431 votes against 39.

Thursday.—After advancing three minor Government Bills a stage, House adjourned at 5.30.

The Official Style.

Extract from an Indian Service register:—

"Service Order 41 of 1914, dated 16-10-14. He was appointed acting Forest Guard and posted to Surumoni beat, in place of Chowdri Zaicko, Forest Guard, who was devoured by a tiger with effect from the forenoon of 16th Oct. 1914."

AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

HERE where the world is quiet except for the noise of the rain trickling into one's valise through the nooks and crannies of one's rustic apartment—here where there is no peril from above and no peril from in front, neither peril of enfilade, here too—it is a Base I am doing this sentence about—we have our problems.

To begin with there is the glorious uncertainty of things. Some men are here to-day and the far side of Wipers to-morrow night. Others arrive from England thirsting for all sorts of things that no sane man ever wants to have anything to do with, and are kept doing a bomb course and a machine-gun course on alternate days for eight months. There is a tale told of one such who, when he was finally sent to the trenches, was returned as hopeless after three days because he would do nothing except sit beside a machine gun trying to fill the belt with grenades. There is no sadder story in the War.

Now if I knew for certain that I was going to be here eight months I could marry and settle down. Or if I knew for certain I was for Wipers to-morrow night I could make a new will—not that there 's anything the matter with the old one, but I met a man on leave who put me up to some good tips in will-making—and settle up. But as it is part of our military system for junior officers not to know anything I dare not even have my letters forwarded.

Anyhow, Bases are not what they were in my young days. Of course there were always parades; but you obviously couldn't parade while you were busy over some Alternative Necessary Duty. Alternative Necessary Duties were always my strongest suit. On the evening of my arrival in camp I would summon the Band Sergeant and provide him with my programme of work. On Monday he would please arrange for a criminal in my detail. On Tuesday I would use my influence in the matter of obtaining clothing for my detail. This would be a very laborious task, involving three signatures in ink or indelible pencil; but no matter, to a good officer the comfort of his men comes before everything. On Wednesday I would pay my men. Rotten job, paying out, but ensures Generous Glow, and no expense unless you lose the Acquittance Roll. On

Thursday I would read Standing Orders to the latest arrived draft; maybe they had had this done to them once already, but one cannot be too particular. A private I know of who had only had Standing Orders read to him once got into awful trouble through carelessly kicking a recalcitrant corporal on the head. That just shows you. On Friday—but I weary you, if that be possible. Suffice it that the Base went very well then.

The trouble began, as usual, high up. The G.O. Commanding something most frightfully important inspected one of our parades one morning and found 7,528 other ranks under one Second-Lieutenant. All might have been well if the Second-Lieutenant had not forgotten to fire the correct salute of fourteen bombs (or whatever was the correct salute). The G.O.C. investigated. He searched the woods and delved in the instructional trenches, but never another officer came to light. So he went home and, after a bad lunch—we surmise—set himself to abolish Alternative Necessary Duties in a formal edict. No officer is to absent himself from a parade except by the express orders of an O.C. Base Depôt.

This happened several days ago, and the ruling is probably obsolete by now, but I am wondering how I shall break the news to the G.O.C. if I should happen to meet him on one of my morning walks into town; and in my heart of heart I know that one fine morning I shall be cowardly, and wake before nine, and attend my first parade at army Base. Some zealous despatch rider will dash hot-foot to the G.O.C. with the news, and he will come and rub his hands and chuckle and gloat. It will be a Black Day.

Here too there are minor points of etiquette that vex one. Is it correct for me, having bought half a kilo of chocolates while waiting for a train, to kill further time by eating them out of a paper bag under the surveillance of an A.S.C. sergeant? or ought I to offer a few to the sergeant with some *jeu d'esprit*—never coarse and never cruel—about bully beef? Of such are the complexities with which a Base harasses the soul of an officer nurtured in the genial simplicity of trench life.

From an account of the Peace demonstration in Berlin:—

"The people simply turned up themselves, and everyone was highly turned up themselves, and everyone was highly pleased with the result."—*Egyptian Mail.*

It seems to have been a complete revolution.

LITERARY LISPINGS.

THE "motive" of Mrs. Pumfrey Lord's new novel is Christian Science, and the hero, the Duke of Southminster, is understood to be a composite portrait of Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. GLADSTONE. The character of the evil genius of the plot, Lord Rufus Doldrum, is partly modelled on ALCIBIADES, but in its main lines is reminiscent of Mrs. EDDY and Major WINSTON CHURCHILL. On the other hand the eccentric Lord Wymondham, who creates a sensation by appearing at a Cabinet meeting in accordion-pleated pyjamas, is understood to be an entirely imaginary personage. The novel, which has been running in *Wanamaker's Weekly*, will shortly be published by the Strongmans.

A POET WHO COUNTS.

Mr. Ouseley Pampfield, who has been recuperating at Buxton after spraining his ankle while getting out of his magnificent motor, is now seeing his new volume of poems through the press. Under the arresting title of *The Soul of a Passivist* they will shortly be published by the firm of Coddler and Slack.

THE JIMMISONS AGAIN.

The Long Lanes will shortly publish a new "Jimmison" novel, *The Factota*. The heroine is a young lady enamoured of the doctrine of the economic independence of women. She enters a Draper's Emporium in Manchester and works her way up to the post of manager, but heads a strike of the work-girls. The claims of romance, however, are not overlooked, for in the long run *Retta Carboy*—for that is her charming name—wins the hand and heart of the junior partner's chauffeur, who turns out to be son of the Earl of Ancoats. The scene in which the Rolls-Royce, frightened by the sight of some Highland cattle, executes a cross-cut counter-rocking skid, is one of the finest things the Jimmisons have ever done.

ARMAGEDDON IN THE MAKING.

Governesses, so long the butt of unkindly satire, have at last come by their own. Miss Bertha Bowlong, who was governess to the KAISER in the late "sixties," is shortly about to publish her reminiscences of her now all-too-notorious pupil. Strange to say it never occurred to her to set them down till quite recently, nearly fifty years after the event. The book, which is now announced by the Talboys, is rich in illuminating anecdotes of the future WAR LORD, as well as vivid portraits of MOLTKE, BISMARCK, TREITSCHKE, MÜNCHHAUSEN, Eulenspiegel, Dudelsack and other luminaries of the Prussian capital.

THE CHARM OF CANNIBALISM.

Miss Ermyntrude Stuggy (Mrs. Raymond Blott), whose extraordinary novel, *The Lurid Lady*, was described by Father BERNARD VAUGHAN as the most "precipitous" book he had ever preached on, has returned to England after two years' residence among the cannibals of the Solomon Islands. Hence the title of her forthcoming volume, *The Adorable Anthropophagi*, which is already announced by Messrs. Hybrow and Garbidge. The contents explain why Mr. Blott has heroically preferred to remain with the cannibals.

MAJOR FINCH'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

Major Hector Finch, the famous Nationalist M.P., philosopher, psychologist and scholar, has made a remarkable literary discovery. It is that *Johnson's Dictionary* is not, as is generally supposed, the work of BEN JONSON, but of SAMUEL JOHNSON, the son of a Lichfield bookseller. This epoch-making revelation, briefly and modestly outlined in a letter to *The Daily Chronicle*, will be set forth in detail in a massive volume of 1,000 pages, with a portrait of the author, to be issued shortly by the House of Swallow and Gull.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Vegetarians, a novel with a strong dietetic interest by Janet Melinda Didham, is announced by the firm of Gherkin Mark.

The Molly Monologues is the alluring title of a volume of sketches by Richard Turpin, shortly appearing with Pincher and Steel.

Miss Loofah Windsor, who wrote *The Washpot*, a successful story of last summer, has just finished a new one of a humorous type, called *What—no Soap?* which the Dinwiddies will publish in a month or two.

"A few lucky corps actually had geese to pave the way for the Christmas pudding; they were quartered in some place where a whip round among the officers and a ride to the nearest town or village secured enough geese to feed a battalion."

Jersey Morning News.

Somehow we feel that this might have been more tactfully expressed.

"Mr. Dillon harangued the House for three-quarters of an hour on militarism, *The Daily Mail*, Suvla BaBy, and sundry other topics."

Daily Mail.

An extended report of his remarks on this interesting infant would have been welcome.

ON THE CARDS.

To many people wholly free from superstition, except that, after spilling the salt, they are careful to throw a little over the left shoulder, and do not go out of their way to walk under ladders, and are not improved in appetite by sitting thirteen at table, and much prefer that may should not be brought into the house—to these people, otherwise so free from superstition, it would perhaps be surprising to know what great numbers of their fellow-creatures resort daily to such black arts as fortune-telling by the cards.

Yet quite respectable, God-fearing, church-going old ladies, and probably old gentlemen too, treasure this practice, to say nothing of younger and therefore naturally more frivolous folk; and many make the consultation of the two and fifty oracles a morning habit.

And particularly women. Those well-thumbed packs of cards that we know so well are not wholly dedicated to "Patience," I can assure you.

All want to be told the same thing: what the day will bring forth. But each searcher into the dim and dangerous future has, of course, individual methods—some shuffling seven times and some ten, and so forth, and all intent upon placating the elfish goddess, Caprice. There is little Miss Banks, for example, but I must tell you about her.

Nothing would induce little Miss Banks to leave the house in the morning without seeing what the cards promised her, and so open and impressionable are her mind and heart that she is still interested in the colour of the romantic fellow whom the day, if kind, is to fling across her path. The cards, as you know, are great on colours, all men being divided into three groups: dark (which has the preference), fair, and middling. Similarly for you, if you can get little Miss Banks to read your fate (but you must of course shuffle the pack yourself) there are but three kinds of charmers: dark (again the most fascinating and to be desired), fair, and middling.

It is great fun to watch little Miss Banks at her necromancy. She takes it so earnestly, literally wrenching the future's secrets from their lair.

"A letter is coming to you from some one," she says. "An important letter."

And again, "I see a voyage over water."

Or very seriously, "There 's a death."

You gasp.

"No, it's not yours. A fair woman's."

You laugh. "Only a fair woman's!" you say. "Go on."



Tommy (dictating letter to be sent to his wife). "THE NURSES HERE ARE A VERY PLAIN LOT——"

Nurse. "OH, COME! I SAY! THAT'S NOT VERY POLITE TO US."

Tommy. "NEVER MIND, NURSE, PUT IT DOWN. IT'LL PLEASE HER!"

But the cards have not only ambiguities, but strange reticences.

"Oh," little Miss Banks will say, her eyes large with excitement, "there 's a payment of money and a dark man."

"Good," you say.

"But I can't tell," she goes on, "whether you pay it to him or he pays it to you."

"That 's a nice state of things," you say, becoming indignant. "Surely you can tell."

"No, I can't."

You begin to go over your dark acquaintances who might owe you money, and can think of none.

You then think of your dark acquaintances to whom you owe money, and are horrified at their number.

"Oh, well," you say, "the whole thing 's rubbish, anyway."

Little Miss Banks's eyes dilate with pained astonishment. "Rubbish!"—and she begins to shuffle again.

From "Notes for the Use of New Chaplains," by an Indian Archdeacon:

"I have only given advice on matters where, to my own knowledge, an ignorance of procedure has led to adverse criticism with regard to breeches of etiquette."

Somebody seems to have been making fun of the venerable gentleman's continuations.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXIII.

(*From* THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *U.S.A.*)

IT 's bully to live in a country where you can say what you like about the bosses, and that, Sir, is what I 've been doing and mean to go on doing to you. There 's no manner of question about it, you 're the biggest boss and the most dangerous that we in this country have ever come up against, and if our Government had only got a right idea of its bounden duty we should have protested against your conduct, yes, and backed our protest by our deeds long before this; but the fact is there 's too much milk and water in the blood of some of our big fellows. They whine when they ought to be up and denouncing, and they crouch and crawl instead of standing upright like free and fearless men, and giving the devil's agent the straightest eye-puncher of which the human arm is capable. I thank Heaven, Sir, that I 'm not made on that plan. I 'm out to fight humbug and hypocrisy, even when they masquerade as friendship and benevolence; and when I see a fellow coming along with hundreds of pious texts in his mouth, and his hands dripping with the blood of innocent women and children, why, I 've got to say what I think of him or die. For my own part—

> "On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk,
> Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk;
> For man may pious texts repeat
> And yet religion have no inward seat."

A man called HOOD wrote that nearly eighty years ago, but it 's quite true still. I wonder what he would have written if he 'd had the bad luck to know about you and your disgusting appeals to the Almighty, whom you treat as if He were always waiting round the corner to be decorated with the Iron Cross.

Now mind, I don't want you to deceive yourself. If I dislike you and feel as if I 'd sooner kick you than shake hands with you, it isn't because I 'm a peace-at-any-price man. No man can say that about me without qualifying for a place within easy reach of ANANIAS; but when I decide to take part in a scrap—and there 's few scraps going that I don't butt into sooner or later—I like to feel that I 've got a bit of right on my side. But how can *you* feel that when you over-run Belgium and burn down Louvain—that 's the place that made your heart bleed, bah!—and when you shoot down Belgian hostages and do to death an English nurse? All that never seems to strike you. You go on thinking of yourself as a holy humble man whom everybody wilfully mistakes for a bully and a tyrant. Well, you can't fool everybody all the time, you know, and in this case it happens that everybody has got some sound horse-sense in his head. Who wanted to hurt you? You 'd put together a great army and your commercial prosperity was a pretty good business proposition. You 'd got a navy and you 'd got a very meek and submissive people, which didn't prevent them from being harsh and domineering and cruel so far as other peoples were concerned. If you wanted to have folk afraid of you there were plenty to humour you by pretending to tremble when you frowned and shook your head. But you weren't going to be satisfied. You must have a war so as to show what a great general you were, and you shoved on the old man FRANCIS JOSEPH and kept urging him from behind until everyone got tired by the impossibility of making you come out fair and square on the side of peace.

Well, you 've got your war, and I hope you like it. This isn't one of your military promenades. This is hard, long fighting against men whose only wish was to be left alone. You 've forced them to form a trust for the purpose of trust-busting, and in the end they 'll wear you out and have you beaten to a frazzle in spite of all you can do. You 've lost millions of men and millions of money, and you don't seem to get on with your final and decisive victory, and you 're still the vainest and the loudest man on earth. Isn't it just about time you saw yourself as the rest of us see you, an irritable lime-light hero, whose favourite effort is to sink a *Lusitania* and pretend he had to do it because he didn't think she 'd go down or because there were too many women and just enough children in the world? All I can say is that I 've had more than enough of you.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BEYOND THE LIMIT.

[The German General Staff declares that for air-warfare there are still lacking international laws of any kind.]

WHEN Peace lured the Powers to her House at the Hague
With promises specious and welcome though vague
Of a time when the terrors of war should lie hid
And the leopard fall headlong in love with the kid,
She drew up a set of Utopian rules
For the guidance of all the best bellicose schools.

Among the more notable schemes that she planned
She fashioned them bounds to their methods on land,
Taught the whole of them, too, how humane they could be
If a scrap should occur, as it might, on the sea——
In a word, pruned the pinions of war everywhere
Save the one place that war could fly into—the air.

But the Hun, he forswore what he vowed at her shrine,
And behaved like a fiend on the soil and the brine;
Then he turned to his Zepps, and remarked, "I can fly,
And she never laid down any law for the sky;
Here 's a chance for some real dirty work to be done;"
And he did it by simply out-Hunning the Hun.

How to Save Your Teeth.

From the Soldiers and Sailors Dental Aid Fund (43, Leicester Square), which has done exceptional service during the War, comes the story of an old lady who applied for a set of teeth for her soldier grandson. When asked if he would know how to take care of them, she replied that she would give him the benefit of her own experience, having always made it a rule to remove her artificial teeth at meal times.

Two cuttings from one issue of *The Egyptian Mail*:—

"TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN RECRUITING.

ANOTHER 1,000,000,000 MEN WANTED."

"WANTED proof-reader for the Egyptian Mail."

It certainly does want one; but for the sake of the gaiety of nations we trust it won't get him.

"With regard to the expeditionary force, the unexampled heroism and determination of our troops enabled them to establish a foothold on the tip of the peninsula, but photographs confirm the reports of eye-witnesses that they were literally holding on by their eyelids to the positions they had occupied."—*Sunday Times.*

And the subsequent abandonment was performed like winking.

From a draper's notice:—

"On Friday and Saturday the shops will be open until the usual hours, although lights will not be visible outside. Customers are requested to open the doors to obtain admittance."

Rugby Advertiser.

And not to climb through the windows, or come down the chimney, please.



TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE.

British Officer (in his best French). "ÊTES-VOUS UN FUMIER, MONSIEUR?"
French ditto (with only momentary hesitation). "MAIS OUI, MONSIEUR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I FORGET just how long it is since Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT united *Edwin Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways* in the bonds of matrimony. Time goes so fast these days that I met them again, and *Auntie Hamps*, and *Maggie*, and *Clara*, and the rest of the Three Towns company, as after an enormous interval. They themselves however have changed in nothing, except perhaps that the habit of introspection and their phenomenal capacity for self-astonishment have become more pronounced. "He thought, 'I am I; this wife is my wife; and if I put one foot before the other I shall go inevitably forward.' And it seemed to him stupendous." I do not say that this is a quotation, but it represents a habit of mind that is in danger of growing, upon *Edwin* especially. He seems never able to share my own entire confidence in Mr. BENNETT'S efficiency as creator. Of course nothing very much happens in the course of *These Twain* (METHUEN). It is simply a study of conjugal existence in its effect upon character; briefly, how to be happy though married. In the end *Edwin* seems to hit upon a sort of solution with the discovery that injustice is a natural condition to be accepted rather than resented. So one leaves the two with some prospect, a little insecure, of happiness. Needless to say the study of both *Edwin* and *Hilda* is marvellously penetrating and minute, almost to the point of defeating its own end. I had, not for the first time with Mr. BENNETT'S characters, a feeling that I knew them too well to have complete belief in them. They become not portraits but anatomical diagrams. But for all that the accuracy of his observation is undeniable. One sees it in those minor personalities of the tale whom he is content to record from without. *Auntie Hamps*, for example, and *Clara* are two masterpieces of portraiture. You must read *These Twain*; but if possible take time over it.

American improvements are the wonder of the world. America seems to have the knack of taking hold of old stuff and turning it into something full of pep and punch. You remember a play called *Hamlet*? No? Well, there is a scene in it, rather an impressive scene, where a man chats with his father's ghost. Mr. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, America's brightest novelist, has taken much the same idea and put a bit of zip in it. In his latest work, *Athalie* (APPLETON), the heroine, who is clairvoyant, sees the ghost of the hero's mother, who prevented the hero from marrying her, and cuts it. "A hot proud colour flared in her cheeks as she drew quietly aside and stood with averted head to let her pass." In all my researches in modern fiction I cannot recall a more dramatic and satisfying situation. It is, I believe, the first instance on record of a spectre being snubbed. SHAKSPEARE never thought of anything like that. As regards the other aspects of *Athalie*, the book, I cannot see what else a reviewer can say but that it is written by Mr. CHAMBERS. The world is divided into those who read every line Mr. CHAMBERS writes, irrespective of its merits, and those who would require to be handsomely paid before reading a paragraph by him. A

million eager shop-girls, school-girls, chorus-girls, factory-girls and stenographers throughout America are probably devouring *Athalie* at this moment. My personal opinion that the book is a potboiler, turned out on a definite formula, like all of Mr. CHAMBERS' recent work, to meet a definite demand, cannot deter a single one of them from sobbing over it. As for that section of the public which remembers *The King in Yellow* and *Cardigan*, it has long ago become resigned to Mr. CHAMBERS' decision to take the cash and let the credit go, and has ceased to hope for a return on his part to the artistic work of his earlier period, when he wrote novels as opposed to Best Sellers.

Let me heartily commend to you a book of stories by doughty penmen turned swordsmen for the period of the War—A. E. W. MASON, of the Manchester Regiment; A. A. M., of the Royal Warwicks; W. B. MAXWELL, Royal Fusilier; IAN HAY, A. and S. Highlander; COMPTON MACKENZIE, R.N.; "Q.," of the Duke of Cornwall's L.I.; OLIVER ONIONS, A.S.C.; BARRY PAIN, R.N.A.S.; and just short of a dozen others. Published by Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, under title, *The Red Cross Story Book*, to be sold for the benefit of *The Times* Fund. It 's the sort of book about which even the most conscientious reviewer feels he can honestly say nice things without any too thorough examination of the contents. With that thought I started turning over the pages casually, but found myself dipping deeper and deeper, until, becoming entirely absorbed, I abandoned all pretence of professional detachment and had a thoroughly good time. I should like to be able to state that the quality of these stories of humour, adventure and sentiment was uniform, if only for the sake of this appropriate word. But I can say that the best are excellent, the average is high, and the tenor so varied as to suit almost any age and taste.



SEVERE MENTAL COLLAPSE EXPERIENCED BY A JOURNALIST WHO ATTEMPTED TO WRITE AN ARTICLE ON THE RAT PLAGUE IN THE TRENCHES WITHOUT MAKING ANY REFERENCE TO "THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN."

Mr. B. G. O'RORKE, Chaplain to the Forces, has written a short account of his experiences in confinement—*In The Hands of the Enemy* (LONGMANS). Seeing that he was allowed, as a minister of religion, unique opportunities of meeting our officers (though not men of the ranks) shut up in different fortresses, and particularly because he has been thoughtful enough to mention many of them by name, his narrative is one which nobody with near friends now in Germany can afford to miss. The general reader, on the other hand, may have to confess to some disappointment, since the foggy shadow of the Censor, German or English, still looms over the pages here and there, blotting out the sensational episodes which we felt we had reason, if not right, to expect; and if their absence is really due to Mr. O'RORKE's steady refusal to indulge us by embellishing his almost too unvarnished recital the effect is just the same. Or perhaps the suggestion of flatness is to be ascribed to the enemy's failure on the whole to treat certain of his victims in any very extraordinary manner, and if so we can accept it and be thankful. There are lots of interesting passages all the same, such as the account of the specially favourable treatment of officers from Irish regiments, accorded in all Teutonic seriousness as preparatory to an invitation to serve in the ranks of Prussia; or the pathetic incident of the white-haired French priest sent to the cells for urging his congregation to pray *pour nos âmes*. Nowhere outside the Fatherland, I should imagine, would prisoners be forbidden to pray even *pour nos armes*, and the stupidity of the misunderstanding is typical enough. The cheerful dignity shown by prisoners under provocation makes a fine contrast to such pitiful smallness, and of that this little book is a notable record.

I suppose it would not be possible to travel in the Pacific without a fountain-pen and a note-book. At all events this seems a privation from which the staunchest of our literary adventurers have hitherto shrunk. Do not however regard this as anything more than a casual observation, certainly not as implying any complaint against so agreeable a volume as *Voyaging in Wild Seas* (MILLS AND BOON). There must be many among the countless admirers of Mr. JACK LONDON who will be delighted to read this intimate journal of his travellings in remote waters, written by the wife who accompanied him, and who is herself, as she proves on many pages, one of the most enthusiastic of those admirers. You may say there is nothing very much in it all, but just some pleasant sea-prattle about interesting ports and persons, and a number of photographs rather more intimate than those that generally illustrate the published travel-book. But the general impression is jolly. Stevensonians will be especially curious over the visit to Samoa, concerning her first impressions of which Mrs. LONDON writes: "As the *Snark* slid along, we began to exclaim at the magnificent condition of this German province—the leagues of copra plantation, extending from the shore up into the mountainous hinterland, thousands of close-crowded acres of heavy green palms." This was in May, 1908. Vailima was at that time the residence of the German Governor (a desecration since happily removed); but the LONDONS were able to explore the gardens and peep in at the rooms whose planning STEVENSON had so enjoyed. Later of course they climbed to the lonely mountain grave of "the little great man"—a phrase oddly reminiscent of one in an unpublished letter of RUPERT BROOKE (about the same expedition) that I had just been reading. Mrs. LONDON deserves our thanks for letting us share so interesting a holiday in these restricted days.

IN MEMORY OF "MARTIN ROSS"

(VIOLET MARTIN).

WITH *Flurry's* Hounds, and you our guide,
We 've learned to laugh until we cried;
Dear MARTIN ROSS, the coming years
Find all our laughter lost in tears.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME idea of the financial straits in which English people find themselves may be gathered from the statement that the first forced strawberries of the season fetched no more than ten shillings a pound. The Germans proudly point out that their forced loans fetched more than that.

* * *

A kindly M.P. has suggested that our German naval prisoners should be employed in making the projected ship canal between the Firths of Forth and Clyde. At present they suffer terribly from a form of nostalgia known as canal-sickness.

* * *

Owing to the scarcity of hay in the Budapest Zoo the herbivorous animals are being fed on chestnuts, and several local humorous papers have been obliged to suspend publication.

* * *

As the two Polar bears refused to flourish on a war-diet they were condemned to death, and a Hungarian sportsman paid twelve pounds for the privilege of shooting them. No arrangements have yet been concluded for finishing off the Russian variety.

* * *

Old saw, adapted by an American journalist: Call no one happy until he is HEARST.

* * *

We all know that marriage is a lottery. But the New Zealand paper which headed an announcement of President WILSON'S engagement, "Wild Speculation," was, we trust, taking an unduly gloomy view.

* * *

The fact that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL and the ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL are as like as two PEASES was bound to cause a certain amount of confusion. Still we hardly think it justified a Welsh paper in placing a notice of their achievements under the heading: "Pea Soup and Salt Beef: 300 Sailors Poisoned."

* * *

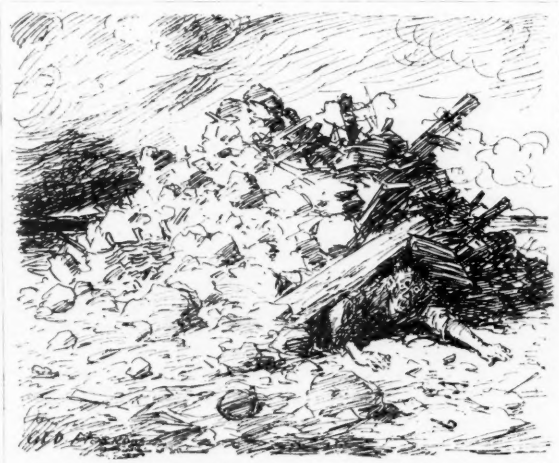
In the endeavour to decide authoritatively what is a new-laid egg the Board of Agriculture has sought information from various sources, but is reported to be still sitting. There is some fear that the definition will be addled.

* * *

In tendering birthday congratulations to Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON a contemporary noted that "many of his most charming poems and essays were written amid the prosaic surroundings of the Board of Trade," and described him as "a fine example of a post rising above his environment." Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, who was a colleague of Mr. DOBSON at Whitehall Gardens during his most tuneful period, is inclined to think this last remark uncalled for.

* * *

It is estimated that 843,926 householders read with secret joy the paragraph in last week's papers stating that spring-cleaning is likely to cost the housekeeper this year considerably more than usual both for materials and labour; that 397,413 of them repeated it to their wives, suggesting that here was a chance for a real war-economy; and that one (a deaf man) persisted in



Private Jones (crawling out after being buried by a shell explosion). "SILLY 'ORSE-PLAY, I CALLS IT!"

the suggestion after his wife had given her views on the subject.

* * *

On reading that London people spend on an average seven shillings a year in theatre-tickets, a manager expressed the opinion that according to his experience this calculation was not quite fair. Account should also have been taken of the very large sum which they expend on stamps when writing for free admissions.

* * *

It is evident that recent events have had a chastening effect upon Bulgarian ambitions. After receiving a field-marshal's bâton from the KAISER, KING FERDINAND is reported to have expressed his hope that by co-operation their countries would obtain that to which they had a right. The KAISER then left Nish in a hurry.

* * *

From El Paso (Texas) comes news that a band of Mexican bandits stopped a train near Chicuabar, seized seventeen persons, stripped them of their clothing, robbed them, and then shot them dead. There is some talk of their being elected Honorary Germans.

* * *

China has sent a trial lot of small brown eggs packed in sawdust to this country, and it is thought that after all we shall be able to have a General Election.

Too Good to be True.

"The able organisation which resulted in Hell being evacuated with just as complete success and the same absence of loss as at Suvla and Anzac, relieves what might otherwise be the rather melancholy spectacle of the winding up of this enterprise."

Morning Paper.

From an article by Mr. JOHN LAYLAND on his visit to the Fleet:—

"One would like to describe much more than one has seen, but that is impossible."—*Morning Paper.*

Some other Correspondents have found no such difficulty.

"LADY SECRETARY Required, for about two hours early every morning, by lady doctor living near the Marble Arch; rapid shorthand essential; preference given to a possessor of healthy teeth."

Advt. in "The Times."

It looks as if the lady-secretary's luncheon would be a tough proposition.

"Our Correspondent endorses the Russian official claim to have captured the heights north-east of Czernowitz."—*Morning Paper.*

The Correspondent's condescension is no doubt greatly appreciated by our Allies.

Answer to a correspondent:—

"'Enquirer.'—It is pronounced 'communeck.'"—"*Examiner*," *Launceston, Tasmania.*

But not in the best circles.

"MODERNISING LAST YEAR'S SKIRT.

Another simple and practical way of doing it would be, if the skirt is quite plain, to lift it well from the top, and set it neatly on to a band, so making the skirt shorter as well as fuller. Eight inches is not considered too short for present wear, though personally I think six inches a more graceful length. However, do not be tempted to wear a very short skirt unless you are the possessor of well-shaped feet and ankles."—*The Woman's Magazine.*

But what about knees?

A Babu's letter of excuse:—

"SIR,—As my wife's temper is not well since last night, on account of that I am unable to attend office to-day. Kindly excuse my absence and grant me one day's causual leave."

In the circumstances Caudle leave would have been a happier form of holiday.

HOW TO GET UP A HOLY WAR

(GERMAN STYLE).

[The Special Correspondent of *The Times* at Salonica states that "among the documents examined at the Consulate of his Catholic and Apostolic Majesty of Austria are 1,500 copies of a long proclamation in Arabic to the Chiefs of the Senussis, inciting them to a Holy War on non-Germanic Christendom." The proclamation purports to be composed by one of the Faithful, but "its pseudo-Oriental wording clearly betrays its Germanic authorship."]

IN Allah's name, Senussis! Allah's name!
Please note the Holy War that we proclaim!
High at the main we hoist our sacred banner
(Forgive my pseudo-Oriental manner);
For now the psychologic *Tag* has come
To put the final lid on Christendom,
Always excepting that peculiar part
Which has the hopes of Musulmans at heart.
For lo! this noble race (its Chief has said it;
Else would it seem almost too good to credit),
Prompted by generous instincts, undertakes
To waive its scruples and for your sweet sakes,
Indifferent to private gain or loss,
To help the Crescent overthrow the Cross.

Christians they are, I own, this Teuton tribe,
Yet not too Christian. I could here inscribe
A tale of feats performed with pious hands
On those who crossed their path in Christian lands
Which, even where Armenia kissed his rod,
Would put to shame The Very Shadow of God.
You must not therefore feel a pained surprise
At having Christian dogs for your allies;
For there are dogs *and* dogs; and, though the base
Bull-terrier irks you, 'tis a different case
When gentle dachshunds jump to your embrace.

If crudely you remark: "A holy win
May suit our friends, but where do we come in?"
My answer is: "Apart from any boom
Islam secures by sealing England's doom,
We shall, if we survive the coming clash,
Collect papyrus notes in lieu of cash;
And, if we perish, as we may indeed,
We have a goodly future guaranteed,
With houris waiting in Valhalla's pile"
(Pardon my pseudo-Oriental style).

These are the joys, of which I give the gist,
Secured to those who trust the KAISER'S fist,
Which to the infidel is hard as nails
Or eagles' claws whereat the coney quails,
But to the Faithful, such as you, Senussis,
Is softer than the velvet paws of pussies. O. S.

From a story in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"'He had his feathers ruffled that time, anyway,' laughed my husband, as he followed me whistling into the house."

It isn't every woman that has a husband who can talk and laugh and whistle all at once. Was he the clever man in the French tale, we wonder, who chanted a Scottish air, accompanying himself on the bag-pipes?

"Fire has broken out in an oven in Kafr Zarb, near Suez, completely destroying the fire brigade extinguishing the blaze."
Egyptian Mail.

Serve them right for their officiousness.

"Wanted, Experienced Ruler (female); permanency."
Bristol Times and Mirror.

Might suit a widow.

NAUTICAL TERMS FOR ALL.

(*By our Tame Naval Expert.*)

IT is really surprising what confusion exists in the public mind upon the exact significance of such elementary terms as "Command of the Sea," and "A Fleet in Being." Only yesterday evening I was asked by a fellow-traveller on the top of a bus why, if we had command of the sea, we didn't blow up the Kiel Canal!

It will be as well to begin at the beginning. What is Naval Warfare? It is an endeavour by sea-going belligerent units, impregnated (for the time being) with a measure of *animus pugnandi* and furnished with offensive weapons, to impose their will upon one another. In rather more technical language it may be described as fighting in ships.

Now in order to utilize the sea for one's own purposes and at the same time to deny, proscribe, refuse and restrict it to one's enemy it is essential to obtain COMMAND. And it must not be overlooked that Command of the Sea can only be established in one way—by utilizing or threatening to utilize sea-going belligerent units. But we must distinguish between Command of the Sea and Sea Supremacy, and again between Potential Command, Putative Command and Absolute Command. Finally let there be no confusion between the expressions "Command of the Sea" and "Control of the Sea," which are entirely different things—though both rest securely upon the doctrine of the Fleet in Being, which is at the foundation of all true strategy.

This brings us to the question of what is meant by the phrase "A Fleet in Being." "To Be or Not to Be" (in Being) is a phrase that has been woefully misinterpreted, especially by those who insist on a distinction between Being and Doing. There is no such distinction at sea. For a fleet to exist as a recognisable instrument is not necessarily for it to be in Being. Only by exhibiting a desire to dispute Command at all costs can a fleet be said to come into Being. On the other hand, by being in Being a fleet does not necessarily obtain command or even partial control. This is not simply a question of To Be or Not to Be (in Being).

In explaining these academic principles one always runs the risk of being confronted with concrete instances. I shall be asked, "Is the German Fleet in Being?" I can only reply that it is in a condition of strictly Limited Control (I refer to the Kiel Canal), while the Baltic is in Disputed Command so long as the Russian Fleet is Strategically at Large.

This brings us to the question of the phrase "Strategically at Large," which has been loosely rendered "On the War-path." Let us say rather that any fleet (in Being) which is ready (even without Putative Control) to dispute Command is said to be Strategically at Large, so long as it is imbued with *animus pugnandi*.

Animus pugnandi is the root of the matter. A fleet is in a state of disintegration without it. And so long as the German Fleet's activities in the North Sea are confined to peeping out of the Canal to see if the foe is in the neighbourhood one must conclude that this ingredient has been overlooked in its composition. BIS.

General Utility.

"INVALIDED soldier seeks job; domestic and lity. factotum in bachelor menage, or musician, lyrist, dramatist, etc.; house work mornings, lit. asst. afternoons, evenings; ex-officer's servant; fair cook; turned 60, but virile and active; or working librarian, cleaning, etc.; theatrical experience; nominal salary if permanent."
Daily Express.

If he hadn't called himself a soldier we should have almost thought he was a handy-man.



PRO PATRIA.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN'S WORK IN WAR-TIME.



Mistress. "AND WHERE IS JANE?"

Parlourmaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, JANE SAYS SHE CAN'T COME TO FAMILY PRAYERS ANY MORE WHILE WE HAVE MARGARINE IN THE KITCHEN."

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

WE relieved the Royal What-you-call-'ems under depressing circumstances. The front line was getting it in the neck, which is unfair after dark.

As I reached the transport dump a platoon met me led by a Subaltern of no mean dimensions. He was conversing with certain ones, seemingly officer's servants, who were drawing a hand-cart. He grew suddenly excited, then spoke to a Senior Officer, turned, left his platoon and ran back at the double to the fire-trench.

It was three-quarters of an hour before we drew near that unpleasant bourne. In the imitation communication trench, which began a hundred or more yards behind it, we met the Subaltern, hurrying to rejoin his platoon, bearing what seemed to be an enormous despatch-box. He said "Good night" very politely.

By the time we got up the shelling had slackened. The last remaining officer of the Royal What-you-call-'ems stopped to pass the time o' night with us.

I asked him if he knew who the Subaltern might be, and what object of overwhelming importance he had thus returned to retrieve.

"Yes, that was Billy Blank."

"And what was it he was carrying when we met him?"

"A sort of young Saratoga?"

We nodded. Our informant seemed to hesitate a moment.

"Well," he said at last, "I don't see why you shouldn't know, though it 's a sort of battalion secret—not that Billy would mind anyone knowing. It 's his love-letters."

Vicarious Prophylactics.

"HOW YOU MAY DODGE THE HORRIBLE 'GRIPPE.'

Give your children a cold shower every morning."—*Ottawa Evening Journal.*

"At the time when Turnbull was asking for the account, and flourishing suggestions as to his ability to pay, there was in the prisoner's bank the sum of sixteen pence."

Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

We have reason to believe that there was also an odd shilling or two in the bank belonging to other clients.

From an account of "Calls to the Bar in Ireland":—

"Mr. —— was awarded the Society's Exhibition of £21 per annum for three roars."

Irish Evening Paper.

He seems to have called himself to the Bar.

RAILWAY LINES.

O SEMBLANCE of a snail grown paralytic,
Concerning whom your victims daily speak
In florid language, fearsome and mephitic,
Enough to redden any trooper's cheek:
Let them, I say, hold forth till all is blue;
I take the longer view.

Not mine it is to curse you for your tedium
And frequent stops in search of wayside rest,
Nor call you, through the morning papers' medium,
A crying scandal and a public pest;
I designate you, on the other hand,
A bulwark of the land.

For should the Huns, in final desperation,
On our South-Eastern shore dash madly down,
'Tis true they might entrain at Dover station,
But when, ah, when would they arrive in town?
Or would they perish, hungry, lost, and spent,
Somewhere in wildest Kent?

MY LIFE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. G. R. Sims.)

BEING A FEW FORETASTES OF THE GREAT FEAST TO FOLLOW.

PEERING backward into the gulf of time as I sit in my grandfather's chair and listen to the tick of my grandfather's clock I see a smaller but more picturesque London, in which I shot snipe in Battersea Fields, and the hoot of the owl in the Green Park was not yet drowned by the hoot of the motor-car—a London of chop-houses, peg-top trousers and Dundreary whiskers . . .

I remember the Derby of Caractacus and the Oaks of Boadicea. Once more I see "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." I remember "OLD Q." and OLD PARR, ARNOLD of Rugby and KEATE of Eton, CHARLES LAMB and General WOLFE, CHARLES JAMES FOX and *Mrs. Leo Hunter*; the poets BURNS and TENNYSON, the latter of whom gave me my name of "Dagonet."

I think back to a London of trim-built wherries and nankeen pantaloons, when *The Times* cost as much as a dozen oysters, which everyone then ate. I remember backing myself in my humorous way to eat sixty "seconds" in a minute and winning the bet.

I look back to the time when BETTY, the infant ROSCIUS, and GRIMALDI, and NELL GWYNN and COLLEY CIBBER and ROBSON and FECHTER and PEG WOFFINGTON were the chief luminaries of the histrionic firmament. I remember the *débuts* of CATALANI and MALIBRAN and PICCOLOMINI and Broccolini and Giulio Perkins.

I remember the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the erection of DRAYTON'S "Polyolbion," the removal of the Wembley Tower, and the fight between BELCHER and the gas-man.

I often think of the battles of Waterloo and Blenheim and Culloden and Preston Pans and Cannæ. I often think of next Sunday with a shudder.

I see Count D'ORSAY careering along Kensington Gore in his curricle; Lord MACAULAY sauntering homeward to Campden Hill, and Lord GEORGE SANGER driving home to East Finchley behind two spanking elephants.

I see Jerusalem and Madagascar and North and South Amerikee . . .

* * * * *

It was on the eve of the anniversary of the battle of Cressy that I first drew breath on August 25th, "somewhere" in the Roaring Forties. The date was well chosen, for my maternal great-great-grandfather had amassed a considerable fortune by the manufacture of mustard, and the happy collocation was destined to bear conspicuous fruit in after years.

Good old HERODOTUS, my favourite reading in my school-days, tells us how an old-world potentate, in order to discover which was the most ancient language in the world, had two children brought up in strict seclusion by dumb nurses, with the result that the first word they uttered was "Beck," the Phrygian for bread. Strange to say this was not my first linguistic effort, which was, as a matter of fact, the Romany word "bop."

Although I shall probably write my autobiography again a few details about my ancestry are pardonable at this juncture.

My great-great-great-great-grandfather was a robust Devon yeoman who fought with DRAKE in the Spanish main, but subsequently married the daughter of a Spanish Admiral, made captain at the time of the Armada, Count Guzman Intimidad Larranaga. The daughter, Pomposa Seguidilla, came to England to share her father's imprisonment, and my ancestor fell in love with her and married her. She was a vivacious brunette with nobly chiselled features and fine Castilian manners. Their son Alonzo married Mary Lyte of Paddington, so that I trace my descent to the Lytes of London as well as to the grandees of Spain. . . . Incredibly also I was one of the Hopes of England.

And now, when London has no light any more, I take pen in hand to retrace the steps of my wonderful journey through the ages. Ah me! *Eheu fugaces!*

* * * *

Among my early reading nothing made so much impression on me as *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book*, and I still remember the roars of laughter that went up when I read out a famous sentence in my childish way: "First tatch your hair." Those words have stuck to me through life and have had a deep influence on my career. Strange how little we know at the time which are our vital moments.

* * * *

I remember standing, when still only of tender years, listening to Bow bells and vowing that, if I grew up, I would so reflect my life in my writings that no experience however trifling should be without its recording paragraph. I would tell all. And I am proud to say I have kept that vow. I have not even concealed from my readers the names of the hotels I have stayed in, and if I have liked the watering-places I have resisted every temptation not to say so. Odd how childish aspirations can be fulfilled!

* * * * *



Tommy. "HOLD HARD, YOUNG FELLER. YOU SHOULDN'T BUTT IN LIKE THAT—PLENTY OF ROOM BEHIND."

His Girl. "LEAVE HIM ALONE, HARRY. HE THINKS IT'S A RECRUITING OFFICE."

"A Young Country Girl, 18, wishes a situation as Housemaid or Betweenmaid; never out before; wages not objected to."
Irish Times.

Very nice of her to be so accommodating.

"Col. J. W. Wray and Mrs. Wray entertained the recruiting staff, numbering £21, to tea at Brett's Hall, Guildford, on Thursday."
Provincial Paper.

Sterling fellows, evidently.



"US HAVE HAD A LETTER FROM OUR JARGE. HE 'VE KILLED THREE GERMANS!"
"I BAIN'T ZURPRISED! LOR'! HOW THAT BOY DID LOVE A BIT O' RATTIN', OR ANYTHING TO DO WITH VERMIN!"

THE FLYING MAN.

WHEN the still silvery dawn uprolls
And all the world is "standing to;"
When young lieutenants damn our souls
Because they're feeling cold and blue—

The bacon's trodden in the slush,
The baccy's wet, the stove's gone wrong—
Then, purring on the morning's hush,
We hear his cheerful little song.

The shafts of sunrise strike his wings,
Tinting them like a dragon-fly;
He bows to the ghost-moon and swings,
Flame-coloured, up the rosy sky.

He climbs, he darts, he jibes, he luffs;
Like a great bee he drones aloud;
He whirls above the shrapnel puffs,
And, laughing, ducks behind a cloud.

He rides aloof on god-like wings,
Taking no thought of wire or mud,
Saps, smells or bugs—the mundane things
That sour our lives and have our blood.

Beneath his sky-patrolling car
Toy guns their mimic thunders clap;
Like crawling ants whole armies are
That strive across a coloured map.

The roads we trudged with feet of lead
The shadows of his pinions skim;
The river where we piled our dead
Is but a silver thread to him.

"God of the eagle-winged machine,
What see you where aloft you roam?"
"Eastward, *Die Schlossen von Berlin*,
And West, the good white cliffs of home!"

Journalistic Candour.

Heading to the Stop-Press column of a Provincial Paper:—

"LATEST RAW NEWS."

"MOTORCYCLE. Give £25 (maximum) and exquisite diamond ring (engagement broken off)."—*Motor Cycling.*

No sidecar required.

"Maeterlinck, the great Austrian statesman, looked with suspicion on all kinds of suggestions of reform or agitation."
Provincial Paper.

So unlike METTERNICH, the famous Belgian bee-farmer.

"YOUNG BABY—Wanted, homely woman to take charge of duration of war."
Wood Green Sentinel.

If she will only finish it satisfactorily—the War, we mean, not the baby—we don't mind how homely she is.

"And through all this hurricane of events, by some trick of mental photography, one figure at the Labour Conference remains clear and sharply defined—the figure of the Rev. Herbert Dunnico, of Liverpool, standing upon a chair, cheering as though the Millennium had come, waving his arms from side to side in uncontrollable excitement."
Labour Leader.

And at the same time, with assistance from the printer, standing on his head.

Under the heading of "Horses, Harness, &c.":—

"OFFER, cheap—Horse Chestnuts, 6 to 8 feet; Scotch, 2 to 3 feet; Spruce, about 2 feet; also Privet, Lilacs, Laurels, etc."—*Irish Times.*

We are quite glad to see this old joke in harness again.

"Tourists are permitted to carry cameras and use them as long as they do not attempt to take fortresses."—*Russian Year Book.*

These 4·7 cameras are deadly things for siege work.

"Quite the tit-bit of the evening was the little interlude in the duet from 'Faust' taken by Mr. H—— as Faust and Mr. B—— P—— as Mephistopheles. 'His Salonic Majesty' sings—

'What is your will? At once tell me.
Are you afraid?'"
Accrington Observer.

Is this "My dear Tino" under another name?

THE BATTLE OF JOBEY.

JANUARY, 1916, will ever be remembered as the eventful month in which the oldest men in England turned aside from all their other pursuits and disregarded the state of Europe in order to take part in the Battle of Jobey. Their battle-ground was the columns of *The Times*, and no one was too proud or venerable to fight. Peers, bishops, deans, statesmen, baronets, knights—all rushed in, and still no one quite knows the result. How many Jobeys were there? we still ask ourselves. Did anyone really know the first Jobey, or was there only an ancestral Jobey back in the days of EDWARD VI.? How old was the dynasty? Was Jobey Levi? Was Jobey Powell? Was Jobey short and fat? Was Jobey tall and thin? What did Jobey sell? What did Jobey do?

To begin with, what was the *casus belli?* No one can remember. But some old Etonian, reminiscing, had the effrontery to believe that the Jobey to whom, in his anecdotage, he referred, who sold oranges at the gate or blew up footballs or performed other jobicular functions, was the only Jobey. That was enough. Instantly in poured other infuriated old Etonians, also in anecdotage, to pit their memories against his. Everything was forgotten in the struggle: the KAISER'S illness, Sir IAN HAMILTON'S despatch, the Compulsion Bill, the Quakers and their consciences, the deficiencies of the Blockade. Nothing existed but Jobey.

All the letters, however, were not printed, and some of those that escaped *The Times* have fallen into our own hand. We give one or two:—

SIR,—Your Correspondents are wrong. Jobey was a fat red man, with a purple nose and a wooden leg.

I am, Yours faithfully, NESTOR.

SIR,—My recollection of Jobey is exact. He was a fat man with a hook instead of a left hand, and he stood at least six feet six inches high. No one could mistake him.

I am, Obediently yours,
METHUSELAH PARR.

SIR,—JOWETT, though not an Etonian himself, was greatly interested in anecdotes of Jobey related to him by Etonian undergraduates in the "sixties," and on one occasion, when he was the guest of the Headmaster, he was introduced to the famous factotum, who instructed him in the art of blowing up footballs, and presented him with a blood orange, which JOWETT religiously preserved for many years in a glass-case in his study. In features they were curiously alike, but Jobey's nose was larger and far redder than that of the Master's. I have given a fuller account of the interview in my *Balliol Memories*, Vol. iii., pp. 292-5, but may content myself with saying here that the two eminent men parted with mutual respect.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

SIR,—I wish to point out that "My Tutor's" is hopelessly wrong in thinking that his Jobey is the real Jobey. Looking through my diary for June, 1815, I find this entry:—

> "News of Waterloo just received. Jobey, who has charge of all the cricket implements and is generally the custodian of the playing fields, monstrously drunk, on the ground of having won the battle."

This conclusively proves that there was a Jobey before the old fellow who has just died aged 85. But how anyone can be interested in people aged only 85, I cannot conceive. My own age is 118, and I am still in possession of an exact memory and a deadly diary.

I remain, Sir, Yours truly,
JOHN BARCHESTER.

SIR,—Although in my hundred-and-fiftieth year I can still recollect my school days with crystal clearness, and it pains me to find a lot of young Etonians claiming to have had dealings with the original Jobey. The original Jobey died in 1827, and I was at his funeral. He was then a middle-aged man of 93. When I was at Eton in 1776-1783, he stood with his basket opposite "Grim's," and if any of us refused to buy he gave us a black eye. Discipline was lax in those days, but we were all the better for it. On Jobey's death a line of impostors no doubt was established, trying to profit by the great name; but none of these can be called the original Jobey, except under circumstances of the crassest ignorance or folly.

I am, Yours, etc., SENEX.

SIR,—It is tolerably obvious that your correspondent "Drury's" is suffering from hallucinations of the most virulent type. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia* is all very well, but facts are facts. There may have been many pseudo-Jobeys, but the real original was born in the year of the Great Fire of London and died in 1745. He was already installed in the reign of WILLIAM III., and was the first to introduce Blenheim oranges to the Etonian palate. He was an undersized man, about five feet five inches high, with a pale face and hooked nose and always wore a woollen muffler, which we called "Jobey's comforter." To represent him as belonging to the Victorian age is an anachronism calculated to make the angels weep.

I am, Sir, Yours everlastingly,
MELCHISEDEK PONTOPPIDAN.

A MOTHER TO AN EMPEROR.

I MADE him mine in pain and fright,
The only little lad I 'd got,
And woke up aching night by night
To mind him in his baby cot;
And, whiles, I jigged him on my knee
And sang the way a mother sings,
Seeing him wondering up at me
Sewing his little things,
And never gave a thought to wars and kings.

I heard his prayers or smacked him good,
And watched him learning miles ahead
Of all his mother ever could,
Roughing my hands to set him bread;
And when he was a man I tried
Not to forget as he was grown,
And didn't keep him close beside
All for my very own—
And meanwhiles you was brooding on your throne.

And now—— He wouldn't wait no more,
I 've helped him go, I couldn't choose;
My one 's another in the score
Of all you 've grabbed; seems like I lose.
But don't you think you 've done so well
Taking my lad that 's got but one;
He 'll fight for me, he 'll fight like hell,
And, when you 're down and done,
You 'll curse the day you stole my only son.

Commercial Candour.

From a shoemaker's advertisement:—
"8 years' wear! 12 hours' ease."

Comforting the Foe.

"Books and Magazines may be handed in at the counter of any Post Office, unwrapped, unlabelled, and unaddressed."
Parish Magazine.

"To be LET, FURNISHED, cosily FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSE, offering rest, recuperation, recreation, and the acme of comfort; 10 bedrooms, 2 bath, 4 reception; stabling, garage, billiards, tennis, croquet, miniature rifle range, small golf course, fringed pool, gardens, walks, telephone, radiators, gas; near town and rail; rent £3 3s. weekly, including gardener's wages."—*The Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

With a lodge, a deer park, and a "revenue of populars," this would be a bargain.

AN INFANT IN ARMS.



ON GUARD.



THE FAMILY.



THE FAMILY—*continued.*





THE COLONEL!



PRESENT—ARMS!



THE DANGER PAST.



ORDER—ARMS!



STAND AT—EASE!



HOW TO TALK TO THE WOUNDED.

Dear Old Lady. "HAVE YOU TWO MEN BEEN AT THE FRONT?"
Soldier. "BLESS YOU, NO, MUM. WE'VE JUST 'AD A BIT OF A SCRAP TOGETHER, TO KEEP FIT."

THE GRAND TOUR.

I ALWAYS wished to see the world—I 'ad no chanst before,
Nor I don't suppose I should 'ave if there 'adn't been no war;
I used to read the tourist books, the shippin' news also,
An' I 'ad the chance o' goin', so I couldn't 'elp but go.

We 'ad a spell in Egypt first, before we moved along
Acrost the way to Suvla, where we got it 'ot an' strong;
We 'ad no drink when we was dry, no rest when we was tired,
But I've seen the Perramids an' Spink, which I 'ad oft desired.

I've what 'll last me all my life to talk about an' think;
I've sampled various things to eat an' various more to drink;
I've strolled among them dark bazaars, which makes the pay to fly
(An' I 'ad my fortune told as well, but that was all my eye).

I've seen them little islands too—I couldn't say their names—
An' towns as white as washin'-day an' mountains spoutin' flames;
I've seen the sun come lonely up on miles an' miles o' sea:
Why, folks 'ave paid a 'undred pound an' seen no more than me.

The sky is some'ow bluer there—in fact, I never knew
As any sun could be so 'ot or any sky so blue;
There's figs an' dates an' suchlike things all 'angin' on the trees,
An' black folks walkin' up an' down as natural as you please.

I always wished to see the world, I 'm fond o' life an' change,
But ABDUL got me in the leg; an' this is passin' strange,
That when you see Old England's shore all wrapped in mist an' rain,
Why, it 's worth the bloomin' bundle to be comin' 'ome again!

A Fair Exchange.

From *The Gazette of India* :—

"Delhi, the 16th December, 1915.—No. 100-C. With reference to Notification No. 2529, dated the 21st October 1915, Mr. H. W. Emerson, Indian Civil Service, is appointed Under Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Revenue and Agriculture, s. *p. t.* with effect from the forenoon of the 29th November 1915 and until further orders.—F. NOYCE, Offg. Secretary to the Government of India."

"Simla, the 16th December 1915.—No. 2842. With reference to Notification No. 2417, dated the 19th October 1915, Mr. F. Noyce, Indian Civil Service, is appointed Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Revenue and Agriculture, s. *p. t.*, with effect from the forenoon of the 29th November 1915 and until further orders.—H. W. EMERSON, Under Secretary to the Government of India."

"Jamaica has removed the embargo on the exportation of logwood to British possessions and also to America and ports in France and Italy."—*The Times.*

A mixed blessing. There 's too much logwood in some ports as it is.

From *A Little Guide to Essex* :—

"Steeple Bumpstead (see Bumpstead, Steeple).
Bumpstead, Steeple (see Steeple Bumpstead). . . .
Bumpstead, Helions (see Helions Bumpstead).
Helions Bumpstead (see Bumpstead, Helions)."



"THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BACK OF MONTENEGRO."

FRANZ-JOSEF, THE MAMMOTH COMEDIAN, IN HIS STUPENDOUS (AND UNIQUE) SUCCESS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, January 17th.—To-day's sitting included episode justly described by REDMOND as miraculous in relations between Ireland and her sisters in the family of the Empire. In Committee on Military Service Bill question promptly raised of exclusion of Ireland. Amendment moved by Unionist Member for Belfast to make Bill operative in the three Kingdoms.

Significant note struck at outset by PRIME MINISTER. Overwhelmed with work, unable to take personal charge of Bill in Committee, he deputed task, not to Home Rule IRISH SECRETARY, to whom it officially belonged, but to the Unionist COLONIAL SECRETARY.

In delicate position, BONAR LAW acquitted himself with excellent taste, unerring tact. He did not disguise fact that as a Unionist his sympathies were with the Amendment. But he insisted that more would be lost than gained by trying to enforce Military Service on country divided upon the question.

"To anyone who knows the history of Ireland," he said, "who knows the history in our own lifetime, and the part which has been played by Nationalist Members in this House and Nationalist Members in Ireland—to anyone who recalls the state of this country during the whole of the Napoleonic Wars, when Ireland was a constant source of danger to Great Britain, it is not a small thing, it is a very great thing, that for the first time in our history the official representatives of the Nationalist Party are openly and avowedly on the side of Great Britain."

CARSON patriotically responded to this harmonious call, rare in discussing Ireland across floor of the House. Regretfully but uncompromisingly advised withdrawal of Amendment moved by Ulster Member.

JOHN REDMOND, in speech pathetic in its plea, besought the House to refrain from effort to drive Ireland. The part her people have taken in the War side by side with British comrades was splendid.

"I am," he said, "as proud of the Ulster Regiments as I am of the Nationalist Regiments. If five years ago any one had predicted that in a great war in which the Empire was engaged 95,000 recruits would have been raised from Ireland and that there would be 151,143 Irishmen with the colours, would he not have been looked upon as a lunatic?"

One note of discord came from little group below Gangway on Liberal side. Unable to withstand temptation to obtain mean little triumph, they refused to permit withdrawal of Amendment, as suggested by BONAR LAW and accepted by CARSON, and it was perforce negatived.



ALL FOR IRELAND—A WAR-TIME HARMONY.
MR. BONAR LAW, MR. REDMOND, SIR EDWARD CARSON.

Business done.—Military Service Bill in Committee.

Wednesday, 2.10 A.M.—House adjourned after ten hours' wrestling with Military Service Bill.

Once upon a time, not so far back, there was an Irish Member who, on his triumphant return to Westminster, took the oath and his seat at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, delivered his maiden speech at 6.50, and on the stroke of midnight was suspended for disorderly conduct.

That a record difficult to beat. The Member for Australia (London address, St. George's, Hanover Square) with characteristic modesty diffidently approached it. Taking his seat last Wednesday, he to-day delivered his maiden speech. It was risky in face of the sound axiom, adapted from nursery discipline, that new Members should (for a reasonable period) be seen, not heard. As a breaker of unwritten law Sir GEORGE has extenuation of success. This due to intrinsic merits of speech. Foremost of these was brevity. Furthermore, it was in the best sense a contribution to debate, arising directly out of question sprung upon Committee. No asphyxiating smell of the lamp about it. Sound in argument, felicitous in phrase.

IVOR HERBERT had moved amendment to Military Service Bill, bringing within its purview all unmarried men as they attain the age of eighteen years. The Bill calls to the colours only those who on 15th August last had reached that age.

"When the flames of destruction are approaching the fabric of our liberties," said Sir George REID by way of peroration, "let us save our house first and discuss our domestic rearrangements afterwards."

The new Member rose in nearly empty House. Members already aweary of ineffectual talk round foregone conclusion. News that he was on his feet signalled throughout the precincts, Members hurried in to hear. Amongst them came the PRIME MINISTER. Amendment withdrawn.

Business done.—Committee sat far into foggy night, driving Military Service Bill through Committee against obstruction on the part of at most a score of Members.

Thursday.—Both sides unite in welcoming JACK PEASE back to Ministerial position. (*Mem.*—Commonly called Jack because he was christened Joseph Albert). After filling in succession offices of Chief Whip of Liberal Party, Chancellor of Duchy and Minister for Education, in each gaining general approval and personal popularity, he was one of the sacrificial lambs cut off by reconstruction of Ministry on Coalition principles.

Took what must have been bitter disappointment with dignified reserve.



Inquisitive Party. "YE'LL LIKELY BE GAUN TAE ELIE?" *N.C.O.* "No!"
Inquisitive Party. "THAN YE'LL BE GAUN TAE PITTENWEEM?" *N.C.O.* "No!!"
Inquisitive Party. "THEN YE'LL SHAIR TAE BE GAUN TAE CRAIL?" *N.C.O.* "No!!!"
Inquisitive Party. "DAE YE THINK A CARE A DOM WHAUR YE'RE GAUN?"

Having made the personal statement common to retiring Ministers, he did not seat himself on the Front Opposition Bench on the look-out for opportunity to "hesitate dislike" of policy and action of former colleagues. Seeking for chance to do his bit in connection with the War, at request of Army Council he undertook unpaid post of Civil Member on Claims Commission in France. Comes back to Treasury Bench as Postmaster-General, in succession to the INFANT SAMUEL, who, in accordance with the tradition of early childhood, has, since first promoted to Ministerial office, been "called" several times to others.

SARK, always considerate of convenience of public, thinks it may be well to state that it will be no use anyone looking in at Post Office and crying, "Pease! Pease!" Not because there is no Pease, but because there are two—JACK, the Postmaster-General, and his cousin PIKE PEASE, formerly a Unionist Whip, who has for some months served as Assistant Postmaster-General.

Business done.—In Committee on Military Service Bill.

Thursday.—Fourth night of debate in Committee on Military Service Bill. Concluded a business that might have been as fully accomplished at one sitting. Save for a few immaterial amendments of the verbal kind, Bill stands as it did when introduced. Scene closed with exchange of compliments between BONAR LAW and little band who have succeeded in keeping talk going. He expressed satisfaction, "or perhaps something rather stronger" (this a little dubious), at the way in which opposition had been conducted. They protested it was all due to his conciliatory manner.

And so home to bed as early as eleven o'clock.

Delhi-on-Sea.

"DELHI, Monday,—The P. and O. Steamer Arabia, with the outward mail of the 22nd, arrived here at 1-30 p.m. to-day (Sunday)."
The Beharee.

"Commencing on December 1st the London banks will close at three o'clock, except on Saturday at one o'clock, with a view to assisting recruiting by realising a number of clerks."
Bay of Plenty Times.

Financially and otherwise the bank-clerk is one of our best securities.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE.

BEFORE the War Miss Betty Pink
Was just an ordinary mink;
Her skirt was short, her eye was glad,
Her hats would almost drive you mad,
She was, in fact, to many a boy
A source of perturbation;
At household duties she would scoff,
She lived for tennis, bridge and golf,
She motored, hunted, smoked and biked,
Did just exactly what she liked,
And took a quite delirious joy
In casual flirtation.

But when the War arrived, you see,
She flew at once to V.A.D.,
Belgians, Red Cross, and making mitts,
And (profitably) sold her Spitz,
And studied mild economy
In things she wasn't wrapt in;
One game alone of all her games
She stuck to. Which is why her name's
No longer Pink. I laughed almost,
On reading in *The Morning Post*,
That Betty, "very quietly,"
Had wed a tempy. Captain.



M.C. (introducing bluejacket who fancies himself as a basso). "MR. 'ICKS WILL NOW OBLIGE WITH SEVERAL BLASTS ON 'IS FOG-'ORN, ENTITLED, 'O RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY.'"

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

"SAFT marnin', Mrs. Ryan—ye 're out early this marnin'."

"Ye say right, Mrs. Flanagan, I am that. Me son wint back to the Front last night, and Himself was out seein' him off at the staymer, all through the pourin' rain, the way he 's not able to shtir hand or fut. I was just down to Gallagher's gettin' him some medicine."

"Ah, now! 'tis too bad that Himself is sick. Will I help yez with the bottles, Mrs. Ryan?"

"Thank yez, Ma 'am, it 's too kind ye are."

"And ye tell me y'r son is away agin, and him only just back! 'Tis a tarrible warr, an' there 's a powerful lot av fine young fellows that 'll be missing when they come back to Dublin agin."

"Ah! ye may well say that, Mrs. Flanagan. There 's more than a million gone out of this disthrict alone, and there 's Irishmen fightin' in all the himispheres of th' worrld. They tell me that the Irish bees in such numbers that the inimy got fair desprit an' rethreated into Siberia to get away from thim, till they met more av us comin' along from th' other ind of the worrld."

"Glory be! But isn't that wandherful?"

"Ay, 'twas the Tinth Division, so it was, the brave boys comin' back afther fightin' the Turks, bad luck to them f'r haythens! F'r didn't Lord KITCHENER himself go out to see thim at the Dardnells, and ses he, 'What 's the use of wastin' brave throops here? We 'll lave the English to clane up the threnches,' and on that they packs the Irish off and marches thim thousands of miles intil Siberia. Ah! 'twas the dhrop thim Germins got when they came shtrugglin' along wan day and run up aginst the ould Tinth agin. There was tarrible slaughter that day, and the inimy bruk in great disorther, and is now trying to escape down the Sewers into the Canal."

"Well now, Mrs. Ryan, that 's grand news ye do be tellin'. 'Tis fair wandherful how well up in it y' are. But will ye tell me now what would the English be doin' all this time? Surely ye don't mane to say that the whole av th' Army bees Irish?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Flanagan, not at all. But the *fightin'* rigimints is mostly Irish. Ye see, th' Army has to be fed, and the threnches has to be claned and drained, and so on, and the English does the cookin' and clanin' for the Irish. But anny fightin' that 's done is done be th' Irish rigimints, as is well known to be the best fighters in the worrld."

"But will ye tell me now, what 's this I hear about making the English go into the Army be description?"

"Is ut *con*scription ye mane? Shure, 'tis like this. Furst of all there was inlistment be groups. Himself tould me all about it. Over there, there was no inlistin' as there was over here. Shure, in Dublin alone we have three recruitin' offices, to say nothin' of th' recruitin' thram. Ah! 'tis a fine sight to see the thram, Mrs. Flanagan, going up and down the sthreets o' Dublin, with the flags and the fine coloured posthers plasthered on ut, and divil a wan ever in ut, bekase why? there isn't a sowl lift in the city, and what is lift is bein' held back by the polis at the recruitin' office in Brunswick Sthreet. Well, as I was tellin' yez, in England there was no recruitin' like that. It got so that there was just wan recruitin' office left, as the other three had to be closed, bekase no wan came. Ye see, all the young men were down at the poorts, gettin' their tickets to Ameriky.

"'This,' ses one of the English Lords—a felly be the name o' Derby—'this,' ses he, 'is tarrible. If the inimy hears o' this, all the Irish in the worrld and in Ameriky won't save us.'

"So he gets out a scheme—he 's a tarrible ould schemer is that wan—whereby, ye see, ivery man in England

was to inlist to sarve when he was called up, and they were to be made up intil groups, an' the married men was to be put intil the lasht group. The advantage o' that was that it intimidated th' inimy, bekase a man looks more whin he is called a group. Thin the ould schemer arranged that these groups should get armlets, somethin' like a sling, so, whin a man was called up in a group, he could show the sling he was wearin' and he 'd be put intil a later group. Ah! 'twas a grand scheme! Ye see, the limit of militry age bees now forthy-wan, and supposing there was a million men in ivery group (and I was tould there was more) that was forthy-wan million!"

"Glory be to God, Mrs. Ryan, but that 's a tarrible number!"

"Ye say right, Mrs. Flanagan. But look you here, ivery time a group was called up and the men was put back intil a later group, it made more men for the later groups, until, ye see, whin they called up the lasht group there 'd be forthy-wan times as many men at the ind as at the beginnin'. That was the scheme for puttin' the fear o' God intil thim Germins."

"Thin will ye tell me, Mrs. Ryan, why didn't they shtick till it?"

"'Tis harrd to explain, Mrs. Flanagan, and here we are at me door. I 'll take the porther bottles, thank ye kindly, Ma'am. Well, this was the way av it. When they shtarted the recruitin' av the groups they found that 'twas too many officers they were afther gettin'. I heard there was half a million as had to be given their shtars! An' I needn't be afther tellin' ye, Mrs. Flanagan, that even with all the millions of Irish out there, there wouldn't be room for five hundred thousand officers to lead thim. Besides which every wan knows that the Irish don't want leadin'. 'Tis thim shows the way whin it comes to a charrge. An' sure, as it is, all the Ginirals, exceptin' for an odd wan or two, bees Irish!"

* * * * *

"Is that you, Biddy? Will yez come in out of that now?"

"Och, that 's Himself now. He must be betther! Good-day to yez, Mrs. Flanagan, and many thanks to ye."

Cause and Effect.

"PEACE SPEAKERS PELTED WITH OCHRE.

The speakers on the platform had a curried consultation."—*Provincial Paper.*

"One may say of Kitchener's Army (at any rate of the rank and file I have acquaintance with here in Gaul) that it *est omnia in duo partes divisa* (with apologies to Cæsar)."
Morning Paper.

CÆSAR'S commentary on this would be worth reading.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

THE Staff of *The Muddleton Weekly Gazette*, having disguised himself as an ordinary citizen, entered the local hospital in quest of copy. His keen eye immediately singled out a man of solemn, careworn aspect, and to him he directed his footsteps. Two clear grey eyes looked into his, and his greeting was answered politely, though without enthusiasm. Then, exerting all the skill and adroitness which had marked him out for forty years as a coming man in the journalistic world, the visitor put the soldier gradually at his ease and tactfully induced him to recount his experiences.

"I could tell you lots of things what would astonish you, Sir," began the convalescent. "Six months in the trenches gives you plenty of time to pick up tales—and invent them, too; but I don't hold with that. A little exaggeration helps things along, as old Wolff says, but when he goes beyond I 'm not with him. No lies—not for Truthful James. That 's me, Sir. They call me that in B Company; James being the name what my godfathers and godmothers give me, and Truthful being as you might say an identification mark."

The other nodded and waited in silence.

"Nothing much happened to me for the first three months, but then we was moved further South and a new Sub. joined us. Name of Williamson. Do you know him, Sir? Second-Lieutenant J. J. C. de V. Williamson was his full war paint. Ah, it 's a pity you don't. Quite a kid he was, but he could tell you off as free and flowing as a blooming General, and never repeat himself for ten minutes. He stirred things up considerable—specially the enemy. Sniping was his game; two hours regular every morning, with a Sergeant to spot for him and a Corporal to bring him drinks at intervals of ten minutes to keep him cool. He kept count of the Huns he had outed by notches on the post of his dug-out. Every time he rang the bell he 'd cut up a notch, and before he 'd been with us a month you could have used that post as a four-foot saw.

"Naturally the Huns were riled. You see, we was a salient and they was a salient, and there wasn't more than a hundred yards between us. We could hear them eating quite plainly, when they had anything to eat, and when they hadn't they smoked cigars which smelt worse than all the gas they ever squirted. One day the Sub. strolls up for his morning practice and sees a huge sign above the enemy trench: 'Don't shoot. We are Saxons.' They had relieved the Prussians and they was moving about above their trenches as free as a Band of Hope Saturday excursion.

"'Until anyone proves the contrary,' says our Sub., 'I maintain that Saxons is Germans. Moreover, says he, 'war is war,' and he had to cut up three more notches on his post afore he could make them understand that his attitude was hostile. When they did grasp it they began to strafe us, and they kep' it up hard all day. When night come our Sub. decided he 'd had enough. 'Boys,' he says to us, 'one hour before the crimson sun shoots forth his flaming rays from out of the glowing East them Germans is going to be shifted from that trench. We ain't a-going to make a frontal attack,' he says, 'because some of us might have the misfortune to tear our tunics on the enemy entanglements, and housewives is scarce. We are going to crawl along that hollow on the flank and enfilade the blighters.'

"So we puts a final polish on our bainets and waits. Bimeby we starts out, Sergeant leading the way. We wriggled through the mud like Wapping eels at low tide for the best part of an hour, and at last we got to their trench and halted to listen. There wasn't a sound to be heard; nobody snoring, nobody babbling of beer in his sleep; only absolute silence. Sergeant was lying next to me and I distinctly heard his heart miss several beats. Then all at once we leaps into the air, gives a yell fit to make any German wish he 'd never been born, and falls into their trench, doing bainet drill like it would have done your heart good to see. But we stops it as quick as we begun, because there wasn't a single man in that trench. Not one, Sir.

"After a awkward pause, 'The birds have flown,' says our Sub., sorrowful like, as if he 'd asked some friends to dinner and the cat had eat the meat.

"'I think, Sir,' says Sergeant, 'that they 've abandoned this trench as being untenable, and probably left a few mines behind for us.' I didn't like that. I thought our trench was a much nicer trench in every way, and I felt it was time to think of going back, when suddenly we hears a norrible yell come up from our trench and sounds of blokes jumping about. Yes, Sir, the Germans had made an attack on our trench at the same time, only they had gone round by the other flank, where there was some trees to help them.

"So there they was in our trench, and we in theirs, and dawn just beginning to break. There was only one thing to do. We went back, hoping they would wait for us; but they hopped



Cheerful One (to newcomer, on being asked what the trenches are like). "IF YER STANDS UP YER GET SNIPED; IF YER KEEPS DOWN YER GETS DROWNED; IF YER MOVES ABOUT YER GET SHELLED; AND IF YER STANDS STILL YER GETS COURT-MARTIALLED FOR FROST-BITE."

it quick, same way as they come, and so we finished up just as we was when we started, except for mud. Our Sub. was wild with rage, and he hustled about all the morning looking for defaulters, his face as black as the Kayser's soul; and he even went so far as to curse a Machine Gun Section, which shows you better than words what he felt like. D Company, when they come to relieve us, wouldn't believe a word of it, not till I told them. They had to then, because they knew what my name was. James, Sir, and Truthful as a sort of appendix."

"And there were others, of course, to corroborate your story?"

"To what, Sir?"

"To swear to the truth of it?"

"Oh yes. They swore to it all right. Again and again. But that was nothing to what happened in the same trench when we come back from billets. It was like this here. Our Sub. . . . What 's that you say, Bill?" He broke off. "Time for visitors to leave?"

The Orderly explained that it was so, and, after a cordial leave-taking on the part of the visitor, saw him out and returned.

"Do you know who that was, Jim?" he asked.

"Soon as he started pumping me," replied James, "I offered myself a hundred quid to a bob on his being a noospaper man, but there was no taker at the price, bobs being scarce and me having a dead cert. Suppose I shall be in the local paper on Saturday, Bill?"

"Yes. Thrilling Tales from the Trenches, number forty-three."

"Pity he had to go so soon," sighed James. "I was only just beginning to get into my stride."

From the current Directory of the London Telephone Service:—

"FOREIGN SERVICES (FRANCE, BELGIUM AND SWITZERLAND).

Communication may be obtained between London and Paris (including the suburbs), Brussels, Antwerp, Basle, Geneva, Lausanne, and certain provincial towns in France and Belgium. Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Controller."

We are afraid these facilities, as far as Belgium is concerned, will shortly be withdrawn. The new Postmaster-General has heard that there is a war on.

"Winter Laying Strain pure bred White Leghorn Cockerels; record layers: 5s."
Bath & Wilts Chronicle.

Smith minor's translation of *ab ovo usque ad mala* is thus justified: "It is up to the males to lay eggs."

"'Thundering' and 'nous' are two of the expressive words of which Sir Ian Hamilton made use of in his Suvla Bay report. It was the Royal Artillery that did 'thundering good shooting.' 'Nous,' meaning gumption, is a word greatly in use in Lancashire."
Daily Mirror.

It has also been met with in Greece.

"Two labourers employed by the —— Distillery Company fell a distance of fifty feet into a barley vat yesterday, and when released were found to be suffering from carbolic acid poisoning."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

This paragraph will no doubt be freely quoted by temperance advocates as showing what whiskey is really made of.

From a notice issued by the Sydney Chamber of Commerce:—

"The Fair, which will be officially opened by His Excellency the Governor, will be held at the Town Hall, and will be followed by a Luncheon. Space will be allotted by the foot frontage from 10/- to 15/-."

An excellent idea for City dinners.

"DULCE ET DECORUM."

O YOUNG and brave, it is not sweet to die,
To fall and leave no record of the race,
A little dust trod by the passers-by,
Swift feet that press your lonely resting-place;
Your dreams unfinished, and your song unheard—
Who wronged your youth by such a careless word?

All life was sweet—veiled mystery in its smile;
High in your hands you held the brimming cup;
Love waited at your bidding for a while,
Not yet the time to take its challenge up;
Across the sunshine came no faintest breath
To whisper of the tragedy of death.

And then, beneath the soft and shining blue,
Faintly you heard the drum's insistent beat;
The echo of its urgent note you knew,
The shaken earth that told of marching feet;
With quickened breath you heard your country's call,
And from your hands you let the goblet fall.

You snatched the sword, and answered as you went,
For fear your eager feet should be outrun,
And with the flame of your bright youth unspent
Went shouting up the pathway to the sun.
O valiant dead, take comfort where you lie.
So sweet to live? Magnificent to die!

THE LECTURE.

"Francesca," I said, "will you do me—I mean, will you accept a favour from me?"

"If," she said, "your Majesty deigns to grant one there can be no question of my accepting it. It will fall on me and I shall have to submit to it."

"Well," I said, "it's this way. You know I'm going to—a-hem!—deliver a lecture at Faringham next Monday?"

"I gathered," she said, "that you were up to something from the amount of books you were piling up on your writing-table. Besides you've been complaining of the ink a good deal, and that's always a bad sign."

"Hadn't I mentioned Faringham and the lecture?"

"You had distantly alluded to something impending and you had looked at the A.B.C. several times, but it stopped at that."

"How careless of me!" I said. "I know I meant to tell you all about it."

"You didn't make your meaning clear. It's all part of the secretiveness of men. They tell one nothing and then they're offended if we don't anticipate all their movements."

"We will," I said, "let that pass. It is an unjust remark, but I will not retaliate. Anyhow, I now inform you formally and officially that I am going to Faringham on Monday in order to deliver a lecture on 'Poetry in its Relation to Life,' before the Faringham Literary Association. It is one of the most famous Associations in the world and has a large lecture-hall capable of seating one thousand people comfortably."

"But why," she said, "did they ask *you* to lecture?"

"They must," I said, "have heard of me somewhere and guessed that I had wonderful latent capacities as a lecturer. Some men have, you know."

"Well," she said, "let's hope you're one of that sort, and that you'll bring all your capacities out on Monday. Aren't you nervous?"

"No," I said, "not exactly nervous; but I shall be glad when it's well over."

"So shall I," she said. "The ink will be gradually getting better now, and there won't be so many troubles about the A.B.C. being mislaid."

"No book," I said, "was ever so much mislaid as that. I put it down on the sofa two minutes ago and it has now vanished completely."

"It has flown to the window-seat," she said.

"Ah," I said, "and if we give it two minutes more it will fly into the dining-room."

"Never mind," she said; "there shall be A.B.C.'s in every room till you depart for Faringham. That's poetry."

"But it has no relation to life," I said. "It is not sincere, as all true poetry must be."

"'At this point,'" she said in a quoting voice, "'the lecturer was much affected, and his audience showed their sympathy with him by loud cheers.' Will there be much of that sort of thing?"

"There will be a good deal of it," I said with dignity. "The lecture is to last for an hour exactly."

"A whole hour?" she said. "Isn't that taking a mean advantage of the Faringham people?"

"They," I said, "can go out if they like, but I must go on. Francesca, may I read the lecture to you, so as to see if I've got it the right length?"

"So that's what you've been driving at," she said. "Well, fire away—no, stop till I've fetched the children in. You'll have a better audience with them."

"Need those innocent ones suffer?" I said.

"They are young," she said, "and must learn to endure."

The consequence was that all the four children, from Muriel aged sixteen, to Frederick aged eight, were fetched in and told they were going to have a treat such as few children had ever had; that they were going to hear a lecture on "Poetry in its Relation to Life"; that they must cheer loudly every now and then, but not interrupt otherwise, and that there would be a chocolate for each of them at the end. In addition Frederick was told that if he felt he really couldn't stand any more of it he was to leave the room very quietly, and that this wouldn't interfere with the chocolate. Thereupon the lecture started. At the end of the seventh minute Frederick rose, bent his body double and tiptoed out of the room. He was a great loss, for, as Muriel remarked afterwards, he represented two hundred of the audience of a thousand. The rest, however, stuck it out heroically, and danced for joy when it came to an end in one hour exactly. Frederick was afterwards discovered writing poetry on his own account in the schoolroom. As an illustration of the far-reaching influence of a lecture I may cite two of his stanzas:—

Summer is coming,
Then the bees will be humming,
Birds will be flying,
And girls will be buying,
And boys will be running;
Oh, hail! Summer is coming.

Summer is coming,
Then the fox will be cunning,
And all will be glad,
And none will be sad,
And I hope none will be mad,
And I hope none will be bad;
Oh, hail! Summer is coming!

This may be premature and, as to the fox, incorrect, since he requires but little cunning in the summer; but there is a good BROWNING flavour about it which redeems all errors. R. C. L.

Commercial Candour.

"There are large stocks of Tailor Costumes Ready-to-Wear, in the old reliable materials. These cannot last long."—*Provincial Paper.*



Porter. "LUGGAGE, SIR?" *Absent-minded Old Gentleman.* "NO, THANK YOU. I HAVE SOME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

NOT once or twice have I paid tribute to the craftsmanship of Mr. NEIL LYONS, generally as a portrayer of mean urban streets and their inhabitants. His latest volume, however, *Moby Lane and Thereabouts* (LANE), finds him at large in the Sussex countryside. But the old skill and quick-witted charm serve him equally in these different surroundings. Mr. LYONS, as I have noticed before, achieves his ingenious effects not only by the quaint unexpected things he says but equally by the things that he skilfully omits to say. As an example of the second method I might cite one of the best of the sketches in the book, that called "Viaduct View," after the name of the detestable and dreary little house which a loving aunt has preserved for the problematical return of the nephew who would certainly not endure it for two days. This shows Mr. LYONS at his best—sympathetic, subtle and gently ironical. I am not saying that every one of the thirty-seven chapters is on the same high level. "Befriending Her Ladyship," for instance, a story that tells how a cottage-dweller repaid in kind the interfering house-inspection of the lady from the Hall, though amusingly told, is neither original in idea nor quite fair in execution. Throughout I found indeed that Mr. LYONS's natural good-humour and sympathy were severely tried when they came in contact with squires and the ruling classes; and that now and then he was unable to resist the temptation to burlesque. But for one thing at least he deserves unstinted praise; I know of no other writer who can transfer, as he can, the genuine flavour of dialect into print. Try reading some of the *Moby Lane* dialogue aloud and you will see what I mean.

If spacious hobbies make for happiness then is Sir MARTIN CONWAY the happiest of men. He has been before us at various times of his crowded life, now as an undaunted peak-compeller in Alps and Himalayas, or skiing over Arctic glaciers, or pushing forward into hazardous depths of Tierra del Fuego; now sitting authoritative in the SLADE Chair at Cambridge, or contesting an election, or restoring an old castle, or picking up priceless primitives for paltry pence in Paduan pawnshops; and always as a resourceful author setting it all down (in a couple of dozen books or so) with an easy-flowing pen incapable of boring. In *The Crowd in Peace and War* (LONGMANS) he makes his bow as the political philosopher. It is a lively essay packed with observation, reflection, modern instances; it intrigues us with audacious and disputable generalisations, acute criticism, and a liberal temper. Solemnity and dulness are banished from it, and it might well serve as a light pendant to the admirable *Human Nature in Politics* of Mr. GRAHAM WALLAS. Let no student (and no mandarin either) neglect it. And we others, however scornful we may profess to be, are all at heart desperately interested in the confounded thing called politics, and can all appreciate this shrewd analysis of the vices and virtues of the crowd "which lacks reason but possesses faith," whose despotism is now on trial as once was that of our kings—"unlimited crowddom being as wretched a state as unlimited monarchy." As a dose of politics without tears I unreservedly commend this book.

I am like Mr. JACOBS' *Night Watchman*; it 's very hard to deceive me. I had read only a few pages of Miss UNA SILBERRAD'S *The Mystery of Barnard Hanson* (HUTCHINSON) when I guessed who had done the murder. Unfortunately, when I had read a few pages more, I found that I had picked the wrong person. Then I accused another character on perfectly good circumstantial evidence, and he was not the man. After that I decided to withdraw from the detective business and let Miss SILBERRAD unravel her mystery for herself. If you are of the opinion that a woman cannot keep a secret read *The Mystery of Barnard Hanson* and become convinced that Miss SILBERRAD at least is an exception. If I have ever read a more perfectly sustained mystery novel I cannot recall it. There is just a chance that in the last few pages you may get on the right track, but, if you are honest with yourself, you will have to admit that you did it simply by a process of elimination, after you had made an ass of yourself and arrested every innocent person in the book on suspicion. I think it is Miss SILBERRAD'S manner that throws the detective reader out of his stride. She is so detached. She conveys the impression that she herself is just as puzzled as you are, and that, for all she knows, *Barnard Hanson* may have been murdered by somebody who is not in the book at all. In other words she gives her story just that reality which a murder mystery has when unfolded day by day in the papers. I confess that, when I unwrapped the book and found that a polished artist like Miss SILBERRAD had written a detective story, I was a little shocked; but I need not have been. There are no dummies in this novel. Each character is as excellently drawn as if delineation of character were the author's main object; and in the matter of style there is no concession to the tastes of the cruder public which makes murder novels its staple diet.



Mistress. "I SEE YOU HAD A CARD FROM YOUR YOUNG MAN AT THE FRONT, MARY."

Mary. "YES 'M. AND WASN'T IT A SAUCY ONE! I WONDER IT PASSED THE SENTRY."

In her preface to *Morlac of Gascony* (HUTCHINSON) Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON apologizes for producing an historical novel in these days when the present rather than the past is occupying people's minds. But a good historical novel is never really untimely, and *Morlac of Gascony* is not only well written but deals with a period of English history not often exploited by the historical novelist—the days of EDWARD THE FIRST, when the future of England as a naval power rested on the energy and determination of the sailors of the Cinque Ports. Although *Jehan Morlac*, the young Gascon, is the principal character in the story the most arresting figure is that of EDWARD himself, as dexterous a piece of character-drawing as I have come upon in historical fiction for some time. The plot is cleverly constructed to throw a high light on one of the most interesting personalities in the history of the English monarchy. We see EDWARD as a young man, wild, reckless and brutal; then, grown to his full powers and sobered by responsibility, making by sheer force of character something abiding and coherent out of the strange welter of warring factions from which Great Britain emerged as a united kingdom. Wales was a hot-bed of rebellion, Scotland the "plague-spot of the North," the Cinque Ports on the verge of going over to France. Only a strong man, with strong men under him, could have saved England then. *Morlac of Gascony* is not the easy reading which many people insist on in novels which deal with the past, and for this reason it may not be so popular as some historical novels of far less merit; but if you are prepared to make something of an effort to carry the trenches of the earlier portion of the story you will have your reward.

I suppose that what a CRAWFORD doesn't know about Roman society may fairly be dismissed as negligible. Therefore the name of J. CRAWFORD FRASER (in association with Mrs. HUGH FRASER) on the title-page of *Her Italian Marriage* (HUTCHINSON) is a sufficient guarantee that the local colour at least will be the genuine article. And it happens that the scheme of the tale, the union between a Roman of the old nobility and an American girl, makes the local colour of special significance. It was just this matter of doing as the Romans do that *Elsie Trant* found at first one of life's little difficulties. There is a very pleasant scene of the dinner-party at which she was formally presented to her husband's family; the contrast in atmospheres between that of the new-risen West and that of the severely Papal circles to which *Prince Pietro* belonged being suggested most happily. I wish, though, the authors had been content to leave it at that, as a social comedy about pleasant people getting to understand one another. In an ill-inspired moment, however, they decided to have a dramatic plot, and truth compels me to say that this is a dreary affair, tricked out with such dust-laden devices as secret marriages, missing heirs and concealed papers. There is a steward person who alternately is and isn't the rightful Prince, as we delve deeper into the revelations. Finally, if I followed the intrigue correctly, the long arm of coincidence brought it about that *Elsie's* mother was the eloping wife of *Pietro's* uncle. Frankly, all this bored me, because we readers could have been so much more profitably engaged in renewing our Roman memories under such expert guidance. But of course this is a merely personal opinion, which you may not share.

"AUSTRALIAN CORPS.

SYDNEY.—Timely rains have saved the early corps."

The later ones also are now quite recruited, thank you.

"FRENCH OFFICIAL.—Between the Argonne and the Meuse our heavy huns destroyed an enemy blockhouse in the region of Forges." *Evening Paper.*

Stout fellows, these German renegades.

"HENLEY (near).—Gentleman offers land, piggeries, poultry-houses to lady or gentleman as guest. Pleasant home."—*The Lady.*

The gentleman to the lady: "Will you occupy a piggery or a poultry-house?"

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the Correspondent of *The Daily Mail* who described the festivities at Nish, the King of BULGARIA "has a curious duck-like waddle." This is believed to be the result of his effort to do the Goose-Step while avoiding the Turkey-Trot.

* * *

Owing to the extraction of benzol and toluol from gas for the purpose of making high-explosives it is stated that consumers may have to put up with some decrease in illuminating power. It is expected, in view of the good object involved, that the announcement will be received in a spirit of toluoleration.

* * *

We cannot agree with the actor who complains that his manager forbids him to wear his armlet on the stage. The sympathies of the audience might be entirely deranged by the discovery that the elderly villain was an attested patriot while the young and beautiful hero was either ineligible or a slacker.

* * *

Describing the depressed condition of the laundry trade a witness at the Clerkenwell County Court said, "We are eight million double collars short every week." It is shrewdly conjectured that they are in the neighbourhood of the Front.

* * *

Nothing in the course of his Balkan pilgrimage is reported to have pleased the KAISER so much as a steamer-trip on the Danube. It was looking so sympathetically blue.

* * *

The Government is going to close Museums and Picture-galleries to the public. No one shall accuse us of being Apostles of Culture.

* * *

It is said that the Australian and New Zealand soldiers now in London are very fond of visiting the British Museum, and take a particular interest in the Egyptian antiquities. But it is not true that they now refer to England as "The Mummy Country."

* * *

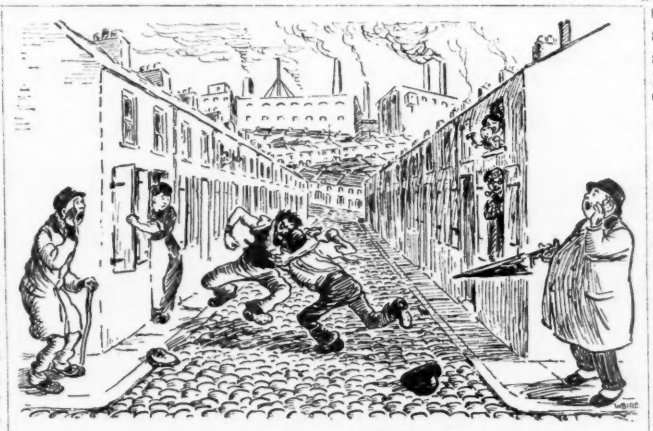
Austrians and Hungarians are said to be quarrelling as to whether the occupied Serbian territory should eventually belong to the Monarchy or the Kingdom, and the jurists on either side are ransacking the history of the past for arguments to support their respective cases. Here we have another instance of the fondness of learned men for disputing about purely academic questions. Serbia will belong to the Serbians.

* * *

An American gentleman, who started out to visit his wife when she was staying with her mother and failed to find her after three days' search, excuses himself on the ground that he had forgotten her maiden name. He puts it down to absence of mind; and his mother-in-law is inclined to agree with him.

* * *

Soap is the latest article to be placed on the list of absolute contraband; and it is now more certain than ever that the Germans will not come out of the War with clean hands.



"THEY OUGHT TO BE AT THE FRONT. THAT'S THE SORT THEY WANT THERE."
"THEY WON'T GO, SIR. THEY'RE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS."

In view of the impending paper-famine a widely-circulated journal announces its readiness to receive back from the public any parcels of old copies marked "waste paper." In the opinion of its trade-rivals the inscription is superfluous.

* * *

A suggestion has been made by a Registrar in Bankruptcy that the Tercentenary of SHAKSPEARE'S death should be celebrated by the performance in every large town of one of the Bard's plays; and some regret has been expressed that anybody should take advantage of a national celebration to boom his own business.

* * *

"'How many of us realise that, were it not for America, the War to-day in Europe, as fought, could not even exist?'" is the question put, according to a New York correspondent, "by Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the great American sculptor." Still the War has its compensations. But for its existence we might never have heard of Mr. GUTZON BORGLUM, the great American sculptor.

* * *

A correspondent, describing the recent food riots in Berlin, says that they were chiefly due to "women who were fed up with the difficulty of providing meals for their families."

* * *

The following notice was found affixed to a building somewhere near the Front: "SIR OFFICERS,—Ask the bathroom's key to the office. The bathroom shall be wash by the servant after bath. Sir Officer without servant shall not have the key." It sounds rather abrupt.

* * *

Owing to the Government demand that nothing in the way of unnecessary expenditure should be allowed, it is expected that all paid lecturers on War Economy and National Thrift will be given a week's notice.

* * *

Opposing a suggestion of the Wandsworth Borough Council to discontinue the issue of fiction from the free libraries, a member of the Women's Freedom League said that a novel was to a woman what a pipe was to a man. Well, not quite, perhaps. We never saw a man begin a pipe at the wrong end.

From an article by Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON in *The Sunday Pictorial*:—

"A few strange gentlemen attitudinise in Westminster on principle, but these men would cut capers of principle in any case, like Mr. Snodgrass when he went skating."

Or *Mr. Winkle* when he wrote verses.

"In the Continental boat-trains the warning, '*Licht linauslehnen*,' has not been removed from the windows . . . Occasionally you see that '*Nicht linauslehnen*' has been indignantly pasted over."—*Provincial Paper.*

The latter is certainly a little more German than the other.

After a description of the new lighting order:—

"The regulations will impose a great deal of work on the police, and it is the duty of the public to make it as light as possible."
Hampshire Observer.

Lux, in fact, *a non lucendo*.

A Lonely Life.

"Nothing but margarine has entered my door since the War began."
Dr. C. W. SALEEBY in "Daily Chronicle."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXIV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—We 're having a great time with our new arrival, one of those confounded civilians, who are only let into the business because the business, in these modern and highly complicated days, cannot be carried on without them. He 's a jolly old Lieutenant of about fifty years; he has a concentrated experience of the world but doesn't remember having been mixed up in a big European war before. At first I kept on telling him that business is one thing and war is another, but he wouldn't see it and persisted in doing and saying and thinking things which were bound to land us in a national disaster. He had no respect whatever for the Pass Memo., his central and sole idea being to push along with the elimination of the Bosch. When he wanted something done, he just went to the Top-man of the department, called him "I say," and went straight to the point. The Top-man had never been asked to do business this way before.

He put up with it a dozen times or so, but finally he had to take steps. So he wrote a little note on a Buff slip and addressed it, very rightly of course, to the Top-man but one; and the Top-man but one read it and passed it very carefully to the Top-man but two; and so, with that inevitability which is the hall-mark of the system, it was passed and passed and passed until it came (in less than a week) to the office of the ancient Lieutenant on the opposite side of the street. And it ran: "Lieutenant So-and-So should be notified that it is neither necessary nor desirable that he should call personally at this office to transact his business. Matters should be put forward by him through the usual course of correspondence." The ancient Lieutenant, who wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings for the world, felt that it was up to him to put the matter right. So he stepped across to the Top-man's office, and when the Top-man asked him, somewhat pointedly, if he had received his note, the Ancient very genially replied, "Yes, thank you," and explained that he had just looked in personally to acknowledge receipt of same.

It sounds as if a dreadful quarrel would be raging between the Ancient on one side and on the other the Top-man, the whole series of under-Top-men and all persons in any way representing the military system You 'd expect to hear that the Ancient's conversation at mess is insubordinate, rebellious, or at least bitterly sarcastic. No such thing; the old gentleman becomes a more ardent militarist every day; wants to see once for all an end of all lawyer-politicians, and all so-called "business-men." "We have made a poor show of being civilians," is his point; "let 's try being soldiers for a generation or two."

On the whole he thinks we should find it easier to carry on as a British Empire in uniform than as a German province in mufti. He says that what 's wrong with Prussian Militarism is that it is Prussian; to succeed, the thing has to be run by gentlemen.

A Top-man honoured our mess the other night. Under the mellowing influence of our Curried Bully he unbent somewhat and encouraged the Ancient on his pet subject. Under the influence of the latter's theories he unbent still further. He discoursed upon the true inwardness of the military method of running an office, pausing at last for the Ancient to say a few words. "Oh," said he, "I don't allow myself to be put off by a trifle like that. There 's many a kind heart behind a Buff slip, and we all have our little weaknesses." The idea of having a little weakness was so novel to the Top-man that it caused him to choke and to be led from the mess, eventually, in a state of nervous exhaustion.

The latest information from the trenches goes to support the maxim that all one requires to wage war is a bold face and a gas helmet. A very distinguished O.C. went up the other day to inspect the trenches of his command and to express such views of their faults and the faults of their inmates as might occur to him from time to time. He had progressed some way up the communication trench, when it struck him that, whereas his recent order had been particularly menacing to everyone of whatever rank who was discovered there or thereabouts without a gas helmet, nevertheless he himself was at that moment innocent of such furniture. Fortunately there came from the opposite direction an odds-and-end private, with nothing in his favour except the wearing of the well-known satchel so much in vogue in Flanders society for the carrying of gas helmets. That was enough for the Commander; this was essentially one of those privates to be called "My man," and treated as such. Politely but firmly he was requested to part with his satchel as a temporary loan to his General. Firmly, if respectfully, he refused to comply. Them was his orders. The Commander congratulated him on his very proper attitude, explained to him the nature of the higher commands and demanded the satchel. The man looked like being stony about it, but the Commander became irresistibly commanding and got the satchel at last. He buckled it on, and the party proceeded, characterising the reluctance of the private to part with his treasure as almost an exaggerated sense of obedience to printed orders.

Gas helmets always exercise a peculiar fascination for people who inspect trenches, and the matter was now especially prominent in the mind of the Commander as he marched along, outwardly appearing to be at his happiest here, inwardly thanking goodness that his home was elsewhere. Conceive his delight to discover a subaltern, fresh from ablutions, with no satchel upon him! The subaltern, distinctly aware of this amongst his many failings, was all for being passed by as insignificant; the Commander was all for a scene. Everybody halted, and the air became pregnant with possibilities . . . It was a nicely calculated speech, leading up gradually to the pointed contrast between (*a*) overworked Commander, weighed down with responsibilities, absorbed day and night in momentous matters of large principle, nevertheless infallible on smallest detail and now in possession of gas helmet, one, and (*b*) very junior subaltern, free to enjoy the open-air irresponsible life of the trenches, yet neglecting even the few small matters entrusted to him, without same.

"And what 's more, Sir," he concluded, "I doubt very much whether, if someone gave you a helmet now, you 'd know what to do with it. Here, take mine." (The attendant Brass-hats liked the "mine," but very discreetly kept their emotions to themselves.)

It was not a peculiarly clean or remarkably well-packed satchel which the trembling hand of the disgraced subaltern took from the Commander, and the latter did not intend to let attention dwell too long upon the grimy details of its exterior. Fixing the steel eye of conscious rectitude on his victim, he leant slightly towards him and very unmistakably shouted at him the one dread word, "GAS!" . . . Unfortunately for the Commander the subaltern not only knew what to do next, but also had just the physical strength remaining in his fingers to start doing it. With the eyes of all upon him (and by this time there had gathered round quite a nice little crowd, thoroughly conversant with the event in progress), the subaltern opened the satchel alleged to belong to the Commander and took from it—no, Charles, not a gas helmet, but a pair of socks—and *such* socks too!

Yours ever, HENRY.



SINKING.

ON BELLONA'S HEM.

THE MISFIRE.

WHEN I entered the third smoker there was, as there now always is, a soldier in one corner.

Just as we were starting, another soldier got in and sat in the opposite corner. The freemasonry of Khaki immediately setting to work, within two minutes they knew all about each other's camp, destination and regiment, and had exchanged cigarettes.

The first soldier had not yet left England and was stolid; the newcomer had been in the trenches, had been wounded in the leg, had recovered, was shortly going back, and was animated. His leg was all right, except that in wet weather it ached. In fact he could even tell by it when we were going to have rain. His "blooming barometer" he called it. Here he laughed—a hearty laugh, for he was a genial blade and liked to hear himself talk.

The first soldier did not laugh, but was interested. He thought it a convenient thing to have a leg that foretold the weather.

"Which one is it?" he asked.

"The left."

The first soldier was disproportionately impressed.

"The left, is it?" he said heavily, as though he would have understood the phenomenon in the right easily enough. "The left."

Completely unconscious of the danger-signals, the second soldier now began to unload his repertory of stories, and he started off with that excellent one, very popular in the early days of the War, about the wealthy private.

For the sake of verisimilitude he laid the scene in his own barracks. "A funny thing happened at our place the other day," he began. He had evidently had great success with this story. His expression indicated approaching triumph.

But no anticipatory gleam lit the face of his new friend. It was in fact one of those faces into which words sink as into a sandbank—a white, puffy, long face, with a moustache of obsolete bushiness.

"I thought I should have died of laughing," the other resumed, utterly unsuspicious, wholly undeterred.

In the far corner I kept my eye on my book but my ears open. I could see that he was rushing to his doom.

"We were being paid," he went on, "and the quartermaster asked one of the men if he did not wish sixpence to be deducted to go to his wife. The man said, 'No.' 'Why not?' the quartermaster asked. The man said he didn't think his wife would need it or miss it. 'You 'd better be generous about it,' the quartermaster said; 'every little helps, you know.'"



IN THE TRENCHES THE COSTER DREAMS OF HAPPY DAYS TO COME.

He paused. "What do you think the man said to that?" he asked his new friend. "He said," he hurried on, "'I don't think I 'll send it. You see, I allow her four thousand a year as it is.'"

The *raconteur* laughed loudly and leaned back with the satisfaction—or at least some of it—of one who has told a funny story and told it well.

But the other did not laugh at all. His face remained the dull thing it was.

"You see," said the story-teller, explaining the point, "there are all sorts in the Army now, and this man was a toff. He was so rich that he could afford to allow his wife four thousand pounds a year. Four thousand pounds! Do you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see that. He must have been very rich. Why was he just a private?"

"I don't know."

"Funny being a private with all that money. I wonder you didn't ask him."

"I didn't, anyway. But you see the point now. No end of a joke for the quartermaster to try and get a man who allowed his wife four thousand a year to deduct sixpence a week to send to her! I thought I should have died of laughing."

The first soldier remained impassive. "And what happened?" he asked at last.

"What happened?"

"Yes, what was done about it? The sixpence, I mean. Did he agree to send it?"

The second soldier pulled himself together. "Oh, I don't know," he said shortly. "That 's not the point."

"After all," the other continued, "the regulations say that married men have to deduct sixpence for their wives, don't they?"

"Yes, of course," the other replied. "But this man, I tell you, already gave her four thousand a year."

"That doesn't really touch it," said the first soldier. "The principle 's the same. Now——"

But I could stand the humiliation of the other honest fellow, so brimming with anecdote and cheerfulness, no longer; and I came to his rescue with my cigarette case. For I have had misfires myself too often.

"Mrs. Ruth Roberts, of Folkestone, celebrates the completion of her 103rd year to-day. She is one of a family of twenty-two, and her father fought with two of her sons at Waterloo." *Irish Times.*

She seems to have been very young for a mother when these family dissensions occurred.

"Will you allow me to give a warning to Ford owners who, like myself, jack up to obtain an easy start. A few days ago I was doing so as usual with only one scotch. The car jumped the jack, went over the scotch, knocked me down, ran over me, tore my clothes to rags, bruised me all over, tore my flesh and broke my collar-bone, and I think I got off very lightly. Of course that will not happen to me again."—*The Motor.*

He will either drink the Scotch first or not have one at all.

THE FAUNA OF THE FRONT.

CHIEF among the fauna of the Front is, of course, the Bosch, a subterranean animal of unpleasant habits, which is now classed as vermin. He has been so thoroughly dealt with elsewhere that I shall leave him on one side, and confine my few observations to smaller and pleasanter creatures. The remaining fauna of the Front are (1) mice; (2) rats; with a few interesting extras, furred and feathered, which deserve more serious treatment than I can give them.

At home the mouse is regarded with contemptuous annoyance as a petty but persevering thief; while the rat commits his grosser depredations in an atmosphere tinged with horror. Out here it is different, for we are perforce neighbours. Indeed, we bipeds are in a sense trespassers upon the domain of the subterranean peoples. At home one seldom sees a rat or mouse save from above, and to look down upon anything is invariably to misjudge it. But here we share the hospitality of the underground and meet its freehold tenants on a level.

From the earth walls of the sanctuary where this small tribute is written mice look down upon our table with its newspaper cover, diffidently waiting for us to finish our meal and permit them to dine. We regard them as shy visitors—though are we not billeted on them?—not as sneaking thieves, and by the light of our candles perceive how sleek, bright-eyed, neat-handed and agile they are. In one dug-out I know a certain mouse who will drop on your shoulder and sit there a while in the friendliest manner, trying in his tiny modest way to play the host. Up above, in the open air, they are to be seen in swarms sharing our watchfulness. This gun-shaken valley is honeycombed with their little round funk-holes, into which they flash at any sudden noise. It is merely going downstairs where we are all at home.

The social instincts of the rat are less highly developed. His visible visits to the mess are rarer, but we overhear his conversation in his tunnels that open on our shelves, the patter of his pink feet across the canvas overhead, and the muscular squirming of his body in some tight place about the sandbag wainscot. Like a friendly dog he trots about your dug-out by night, bumping with trustful carelessness against the fragile legs of your rustic bed. You hear him crooning to himself or a pal, in his content—a placid, complacent little sound very different from the grating squeak or squeal of the unhappy Ishmaels you used to know. Certainly he will help himself to a little cake, if such a thing is to be had, for he feels at home, as he doubtless wishes you to do. If you do not care to share your dainties, you can hang them from the roof.

In the trenches themselves the rat is almost a domestic animal. Town rats are lean, persecuted and vicious; nobody loves them. But those who hobnob with us here are fed, like our Army, on Army rations, together with more than their share of private luxuries, and consequently are stout and contented-looking, and display none of the ill-bred and disconcerting haste of the hereditary fugitive of our drains and cellars. If you happen to stand still and silent for a few moments, you will hear some cheery old rascal come sniffing and grunting along the parapet, not so much in search of food as to enjoy the air—or so his manner would indicate.

Between the Army and these other dwellers in earths and burrows there must henceforth be a bond of true sympathy.



Customer. "I SAY, THIS CHICKEN'S A BIT TOUGH. WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

Manager. "THEY COME UP IN FRESH LOTS FROM THE COUNTRY THREE TIMES A WEEK, SIR."

Customer. "WELL, THIS MUST BELONG TO GROUP 45!"

La Grèce Antique: Hellas. *La Grèce Moderne: Hélas!*

To be added to our collection of "Glimpses of the Obvious":—

"We feel more than ever that the Past is all behind us and the Future all in front."
Reading Standard.

From a trade circular:—

"We are installing 15 of our largest size Patent Fool-proof Steam Kettles at Woolwich Arsenal."

Zeppelin crews please note.

LAST THOUGHTS ON GALLIPOLI.

ONCE more sits Mahomet by Helles' marges
And smokes at ease among his cypress-trees,
Nor snipes from scrubberies at British targes
Nor views them wallowing in sacred seas,
But cleans his side-arms and is pleased to prattle
Of that great morning when he woke and heard
That in his slumbers he had fought a battle,
A bloody battle, and a little bird
Piped (in the German) at his side, and said,
"The something infidels have been and fled."

Cautious he crept from out his mountain-ditches,
Down the long gully, past the Water Towers;
By Backhouse Point he nosed among the niches,
But they were hushed, and innocent of Giaours;
Still fearful found the earthy homes we haunted,
Those thirsty stretches where the rest-camps were,
Then to the sea slunk on, a trifle daunted
By wreathéd wires and every sort of snare,
And came at last, incredulous, to find
The very beach all blasphemously mined.

Now on each hand he eyes our impious labels,
BOND STREET and REGENT STREET, those weary ways;
Here stands the PINK FARM, with the broken gables,
Here OXFORD CIRCUS marks a winding maze;
But most, I ween, in scarred grave-ridden regions
O'er many a battle-scene he loves to brood,
How Allah here was gracious to his legions,
How here, again, he was not quite so good,
Here by the BROWN HOUSE, when the bombs began,
And they—don't mention it—they turned and ran.

And we no more shall see the great ships gather,
Nor hear their thundering on days of state,
Nor toil from trenches in an honest lather
To magic swimmings in the perfect Strait;
Nor sip Greek wine and see the slow sun dropping
On gorgeous evenings over Imbros' Isle,
While up the hill that maxim will keep popping,
And the men sing, and camp-fires wink awhile,
And in the scrub the glow-worms glow like stars,
But (hopeless creatures) will not light cigars;

Nor daylong linger in our delvéd lodges,
And fight for food with fifty thousand flies,
Too sick and sore to be afraid of "proj's,"
Too dazed with dust to see the turquoise skies;
Nor walk at even by the busy beaches,
Or quiet cliff-paths where the Indians pray,
And see the sweepers in the sky-blue reaches
Of Troy's own water, where the Greek ships lay,
And touch the boat-hulks, where they float forlorn,
The wounded boats of that first April morn;

Nor wake unhappily to see the sun come
And stand to arms in some Cimmerian grot—
But I, in town, well rid of all that bunkum,
I like to think that Mahomet is not;
He must sit on, now sweltering, now frozen,
By many a draughty cliff and mountain holt,
And, when rude fears afflict the Prophet's chosen,
Gird on his arms and madly work his bolt,
While round the heights the awful whispers run,
"*The bard of* PUNCH *is landing with his gun.*"

Condescension.

"THROUGH STRESS OF WAR Baronet's Niece will ORDER a Gentleman's HOUSEHOLD."—*The Times.*

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXIV.

(*From the Frau Professor* TINTENKLECKS.)

ALL-MIGHTIEST KAISER,—With the humblest assurance of my everlasting respect I desire to lay bare to you, since you are without doubt the Father of your People, my inmost thoughts as to this terrible War in which we have now for eighteen months been engaged. I have some right, I think, for my husband is that same Professor Tintenklecks whose *opusculum* on "International Law in Relation to World Power" was received with special favour by your Majesty, who summoned the beloved writer to your Palace, and with your own gracious right hand were pleased to beat him with some force on his back, saying that "this Tintenklecks is a tremendous fellow, and there should be more such in the world." How well I remember that evening—it was a year before the War—and how in honour of the Professor we had a Poetry supper, at which each guest recited some verses of praise, and at the end little Amalie Siegeltisch, the daughter of our colleague, placed on the brows of the Professor a laurel-wreath which, however, pricked his with-much-hair-unadorned head, and had therefore, after a great deal of pleasant witticisms, to be taken off.

So when the War at last broke out my husband and I were amongst the loudest Hosannah-shouters and singers of true German patriotic songs, for we believed then that the War would be a short one, and that after a few great victories we should make a brilliant peace on our own terms, having utterly smashed all our enemies and having taken England's war-ships and her colonies for our own. "Long he cannot last," said my Professor, speaking of the War. "The French are a degenerate race, and we shall be in Paris in a month. The English are given up to games, and their mercenary army—I have it on the highest authority—cannot for a moment stand against our German heroes. The Russians are slow and disorganised and useless for war. For me you need not be afraid, my dear. In this war a man of my age will not be required." So he spoke; and now where is he and what has become of him? He has lost a leg, his right hand has been shot through, and he is in a hospital in Poland. Shall I ever see him again, I wonder.

Well, we have had victories in plenty, according to the Generals. Every time we move from one place to another we gain, it seems, an overwhelming triumph and cause to fly every one who is opposed to us. Twice already your Majesty has announced that before the leaves fell from the trees there would be peace, and our brave soldiers would return safely to their homes; but, alas, it has not so happened, and the dreadful fighting still goes on, and many thousands of our women lose their fathers, their husbands, and their sons. With every victory (as they call it) peace, which should be nearer at hand, seems to retire further and further away, and only sorrow and wretchedness come close to us. And that is not all. Our food, like everything else we have to buy, is so dear that we women find it above all things difficult to provide ourselves with what we need for our daily life, and the worst of it, they say, has not yet come. I could understand that if we had been defeated; but we have been ever victorious and yet we are in want. It is useless for Pastor Hassmann to tell us on Sundays that we must endure to the end. We are prepared to do what we can, but we think, too, that since we have been so magnificently victorious we should have peace quickly, so that we may all once more try to have some happiness in this world.

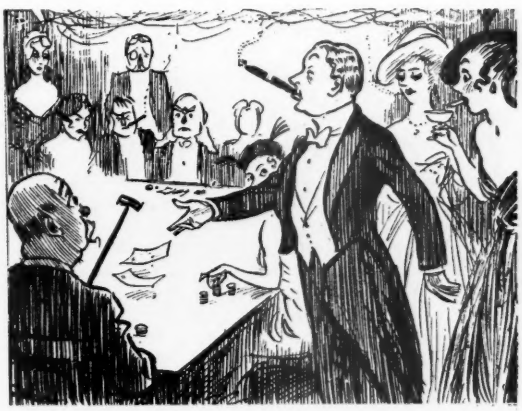
I remain, in the deepest devotion,
Your loyal, KUNEGUNDE TINTENKLECKS.

MR. PUNCH'S POTTED FILMS. THE DOMESTIC DRAMA.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.



"MUMMY, WHERE DOES DADDY GO EVERY NIGHT AFTER DINNER?"



ALAS! HE GOES TO THE ELYSIAN CLUB—NUMBER 301A, SOHO SQUARE.



"HULLO, DADDY! I'SE COME TO SEE 'OO."



THE CLUB IS SURROUNDED BY THE POLICE.



"WE ARE THE CARETAKER'S LITTLE CHILDREN."



WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.



"WOT'S COME OVER YOUNG GINGER?"
"OW! THERE'S NO TORKIN' TO 'IM SINCE 'IS BRUVVER TOOK UP WIV LORD DURBY."

MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS O'REILLY.

LUCY.

WE called her Lucy because she came from the country and "dwelt on a wide moor." We never knew her real name.

She came like a ray of sunlight into our dull sordid town once a week with immaculate white apron, wearing a cap of an older, honester world, carrying a basket of delicious country butter made up in appetising rolls. On the clean napkin which covered the top of the basket always reposed a huge door-key, "to keep," she said, "the butter from turning." And the white hair of her and those wonderful blue eyes which looked you through and through! No wonder my wife was in love with her and refused from that time to eat the dull town-grocer's wares.

My wife often muses as to the real cause of the general superiority of dwellers in the country over the apologies for humanity who live in towns. She says it is moral fibre. She comes from the country herself and is quite unbiassed. For me I think it must be living so much amongst sheep and lambs and woolly things.

I shouldn't have said myself that our town butter was without fibre, but this is a matter of taste.

My wife would often close her eyes when eating Lucy and conjure up pictures of her own simple girlhood days, of the country rectory, of the rooks singing matins and vespers in the trees. Country people often get like this over an egg at breakfast. I didn't eat Lucy myself, as my taste is ruined by my vicious town breeding; besides, Lucy was a luxury in war-time, and Dossett's Genuine Creamery has for me a meatier savour.

Cecilia always gave Lucy more than the market value for her butter and a cup of tea besides, while they chatted occasionally over things dear to rural hearts, accidents by flood and field, turnips and parochial vestries. My wife used to marvel at the superior firmness of Lucy's butter, which was ever the same, Lucy's explanation being that she had a wonderfully cool hand.

Our local inspector, a man of the latest and most scientific knowledge, confirmed this statement. In introducing Lucy to our resident magistrate he said she was the coolest hand he had ever known. It was a bad case. It had ten per cent. too much of this, and fifteen per cent. too much of that, and the rest was the cheapest margarine and stirring. There wasn't a cow within five miles of her place and he didn't believe she had ever seen one.

We haven't met Lucy since. My wife says that WORDSWORTH was often taken in, just like that. And she has heard, anyhow, that Lucy was born in Bradford. So that it proves nothing.

Hymn for Volunteer Corps digging trenches for the defence of London:—

"O Parados! O Parados! 'tis weary working here!"

"The baby should go out every day, except when it is storming."

New York Sunday Herald.

In that case try a wind-pill.

"To-day's Russian communiqué says:—

In Persia, on the road to Kermanshah, we have occupied the town of Kangavar.

Note.—Kangavar is a town of $15\frac{3}{4}\frac{3}{4}$ inhabitants in the Province of Ardilan."

Aberdeen Evening Express.

This is carrying accuracy to an extreme, even for Scotland.



THE CHALLENGE.

"HALT! WHO COMES THERE?" "NEUTRAL." "PROVE IT!"

["What I would say to Neutrals is this: Do they admit our right to apply the principles which were applied by the American Government in the War between North and South—to apply those principles to modern conditions and to do our best to prevent trade with the enemy through neutral countries? If the answer is that we are not entitled to do that, then I must say definitely that it is a departure from neutrality."—*Sir* EDWARD GREY.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, January 24th.—At Question time House crowded in response to urgent Whip issued in anticipation of division on Third Reading of Military Service Bill. Members ready to vote; disinclined to remain to hear speeches, delivered on Second Reading and Committee stages, reiterated by small minority on Report. Thus it came to pass that when on stroke of half-past nine this milestone passed, Benches were almost empty.

Filled up when Third Reading moved, and debate lamely set on foot again. WALTER LONG, who has greatly helped BONAR LAW in his successful management of Bill, set good example by moving Third Reading without additional word of comment or argument. Example thrown away. More last words spoken under embarrassing accompaniment of private conversation and other signs of impatience.

Shortly after eleven o'clock division taken, revealing existence of solid minority of three dozen. Oddly enough, whilst rattling majority on Second Reading was hailed with enthusiastic cheering, that on Third Reading was heard in silence, Members hurrying off in search of taxis.

Business done.—By majority of 347, in House of 419 Members, Military Service Bill read a third time and passed on to Lords.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Military Service Bill turned up for Second Reading. Full attendance and a gathering of Commoners in their pen above Bar seemed to indicate important debate. Turned out to be only less dull than that which slumbered round closing stage in the Commons. LANSDOWNE pluckily endeavoured to give note of novelty to topic by saying "not what the Bill was but what it was not." Even this ingenious device did not succeed in investing proceedings with anything approaching animation.

The WEARY WEARDALE, who through long public life has tried in succession both branches of the Legislature and found them equally withered, was doubtful whether the measure would appreciably affect its avowed purpose of increasing number of men with the Colours. With instinct of good Liberal—in his time PHILIP STANHOPE was known in the Commons as an almost dangerous Radical—he turned and rent "certain leaders who have surrendered a precious principle and in so doing are undermining the authority and existence of the whole Liberal Party." Still, though prospect was gloomy, he would not despair.

"The Liberal Party," he said, "will rise again" (HALSBURY shook his head doubtfully) "and will shed the leaders who have deserted it."

Having thus delivered his soul WEARY ONE did not challenge a division.

Business done.—Military Service Bill read second time without division.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Once more, the last time in history of session of unparalleled length and importance, House crowded. Peers' Gallery full. From Diplomatic Gallery the United States, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, represented by their Ministers, looked on, eagerly listening.



REDUCED IMPORT OF PAPER: WHAT WE MAY COME TO.

Mr. Runciman. "AH, WELL, ONE MISSES THE OLD WEALTH OF FLATTERY; STILL, ONE MUST MAKE SACRIFICES FOR ONE'S COUNTRY!"

Resolution, moved by SHIRLEY BENN, urged Government to enforce against enemy a blockade as effective as possible. In one of his comprehensive, quietly delivered and powerful speeches EDWARD GREY showed that situation is not so easily managed as amateur diplomatists below the Gangway believe, or as fractious newspapers, bent on damaging the Government even if the Empire falls, assert. Explained in detail steps taken by Foreign Office to deal with it. House listened critically but approvingly. Took note of fact that FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY emphatically cheered denial of one of the malicious rumours current—that in the task of preventing supplies reaching the enemy the Foreign Office spoils the work of the Navy.

Sharp, almost angry burst of cheering greeted passage towards close of speech in which FOREIGN SECRETARY declared that maximum effort in this country, whether military, naval or financial, is at the disposal of our Allies in carrying on the War against Prussian militarism.

"With them," he confidently but still quietly said, "we will see it through to the end."

Speeches following expressed general satisfaction with this statement, supplemented by one addressed to neutrals. Courteously assured them of desire not to make things unnecessarily irksome. But pointed out that in the matter of preventing supplies reaching the enemy by circuitous routes Great Britain has her own work to do and means to do it thoroughly.

Business done.—Resolution advocating effective blockade talked out.

Thursday.—Parliament prorogued. Reversing CHARLES LAMB'S conscientious habit at the India Office, where, having arrived late, he made up for it by going away early, Parliament, having toiled through exceptionally long Session, treats itself to briefest possible recess. Reassembles 15th February.

Diana Up to Date.

"MANAGERESS (35), thorough business woman, accustomed to control stag."

Women's Employment.

From an account of the reception of British soldiers in Rome:—

"As the hour for departure approached the band played alternately the 'Marcia Reale' and 'Rule, Britannia,' while our men sang 'Tipperary.'"—*The Times.*

We fear the proceedings were not so harmonious as we had been led to suppose.

"GENTLEMAN'S SHOOTING ESTATE for Sale, 240 acres, or would Let on Lease; near London Bridge."—*Advt. in "The Standard."*

Shooting the arches is splendid sport.

"2.45 A.M.—When Grossmith lit a cigarette someone said, 'This is all right. We bring a civilian here, and he lights up within hailing distance of the Germans.'

2.46 P.M.—Grossmith put out his cigarette."

Daily Mirror.

Now that tobacco is going up again it would be a boon to smokers if Mr. GROSSMITH would tell us how he keeps a cigarette going for twelve hours.

"The fire which broke out at Bergen on Saturday was mastered by three o'clock on Sunday morning. About 400 buildings, mostly very valuable property, were destroyed. The value of the houses which were burnt down is about £1,111,111, and the total damage is estimated at £5,555,555."

Edinburgh Evening News.

The exactitude of these figures would convince even an insurance company.



First Lady. "THAT'S ONE OF THEM AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS." *Second Lady.* "HOW DO YOU KNOW?"
First Lady. "WHY, CAN'T YOU SEE THE KANGAROO FEATHERS IN HIS HAT?"

THE PLEA OF THE HOMELESS.

MOST of the petitions from natives which find their way into print for the removal of the white man's gravity hail from our Indian Empire. But the Babu's monopoly can be assailed. The following recent and genuine example is from West Africa:—

"*To Sir —— ——, Commander of the New Work Shops.*

"Sir, read to the end!

"DEAR BRITISH COMMANDER OF INFLUENCE,—I am with cordial gratitude to put this pen before you, saying since I came down from my native land I had been trie for a house, even by rentable, but none for me in that village, where I lieve still. But a certain friend of mine do advice me to stay with him, during the last December up to now. And yet that young man's wife has come from his native land, with these there is no room before me at all. Therefore I wish with my lowly voice to beg your honour to find me even a half house of your kitchen at any place where you like, or either the same place where I am. By your own desire. Please Sir if not! try and get me a boards such as a glass packing cases and a few planks for poles. But Sir I know myself very well, that it will be very difficulty before you, simple because you have none of carpenters. Therefore do try by your own authority to supply me those boards and planks, and I shall find myself a joiner as a day contract to build it for me! because my elder brother also shall help. Therefore dear Lord I hope you shall give ear for my lowly speak and then have mercy on your meekly servant with good reply. I have the most honour to be Sir

"Your humble Clerk."

For "Ineligibles" only.

"WANTED, Bricklayers for pointing 12 houses at Belvedere; peacework."
Provincial Paper.

Commercial Modesty.

"M. JACOB & CO.,
CONFECTIONER AND GLACIER.
Pastry of sorts."
Madras Mail.

The Zeal of the Convert.

Sir THOMAS WHITTAKER, M.P., as reported by *The Yorkshire Evening Post*:

"Objection to compulsion on principle was all nonsense. Compulsion was the only safeguard we had against anarchy, barbarism, law, order, justice, and freedom."

Cromwelliana.

"On Friday last a centenarian passed away at Whithall, Galway, in the person of Mrs. Catherine Hynes, who had attained the remarkable age of 102. The old lady had a remarkably retentive memory, recalling with ease incidents which occurred three generations ago. Her recollection of Cromwell's campaign was particularly clear."—*Connacht Tribune.*

"The other alien peer is the twelfth Viscount Taaffe, of the Irish peerage, an Austrian subject, as his predecessors have been since their estates were confiscated by Cromwell after the Battle of the Boyne."—*Sunday Times.*

The late Mrs. HYNES was perhaps the authority for this statement.

"ALLIES' WARSHIPS
KEEP TURKS ON TENDER HOOKS
AT GALLIPOLI."
Express and Echo (Exeter).

This is rather hard on the enemy, who thought the Allies had taken their hook long ago.

AT THE FRONT.

HOME again! The base softened its heart on the very morning on which I had practically decided to attend a parade next day if I were called in time, and released me with an enormous command to conduct to the War. I told the senior N.C.O. at the station of entrainment that I would regard him as personally responsible if he dropped any of the men on the line or under the engine on the way up, and was just off to look for food when the R.T.O. told me the train was due out in two minutes. After making quite sure that he wasn't a Major I reminded him that for that matter the War had been due to be over last September; also that I had used some of his trains before and that he couldn't teach me two-pennyworth about them I hadn't known from childhood. This I said courteously but firmly, and thereafter felt better and bought eight boiled eggs, a ham sandwich made so hastily that the ham came to be altogether omitted, three oranges, and a large mineral-water. The train was in the station for three-quarters-of-an-hour after I returned. I passed the time pleasantly by walking up and down in front of the R.T.O.

And now I am here. Glory apart, I could think for a long time without hitting on anywhere beastlier to be except perhaps just the other side of a breastwork thirty yards off where the Bosch has been dropping heavy crumps in threes with monotonous regularity since an indecent hour this morning. I have been partly asleep, partly waiting for one to drop thirty yards short. There is no one to talk to except a chaffinch, who thinks of nothing but his appearance. If I thought of mine I should go mad. I am wet under and through and over everything—wet, not with rain, but with mud. You have heard that there is mud in Flanders?

But the worst part really is the number of hours in a day; we have as many as ten nowadays in which movement is simply not done. Where dawn finds you, dusk releases you. That is here; I believe we have some real trenches somewhere behind. But we of the ten hours' stretch run out of employment early in the morning and remain there the rest of the day. Of course you can eat—if your rations really came up last night—but not, I think, continuously for ten hours. A very inferior officer—not I—has invented a recipe for the ten-hour day which may appeal to some similarly loose-ended officer. You take an air-pillow and lie with your gum-booted feet on it till the position becomes intolerable; then you remove the pillow, sit up and pick the mud off it. When it's clean you do the same thing again. One tour of this duty will take an hour if you are conscientious. Its inventor claims that it makes the sun fairly bustle down the sky.

There are advantages in solitary feeding. Haven't you ever wanted, when confronted with a lunch tongue, to hack out all the nice tonguey bits for yourself and leave the bully beef parts to be used for soup or some other domestic economy? Well, I hack out the tonguey bits every day. True, I usually have to eat the bully beef parts next meal, but—*à la guerre comme à la guerre*—I always *might* have been casualtied between meals, and then think what a fool I'd feel over my failure to make the most of the first.

I've come to the conclusion that this Army isn't really fair. Some regiments I've met always seem to be doing three weeks' rest down at Boulogne or Nice or somewhere like that. Thrice and four times have I come and come back to this battalion, and every blessed time they've been either in trenches when I arrived, or situated directly behind the trenches and going up, it might be, to make some more.

Sometimes we go up to dig, sometimes to carry, sometimes both. On the night of my re-arrival I went up with the digging party, and have the honour to report the following conversation between a certain one of our diggers and a friend who loomed up carrying about four engineer dug-outs, two coils of barbed wire, and a maul. You could just make out the man under it all as he stumbled erratically along a mud-ridden track.

"'Ello, Steve," says the digger, "wot 's yer game to-night?"

Steve stopped for a second to look at his interrogator and then observed genially as he moved on,

"Oh, just killin' time, you know."



Officer. "WHY DO YOU THINK HE WOULDN'T MAKE A GOOD CORPORAL?"
Sergeant (indicating sentry). "'IM A CORPORAL! LOR LUMME! WHY, 'IS NAME'S CLARENCE!"

TERCENTENARY TWITTERINGS.

THE letters that follow are only a small selection from those that have been inadvertently forwarded to us in response to the appeal of *The Westminster Gazette* for suggestions as to the most appropriate method of celebrating SHAKSPEARE'S tercentenary:—

A HINT TO GREATER BRITAIN.

The name of the new capital of the Australian Commonwealth is not irrevocably fixed, and it seems to me that a splendid opportunity is now offered our brethren overseas to commemorate the genius of the foremost British man of letters by linking his name with the new Antipodean metropolis. I should not venture to dictate the exact form which it should take, but "Willshake" seems to me to meet the requirements of the case very happily, though the claims of "Avonbard" also deserve consideration.

PHILLIBERT HARKER.

BIRD AND BARD.

As SHAKSPEARE overtopped all other men, so should his memorial tower over all other monuments. I cannot help thinking that the re-erection of the Wembley Tower in the form of a gigantic swan soaring into the empyrean to the height of say two or three thousand feet would prove a satisfactory solution of the problem. Whether it should be black or white is a question which might be referred to a small committee of experts, such as Sir SIDNEY LEE, Sir HERBERT TREE and Miss MARIE CORELLI.

MILE END.

P.S.—A good alternative method of celebrating the tercentenary of SHAKSPEARE would be the execution on Shakspeare Cliff, at Dover, of a colossal portrait of the immortal dramatist, somewhat on the scale of the famous "White Horse." Once the outline had been marked out by a competent artist the rest of the work could be easily



HOW TO TALK TO THE WOUNDED.

"WHAT THE BOSCHES CAN'T STAND, YOU KNOW, MA'AM, IS COLD STEEL."
"YES, I SUPPOSE IT GETS *VERY* COLD THIS TIME OF YEAR."

completed *gratis* by the Volunteers, and the total cost would be negligible.

A FRUGAL SUGGESTION.

I venture to think that no better way of paying homage to the genius of SHAKSPEARE could be devised than for all the newspapers throughout the country to devote their best pages on the day to suitable extracts from his works. This arrangement has the extra inducement of being economical as well as appropriate.

REGINALD JOBSON,
Registrar in Bankruptcy.

A GREAT SCIENTIST SPEAKS OUT.

What we want is to convert SHAKSPEARE into a genuine educational instrument, and that is impossible so long as he is only available in his present archaic form. A new edition of the Plays, purged of their classicism and romanticism and expressed in language of scientific accuracy, is peremptorily demanded in the interests of national efficiency. X. RAY, F.R.S.

A FASTIDIOUS CRITIC.

You ask me, "What are my own personal plans in connection with the anniversary?" It is on record that a very distinguished divine stayed in bed on the day following the announcement of the death of Lord BEACONSFIELD, so as to avoid the horrid temptation of reading what was said about him in the newspaper, which was the divine's pet aversion. I propose to follow this excellent example on Shakspeare Day.

T. H.

AMERICA'S GREATEST POET SENDS GREETING.

From across the stormy ocean,
Prompted by a deep emotion,
I despatch my salutation on a card;
For although I cannot meet thee
In the flesh, I still can greet thee,
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, as a worthy brother bard.

In these times of stress and passion,
When the sword is all the fashion,
Only minstrelsy can keep the world in tune;
For the poet is a healer,
And both WILL and ELLA WHEELER
Are a blessing and a comfort and a boon.

A CEMETERIAL CELEBRATION.

No memorial to SHAKSPEARE can be adequate which does not express in some concrete shape the universality of his appeal. This end might be attained by erecting a cenotaph in his honour in every churchyard and cemetery in England. I admit that such a scheme would cost money and so might be contrary to the spirit of economy which ought to animate everyone at this hour. But a beginning might be made even now, and I have composed a Funeral March in *Hamlet* the proceeds of which I would gladly devote to the purpose,

ALGERNON BROOKWOOD.

A Short Way with Lecturers.

"To-morrow the Central Methodist Mission will celebrate the anniversary of its rescue and social work. The Sisters of the people are to take part in the morning service, and in the afternoon Mr. —— is killed for an address on 'The Social Outlook.'"
Sydney Daily Telegraph.

THE KAISER TO FERDINAND:—

"I have begged your Majesty to accept the dignity of Prussian Field-Marshal, and I am with my Amy happy that you, by accepting it also in this sense, have become one of us."
Irish Paper.

GERMAN EMPRESS to her husband: "And who is Amy?"

AT THE PLAY.

"PLEASE HELP EMILY."

THE date at which *Emily* needed so much assistance was clearly *ante bellum*, for there is no mention of hostilities, no gun-fire is heard from the direction of Westende, and Belgium is still bathing. But it must have been only just before the War, for the emancipation which the female sex here enjoys is marked by an extreme modernity. A decade or two ago we might have been shocked at the spectacle of a young lady turning up at a bachelor's flat at 9 A.M. on a Sunday in a ball-frock, after a night out at a dancing-club. Lately we have learnt to bear such escapades without flinching. But it was not so with *Emily's* guardian, *Sir Samuel Lethbridge*, very Victorian in his stuffy prejudice in favour of the decencies; and it was necessary to put him off with a tale of her sudden departure to Brussels to render first aid to an aunt stricken with mumps. In order to give colour to this fabrication *Emily* urges *Dick Trotter*, the bachelor of the flat (as soon as he returns from his own night out), to conduct her to the alleged invalid. He consents, but not without protest, for he is a *roué* of the old school and cannot approve of these platonic adventures; besides, he is about to *se ranger* by marriage with somebody else and (a matter of detail, but most inconvenient) is under contract to take her to Brighton for the day.

A fairly preposterous start, you will say; yet the delightful naturalness which Miss GLADYS COOPER and Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY bring to the situation gives it almost an air of possibility. But, once we are at Ostend, and have been introduced to *Trotter's* incredibly inappropriate fiancée (she is a niece of the same aunt and has followed under protection of a tame escort), we are prepared to launch freely and fearlessly into the rough and tumble of farce.

It is in vain that Miss GLADYS COOPER, over her *petit déjeuner*, preserves a natural demeanour, even to the point of talking with her mouth full; the light humour of the First Act declines to the verge of buffoonery. The devastating confusions which ensue in the matter of identity and relationship (in our author's Ostend you assume, till corrected, that all couples are married); the intervention of the local gendarmerie, headed by a British detective; the arrest of half the party (including the aunt, arrived in perfect health and ignorance *en route* for England) on a nameless charge in connection with *Emily's* suspected abduction — all this is in the best Criterion manner.

In the Third Act, though we never recover the rapture of the First, the humour touches a higher level; but what it gains in *finesse* it loses in spontaneity. Here we meet *Emily's* father, returned from lecturing in the States on social ethics. The scandal of his daughter's conduct leaves him indifferent, for a long and varied experience of the morals of many lands, in the course of which he has married as many as eighteen wives, having made a point of adopting for the time being the system—polygamous or other—of the country in which he happens to find himself, has taught him that nothing is right or wrong except as local opinion makes it so. We are allowed to gather that heredity may have had some influence



EMILY GIVES DICK THE GLADYS EYE.

Richard Trotter . Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.
Emily Delmar . . Miss GLADYS COOPER.

in the moulding of *Emily's* character; and if we may hope for its continuance into the next generation there seems every prospect that the children she may bear to *Trotter* (now released from *Julia* and free to marry the right woman) will not have their development hampered by excess of prudery.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY as *Trotter* played with his old easy skill and seemed to take a more than usual interest in the play. He was supported (as they say) by a particularly brilliant cast, including Miss LOTTIE VENNE as the aunt, Mr. ERIC LEWIS as *Emily's* father, Mr. FREDERICK KERR as *Sir Samuel*, Miss HELEN HAYE in the thankless part of *Julia*, and Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR as a self-effacing phantom of a lover. All were in great form; but, next to Miss GLADYS COOPER, whose natural charm and ingenuous *espièglerie* were a perpetual delight, I offer my profoundest compliments to the short but extraordinarily clever performance of Mr. H. R. HIGNETT as *Trotter's* man *Francis*. This is the day of stage valets, but he was an exceptional treasure. To a quiet taste for philosophy he added an infinite tact; and by the lies which he poured into the telephone to cover his master's breach of engagement to *Julia* he moved *Emily*, herself a gifted artist, to admiration.

The author, Mr. H. M. HARWOOD, must be congratulated on a farce that at its best was really excellent fun. And he may take it for flattery, if he likes, when I say that a good deal of his dialogue might be adapted into the French without offending our gallant Allies on the ground of a too insular squeamishness. O. S.

THE INDURATION.

THINK not, dear love, because my cheek
With grief grows neither grey nor hollow,
Because no pharmacist I seek
In quest of arsenic to swallow,
Because I do not wince and weep
By day and night for cardiac pains,
That my fond passion falls on sleep,
Or, secondly, my worship wanes.

For these are strenuous days of strife
That steel the soul of every Briton;
Sterner and stronger grows our life
Till simple bards become hard-bitten;
So when, each Thursday, I propose
(As usual) to wed my fair,
I frankly find her changeless "No's"
Not half so poignant as they were.

From an almanack of appropriate quotations:—

"JANUARY 27.
Thursday.
German Emperor born, 1859.
O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings.
Milton."

"If men well up in years would cultivate a habit of breathing properly and always holding themselves erect when walking and sitting, we would find fewer elderly people bent double when we do."—*Daily Express.*

Our gay contemporary has been caught bending on this occasion.

"He asked the Government not to muzzle the ox that laid golden eggs."
The Daily Argosy (*Demerara*).

It wasn't really an ox; it was a bull.

From a country retail chemist's appeal to the Local Tribunal for his son's exemption from Military Service: "I cannot dispense with him"—or, presumably, without him.



ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY.

Sporting Lawyer. "IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE YOU'LL COME TO THE BRIDGE!"
Old Farmer. "NA FEAR! SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE FOR T' ADVICE? I'D RATHER CHANCE A DUCKIN'."

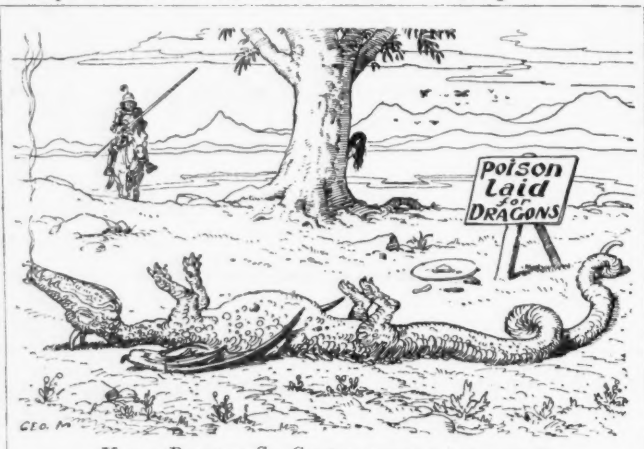
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN *Hargrave Ladd*, who was a solicitor in a very fair way of business, with an agreeable but unemotional wife, happened to be getting into an omnibus at the moment when *Stella Rayne* fell off the top of it, he unconsciously put himself in the way of a lot of bother. Naturally, as a gentleman and the male protagonist of a novel—*Let Be* (METHUEN)—he could do no less than pick the girl out of the mud and see her home in a cab. Whether, quite strictly speaking, he need have called next day to see how she was getting over the accident is another matter. Certainly his interfering aunt, *Mrs. Dering*, was of the opinion that *Hargrave*, as a married man, was displaying an excess of courtesy towards the pretty tumbler. As for Miss SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE, who has written the tale, she gives no indication of her views one way or the other. Indeed this attitude of humorous tolerance for humanity is Miss LETHBRIDGE's most striking characteristic. It is at once a source of strength and weakness to the book, making, on the one hand, for the reality of the characters, and, on the other, for a certain non-conductiveness of atmosphere that robs their emotions of warmth. Anyhow, the inevitable happens, and *Hargrave* falls in love with *Stella*, who in turn reciprocates his passion up to almost the last page in the book, when, having come to the edge of the precipice and made every preparation for her leap into the gulf of elopement, she does a mental quick-change and walks away as the contented betrothed of Another. So *Hargrave*, making the best of a good job, rejoins *Mrs. H.*; and one may suppose that, if any more distressed damsels fall off omnibuses in his presence, he will prudently "let be." You may think with me that this abrupt finish lessens the effect of an otherwise well-written and entertaining story.

Miss MURIEL HINE in *The Individual* (LANE), essaying a problem novel, does not disdain the old-fashioned way of the woven plot and the dramatic incident. Her hero, *Orde Taverner*, surgeon by trade and eugenist by profession, falls in love with *Elizma*, a Cornish beauty and rare fiddler. His inquiries as to her eugenical fitness having been answered satisfactorily but inaccurately, he marries, to find that *Elizma's* mother really died insane. His principles conquer his desire for children, and his decision is communicated to the fiery *Elizma*, who, fierce maternalist that she is and coming of a wild stock that never stuck at anything, undertakes a desperate flirtation by way of solving the difficulty in her own heroic way—at least you will certainly make this kind of a guess, but on investigation you may find that you've been wrong! Happily in the end a deathbed confession proves the second version of her birth as inaccurate as the first. She really comes of quite untainted stock, so the eugenist is satisfied and husband and wife reconciled. That is to say the author runs away from her problem, which was perhaps, all things considered, the wisest thing to do. She has some eye for character and has made a good thing of her *Elizma*, but has let herself scatter her energies over a team too large to be driven with a sure hand. And why, oh why did she drag in the War? Or call her butler *Puffles*? But she keeps the interest of her story going, and you mustn't skip or you may be set off on a hopelessly wrong tack.

So great is my admiration for the humorous gifts of Mr. WILLIAM CAINE and so strong my gratitude to him for such books as *Boom* and *Old Enough to Know Better*, that I have decided to erase from my memory with all possible speed his latest effort, *Bildad the Quill-Driver* (LANE). A man with so many bull's-eyes to his credit may be forgiven an occasional miss; and, to be candid, *Bildad the Quill-Driver* seems to me to come nowhere near the target. Most of Mr. CAINE'S work would be the better for a certain amount of condensation, but this is the only occasion on which he has really lost control of his pen. He has had the unfortunate idea of writing a comic *Arabian Nights* in close imitation of the style of the original translation, even to the insertion of short poems at every possible opportunity. Now, this is one of those ideas which at first blush would seem to contain all the elements of delightful humour; but it has the deadly flaw that it involves a monotony which becomes after a few pages more than irritating. For a while the novelty is entertaining, and then the reader becomes crushed by the realisation that he has got to rely for his amusement on the same sort of joke repeated over and over again for more than three hundred pages. And, once that happens, the doom of the book is sealed, for the adventures of *Bildad* are not in themselves diverting—his love-affair with the giantess is as unfunny a thing as ever I yawned over—and if you cease to chuckle at the burlesque pomposity of the style there is nothing left. There are some things which do not lend themselves to sustained parody, and the manner of the *Arabian Nights* is one of them. But, as I say, I am not going to allow this book to shake my opinion that Mr. CAINE is one of our most engaging humorists.



HOW A PRUSSIAN ST. GEORGE WOULD HAVE DONE IT.

I recommend, absolutely without reserve, a war book entitled *Day by Day with the Russian Army* (CONSTABLE). It is written by Professor BERNARD PARES, the Official British Observer with the Russian Armies in the Field, and is the real thing. Although incidentally it is to be praised as a modest and lucid piece of writing, well in keeping with the character of an author whose habit of viewing an action from the most dangerous, because the most interesting, point can be discovered only by reading between the lines, primarily it is to be prescribed as a sovereign tonic against German-made depression. The writer, after being present at the conquest of Galicia and the triumphant advance to the top of the Carpathians, after witnessing much of the historical Russian retreat under pressure of overwhelming artillery superiority, and after conversing freely with his friends of all ranks on different sectors of the Front whilst offering greetings in the name of their English comrades in arms, announces finally, in a wholly satisfactory fashion, his unalterable conviction as to the unqualified supremacy of our Allies when on anything like equal terms with their opponents as regards munitions of war. And that is a matter which, though never in doubt, it is pleasant to hear again in tones of authority at a time when we believe the Russian lack of supplies is at last being made good. The evidence is the more complete because not only do we learn of the interrogation of many prisoners, but because a long extract from the diary of one of them, an Austrian officer, is included, to point the difference in spirit between the two armies. The demoralisation of the Austrian forces, even when advancing, is so strikingly presented that one cannot doubt their dependence on German domination and German batteries to hold them together at all. Although Professor PARES attaches several excellent maps, he is not really much concerned with questions of strategy, but has devoted himself to just two points—*moral* and munitions.

I am afraid that Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT is in a little danger of overdoing it. She knows (who better?) the briskness of the popular demand for long-lost heirs; and she may well have argued that the longer he has been lost, the more squalid his present environment, and the more brilliant his heritage, the more assured would be the heir's welcome. Perhaps indeed this may be so in America; but for this side, as I say, I have my doubts. I daresay your own intuition will tell you that the hero of *The Lost Prince* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a prince who has been lost. In fact so effectually had the branch of the regal house to which *Prince Ivor* belonged been mislaid that the story opens upon him dwelling in a London slum with no companions but a mysterious father and a crippled playfellow (called *The Rat*). All sorts of mysterious things are constantly happening just out of sight; and presently the dynastic intrigues of Mrs. BURNETT launch the two boys upon a secret journey through Europe, to convey to a number of pleasantly melodramatic conspirators the message that "The Lamp is Lighted!" As their object is expressly stated to be protection for a small principality, the fact that the interviews include one with the Emperor of AUSTRIA has in these days a quaintly anachronistic effect, and at least serves to emphasise the neutral origin of the story. However, they are of course successful; and in the last chapter *Prince Ivor* manages to be enormously astonished at finding that the mysterious monarch of Samavia, for whom he has been working, is none other than his own father—an obvious fact that, with truly royal tactfulness, he had contrived to ignore throughout the story. My advice to the author is to write up her villains (at present they haven't a chance) and make the whole thing into a film play. The wanderings of the two boys offer a fine opportunity for scenic variety; while the sentiment is of precisely the nature to be stimulated by a pianoforte accompaniment. As a three-reel exclusive, in short, I can fancy *The Lost Prince* entering triumphantly into his appropriate kingdom.

"UNFURNISHED ROOM to Let in Clyde Road; quiet house; convenience for washing once a week if necessary; rent 3s."
Hastings and St. Leonards Observer.

It sounds dirt-cheap.



Tommy. "'ERE, TED, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Ted (ex-plumber). "WY, I'M GOIN' BACK FOR ME BAYNET, O' COURSE."

CHARIVARIA.

THE German claim that as the result of the Zeppelin raid "England's industry to a considerable extent is in ruins" is probably based on the fact that three breweries were bombed. To the Teuton mind such a catastrophe might well seem overwhelming.

* * *

A possible explanation of the Government's action in closing the Museums is furnished by the *Cologne Gazette*, which observes that "if one wanted to find droves of Germans in London one had only to go to the museums." But if the Government is closing them merely for purposes of disinfection it might let us know.

* * *

Irritated by the pro-German conversation of one of the guests at an American dinner-party the English butler poured the gravy over him. The story is believed to have greatly annoyed the starving millionaires in Berlin. They complain that their exiled fellow-countrymen get all the luck.

* * *

Is the Office of Works feeding Germany? We have lately learned that no bulbs are to be planted in the London parks this season; and almost simultaneously we read in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* a suggestion that, as bulbs are so cheap owing to the falling-off in the English demand, they should be used as food by the German housewife. What has Mr. HARCOURT to say about this?

* * *

Mr. TED HEATON, a noted Liverpool swimmer, is acting as sergeant-instructor to the Royal Fusiliers at Dover, and is expected to have them in a short time quite ready for the trenches.

* * *

A London magistrate has ruled that poker is a game of chance. He was evidently unacquainted with the leading case in America, where, on the same point arising, the judge, the counsel and the parties adjourned for a quiet game, and the defendant triumphantly demonstrated that it was a game of skill.

* * *

In an article describing the wonders of modern French surgery Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT mentioned that she had watched an operation in which a part of a man's rib was taken out and used as a jawbone. "Pooh!" said the much-married general practitioner who read it, "that's as old as Adam."

* * *

A man who applied recently to be enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps as a carpenter was medically rejected because he had a hammer toe. If he had lost a nail we could have understood it.

* * *

The following letter has been received by the matron of an Indian hospital:—

"DEAR AND FAIR MADAM,—I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your care, she having left this world for the next on the 27th ult. For your help in this matter I shall ever remain grateful.

Yours reverently, ——."

* * *

A correspondent, anxious about etiquette, writes:—"Sir,—The other day I offered my seat to the lady-conductor of a tramcar. Did I right?—Yours truly, NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

* * *

It is stated that one of the principal items of discussion during the new Session of the Prussian Diet will be a Supplementary War Bill. Some of the members are expected to protest, on the ground that the present War is quite sufficient, thank you.

INTELLECTUAL RETRENCHMENT.

[The annual expenses that will be saved by the closing of the London Museums and Galleries amount to about one-fifth of the public money spent on the salaries of Members of Parliament.]

FETCH out your padlocks, bolt and bar the portals,
That none may worship at the Muses' shrine;
Seal up the gifts bequeathed by our Immortals
To be the birthright of their ancient line;
At luxury if you would strike a blow,
Let Art and Science be the first to go.

Close down the fanes that guard the golden treasure
Wrung by our hands from Nature's hidden wealth;
Treat them as idle haunts of wanton pleasure,
Extremely noxious to the nation's health;
Show that our statesmanship at least has won
A vandal victory o'er the vandal Hun.

And when her children whom the seas have sent her
Come to the Motherland to fight her war,
And claim their common heritage, to enter
The gate of dreams to that enchanted store,
To other palaces we'll ask them in,
To purer joys of "movies" and of gin.

But let us still keep open one collection
Of curiosities and quaint antiques,
Under immediate Cabinet direction—
The finest specimens of talking freaks,
Who constitute our most superb Museum,
Judged by the salaries with which we fee 'em.

O. S.

DIPLOMACY.

"TELL us," said Phyllis laboriously, "about diploma——" and there it stuck.

"Tistics," added Lillah in a superior manner.

Being an uncle, I can never give my brain a rest. It is the easiest thing in the world to be found out by a child of seven.

"You mean," I said, "diplomatists?"

"Yes," said Phyllis in a monotone. "Daddy said 'they-weren't-any-earthly-blast-them' and——"

"Yes, yes!" I said hastily. I can imagine what George said about diplomatists. He held a good deal of Balkan stock.

"Well, are they?" asked Lillah innocently.

"Diplomatists," I said, "are people in spats and creased trousers, and the truth is not in them."

"What is spats?" asked Phyllis.

"Spats," I answered, "are what people wear when they want to get a job and their boots are shabby."

"Are diplomatists shabby?" queried Lillah.

"Not a bit," I answered rather bitterly.

"Do they want jobs?"

"They want to keep them," I said.

"So they have spats," said Phyllis, completely satisfied.

"Exactly," I said. "Then they go into an extremely grand room together and talk."

"What about?" said Lillah.

"Oh, anything that turns up," I answered—"the rise in prices or the late thaw; or if everything fails they simply make personal remarks."

"Like clergymen," said Phyllis vaguely.

"Exactly," I said. "And all round the building are secret police disguised as reporters, and reporters disguised as secret police. And then each of the diplomatists goes away and writes a white paper, or a black paper, or a greeny-yellow paper, to show that he was right."

"And then?" Phyllis gaped with astonishment.

"Then everybody organises, and centralises, and fraternises, and defraternises, and, in the end, mobilises."

Phyllis and Lillah simply stared.

"Why?" they both gasped.

"Oh, just to show the diplomatists were wrong," I said airily.

"And then?" said Lillah breathlessly.

"The ratepayers pay more."

"What is a ratepayer?" asked Phyllis.

"A notorious geck and gull," I said, borrowing from a more distinguished writer.

Lillah stared at me with misgiving.

"But why don't the diplomists say what's true?" she asked.

"Because," I said, "they'd lose their money and nobody would love them."

"But," said Phyllis, "Mummie said if we were good everyone would love us."

"Your mother was quite right," I answered, with a distinct twinge of that thin-ice feeling.

"Well, but you said nobody would love diplomists if they were good," said Phyllis.

"So good people aren't loved," added Lillah, "and Mummie said what wasn't true."

I fought desperately for a reply. This could not be allowed to pass. It struck at the roots of nursery constitutionalism.

"Ah," I said, without any pretence at logic, "but the poor diplomatists don't know any better."

"Like the heathen that Mummie tells us about on Sunday?"

"Between the heathen and a diplomatist," I said, "there is nothing to choose."

Phyllis sighed. "I wish I didn't know any better," she said yearningly. Lillah looked at me dangerously from the corner of her eye.

"And got money for it," she added.

"Would you like to play zoo?" I said hastily.

They were silent.

"I'll be a bear," I said eagerly—"a polar one."

No answer. I felt discouraged, but I made another effort. "Or," I said, "I can be a monkey and you can throw nuts at me, or"—desperately—"a ring-tailed lemur, or an orang-outang, or an ant-eater . . ." My voice tailed away and there was silence. Then the small voice of Phyllis broke in.

"Uncle," she said, "why aren't you a diplomist?"

At that point Nurse came in and I slid quietly off. As I was going out of the door I heard the voice of Lillah.

"Nannie," she said, "tell us about diplomists."

"You leave diplomatists alone, Miss Lillah," said Nurse; "they won't do you no harm if you don't talk about them."

Now why couldn't I have thought of that? It's just training, I suppose.

An Impending Apology.

"Lieut.-Col. —— is out of the city in the interests of recruiting."
Winnipeg Evening Tribune.

"Nevertheless a strong Bulgarophone and Turkophone feeling prevails in Greece, especially in military circles."
Balkan News (*Salonika*).

"Master's Voice," we presume.

"Theodore Wolff says:—'Other peace orators have followed Lord Loreburn and Lord Courtney in the House of Lords. One must not awaken the belief that such prophets can accomplish miracles of conversation in a day.'"—*Winnipeg Evening Tribune.*

We think Herr WOLFF underestimates Lord COURTNEY'S powers in this direction.



ECONOMY IN LUXURIES.

FIRST PHILISTINE. "I'M ALL WITH THE GOVERNMENT OVER THIS CLOSING OF MUSEUMS. I NEVER TOUCH 'EM MYSELF."

SECOND PHILISTINE. "SAME HERE. WAITER, GET ME A COUPLE OF STALLS FOR THE FRIVOLITY."

JILLINGS.

I HAVE always been very fond and proud of my niece Celia. With an exceptionally attractive appearance and a personal fascination that is irresistible she combines the sweetest and most unselfish nature it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Indeed, she has so excessive a consideration for the feelings of everybody but herself that she drifts into difficulties which she might have avoided by a little more firmness. As, for example, in the case of Jillings. Celia and Jack have been married six years; he is about twelve years older than she, and a capital good fellow, though he is said to have rather a violent temper. But he has never shown it with Celia—nobody could. Jack had left the Army on his marriage and settled down in a pretty little place in Surrey, but of course rejoined the Service as soon as the War broke out. So long as he was in training with his regiment she took rooms in the neighbourhood, but when he was ordered to the Front about a year ago she and the children returned to the Surrey home, and it was then that Celia engaged Jillings as parlourmaid. I saw her shortly afterwards when I went down to stay for a night, and was struck by the exuberant enthusiasm with which she waited—not over efficiently—at table. Celia remarked afterwards that Jillings was a little inexperienced as yet, but *so* willing and warm-hearted, and with such a sensitively affectionate disposition that the least hint of reproof sufficed to send her into a flood of tears.

I had no idea then—nor had Celia—how much inconvenience and embarrassment can be produced by a warm-hearted parlour-maid. Jillings' devotion did not express itself in a concrete form until Celia's birthday, and the form it took was that of an obese and unimaginably hideous pincushion which mysteriously appeared on her dressing-table. Old and attached servants are in the habit of presenting their employers on certain occasions with some appropriate gift, and no one would be churlish enough to discourage so kindly a practice. But Jillings, it must be owned, was beginning it a bit early. However, Celia thanked her as charmingly as though she had been longing all her life for exactly such a treasure. Still, it was not only unnecessary but distinctly unwise to add that it should be placed in her wardrobe for safety, as being much too gorgeous for every-day use. Because all she gained by this consummate tact was another pincushion, not quite so ornate perhaps, but even cruder in colour, and this she was compelled to assign a prominent position among her toilet accessories.

These successes naturally encouraged Jillings to further efforts. Celia had the misfortune one day to break a piece of valuable old porcelain which had stood on her drawing-room mantelpiece, whereupon the faithful Jillings promptly replaced the loss by a china ornament purchased by herself. Considered merely as an article of *vertu* it was about on a par with the pincushions, but Celia accepted it in the spirit with which it had been offered. And, warned by experience, she did not lock it up in the obscurity of a cabinet, nor contrive that some convenient accident should befall it, wisely preferring "to bear those ills she had than fly to others," etc. And so it still remains a permanent eyesore on her mantelshelf.

Then it seemed that Jillings, who, by the way, was not uncomely, had established friendly relations with one of the gardeners at the big house of the neighbourhood—with the result that Celia found her sitting-rooms replenished at frequent intervals with the most magnificent specimens of magnolia, tuberose, stephanotis and gardenia. Unfortunately she happens to be one of those persons whom any strongly scented flowers afflict with violent headache. But she never mentioned this for fear of wounding Jillings' susceptibilities. Luckily, Jillings and the under-gardener fell out in a fortnight.

As was only to be expected, the other servants, being equally devoted to their mistress, could not allow Jillings to monopolize the pride and glory of putting her under an obligation. Very soon a sort of competition sprang up, each of them endeavouring to out-do the other in giving Celia what they termed, aptly enough, "little surprises," till they hit upon the happy solution of clubbing together for the purpose. Thus Celia, having, out of the kindness of her heart, ordered an expensive lace hood for the baby from a relation of the nurse's at Honiton, was dismayed to discover, when the hood arrived, that it was already paid for and was a joint gift from the domestics. After that she felt, being Celia, that it would be too ungracious to insist on refunding the money.

It was not until I was staying with her last Spring that I heard of all these excesses. But at breakfast on Easter Sunday not only did Celia, Tony and the baby each receive an enormous satin egg filled with chocolates, but I was myself the recipient of one of these seasonable tokens, being informed by the beaming Jillings that "we didn't want *you*, Sir, to feel you'd been forgotten." By lunch-time it became clear that she had succeeded in animating at least one of the local tradesmen with this spirit of reckless liberality. For when Celia made a mild inquiry concerning a sweetbread which she had no recollection of having ordered Jillings explained, with what I fear I must describe as a self-conscious smirk, that it was "a little Easter orfering from the butcher, Madam." I am bound to say that even Celia was less scrupulous about hurting the butcher's feelings—no doubt from an impression that his occupation must have cured him of any over-sensitiveness.

As soon as we were alone she told me all she had been enduring, which it seemed she had been careful not to mention in her letters to Jack. "I simply can't tell you,



AT OUR PATRIOTIC BAZAAR.

Devoted Stall-holder. "I HARDLY LIKE TO ASK YOU, MR. THRUSH, BUT THE COMMITTEE WOULD BE SO GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD WRITE ONE OF YOUR SWEET VERSES ON EACH OF THESE EGGS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS!"



Old Lady (quite carried away). "HOW NICE IT IS TO HAVE THE TICKET PROFFERED, AS IT WERE, INSTEAD OF THRUST UPON ONE!"

Uncle," she concluded pathetically, "how wearing it is to be constantly thanking somebody for something I'd ever so much rather be without. And yet—what else can I do?"

I suggested that she might strictly forbid all future indulgence in these orgies of generosity, and she supposed meekly that she should really have to do something of that sort, though we both knew how extremely improbable it was that she ever would.

This morning I had a letter from her. Jack had got leave at last and she was expecting him home that very afternoon, so I must come down and see him before his six days expired. "I wish now," she went on, "that I had taken your advice, but it was so difficult somehow. Because ever since I told Jillings and the others about Jack's coming home they have been going about smiling so importantly that I'm horribly afraid they're planning some dreadful surprise, and I daren't ask them what. Now I must break off, as I must get ready to go to the station with Tony and meet dear Jack. . . ."

Then followed a frantic postscript. "I know *now!* They've dressed poor Tony up in a little khaki uniform that doesn't even fit him! And, what's worse, they've put up a perfectly terrible triumphal arch over the front gate, with 'Hail to our Hero' on it in immense letters. They all seem so pleased with themselves—and anyway there's no time to alter anything now. But I don't know what Jack will say."

I don't either, but I could give a pretty good guess. I shall see him and Celia to-morrow. But I shall be rather surprised if I see Jillings. F. A.

THE WELL-DISPOSED ONES.

(*With acknowledgments to the back page of "The Referee."*)

BERTRAM BRAZENTHWAITE, Basso-Profondo (varicose veins and flat feet), respectfully informs his extensive *clientèle* that he has a few vacant dates at the end of 1917. Comings-of-Age, Jumble Sales and Fabian Society Soirées a specialité.

Sir Sawyer Hackett, M.D., writes: "The physical defects which prevent Mr. Brazenthwaite from joining the colours have left his vocal gifts and general gaiety unimpaired."

DO YOU want your Christening to be a *succès fou?* Then send for HUBERT THE HOMUNCULUS, London's Premier Baby-Entertainer (astigmatism, and conscientious objections).

"Hubert the Homunculus would make a kitten laugh."—HILARY JOYE, in *The Encore.*

High-art pamphlet from "The Lebanons," New North Road, N.

JOLLY JENKIN, Patriotic Prestidigitator (Group 98). Nominal terms to the Army, Navy and Civic Guard. Address till end of week, The Parthenon, Puddlecombe. Next, Reigate Rotunda.

The Epoch says: "Jolly Jenkin has the Evil Eye. In the Middle Ages he would have been burnt."

"Men who are physically fit can be released from clerical duties and replaced by hen only fit for sedentary occupations."—*Daily Paper.*

Broody, in fact.

HOW I DINED WITH THE PRESIDENT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WILSON.

[SPECIAL TO *PUNCH*.]

ON Saturday, January 22nd, I arrived in Washington from Seattle. The Seattle part is another story.

What I have to tell to-day, here, now, and once for all, is what I saw of the PRESIDENT at close quarters outside and inside the White House and what happened at the historic dinner-party, at which I was the only representative of a belligerent country present.

By a fortunate coincidence Mr. WILSON arrived at the railway depôt on his return from a game of golf with his secretary, Mr. TUMULTY, as I was loitering at the bookstall. I had never seen either of them before, but intuitively recognised them in a flash. Mr. TUMULTY looked exactly as a man with so momentous a name could only look. The PRESIDENT was garbed in a neutral-tinted lounge-suit and wore a dark fawn overcoat and dove-coloured spats.

How did the PRESIDENT look? Well, his face was obviously the face of a changed man. Not that he is changed for the worse. He seemed in the pink of condition, and his clean-cut profile and firm jaw radiated inflexible determination at every pore. No signs of a moustache are yet visible on his finely-chiselled upper lip.

I had no introduction, and no time was to be lost, so without a moment's hesitation I strode up to the PRESIDENT and said, "Permit me, Sir, as the accredited representative of a neutral nation, to offer you this token of respect," and handed him a small Dutch cheese, a dainty to which I had been informed he was especially partial. The PRESIDENT smiled graciously, handed the offering to his secretary, and said, "I thank you, Sir. Won't you join us at the White House at dinner to-night?" I expressed my acceptance in suitable terms, bowed and passed on.

The dinner took place in the famous octagonal dining-room of the White House, which was profusely decorated with the flags of the Scandinavian Kingdoms, Spain, Greece, China, Chile, Peru, Brazil and the Argentine.

The band of the Washington Post Office Rifles was ensconced behind a trellis of olive branches and discoursed a choice selection of soothing music. Flagons of grape-juice and various light and phosphorescent beverages stood on the sideboard. It was a memorable scene and every detail was indelibly impressed on my mind. The PRESIDENT greeted his guests with the calm dignity proper to his high office. He does not affect the high handshake of English smart society, but a firm yet gentle clasp. In repose his features reminded me of JULIUS CÆSAR, but when he smiles he recalls the more genial lineaments of the great POMPEY.

The general impression created on my mind was one of refined simplicity. As the PRESIDENT himself remarked, quoting THUCYDIDES to one of his Greek guests, *φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας.*

It is quite untrue that the conversation was confined to the English tongue. On the contrary all the neutral languages, except Chinese, were spoken, the PRESIDENT showing an equal facility in every one, and honourably making a point of never uttering two consecutive sentences in the same tongue. War topics were rigorously eschewed, and so far as I could follow the conversation—I only speak five of the neutral languages—the subjects ranged from golf to hygienic clothing, from co-education to coon-can.

I do not propose here and now to state the circumstances in which, on leaving the White House, I was kidnapped by some emissaries of Count BERNSTORFF, and ultimately consigned to the Tombs in New York on a false charge of manslaughter; how I narrowly escaped being electrocuted, and was subsequently deported to Bermuda as an undesirable alien. What I saw and endured in the Tombs is another story. What really matters is the Bill of Fare of the PRESIDENT'S dinner, which was printed in Esperanto and ran as follows:—

Turtle Dove Soup.
Norwegian Salmon Cutlets.
Iceland Reindeer Steak.
Tipperusalem Artichokes and Spanish Onions.
Chaudfroid à la Woodrow.
Irene Pudding.
Dutch Cheese Straws.
Brazil Nuts.

After dinner Greek cigarettes were handed round with small cups of China tea and, as an alternative, Peruvian *maté*.

THE INVASION.

I THOUGHT—being very old indeed, "older," as a poem by Mr. STURGE MOORE begins, "than most sheep."—I thought, being so exceedingly mature and disillusioned, that I knew all the worries of life. Yet I did not; there was still one that was waiting for me round the corner, but I know that too, now.

I will tell you about it.

To begin with, let me describe myself. I am an ordinary quiet-living obscure person, neither exalted nor lowly, who, having tired of town, took a little place in the country and there settled down to a life of placidity, varied by such inroads upon ease as all back-to-the-landers know: now a raid on the chickens by a fox, whose humour it is not to devour but merely to decapitate; now the disappearance of the gardener at Lord DERBY'S coat-tails; now a flood; and now and continually a desire on the part of the cook to give a month's notice, if you please, and the consequent resumption of correspondence with the registry office. There you have the main lines of the existence not only of myself, but of thousands of other English rural recluses. But for such little difficulties I have been happy—a Cincinnatus ungrumbling.

The new fly entered the ointment about three weeks ago, when a parcel was brought to me by a footman from the Priory, some three miles away, with a message to the effect that it had been delivered there and opened in error. They were of course very sorry.

I asked how the mistake had occurred.

"Same name," he said. "The house has just been let furnished to some people of the same name as yourself."

Now I have always rather prided myself on the rarity of my name. I don't go so far as to claim that it came over with the CONQUEROR, but it is an old name and an uncommon one, and hitherto I had been the only owner of it in the district. To have it duplicated was annoying.

Worse however was to come.

I do not expect to be believed, but it is a solemn fact that within a fortnight two more bearers of my name moved into the village. One was a cowman, and the other a maiden lady, so that at the present moment there are four of us all opening or rejecting each other's letters. The thing is absurd. One might as well be named Smith right away.

I don't mind the cowman, but the maiden lady is a large order. I have, as I say, lived in this place for some time—at least six years—and she moved into The Laurels only ten days ago, but when she came round this morning with an opened telegram that was not meant for her, she had the maiden-ladylikehood to remark how awkward it was when other people had the same name as herself. "There should," she said, "never be more than one holder of a name in a small place."

I had no retort beyond the obvious one that I got there first; but I hope that the cowman henceforth gets all her correspondence and delays it. He is welcome to mine so long as he deals faithfully with hers.

"BALAKN CENTRE HAS SHIFTED."
Toronto Mail.

So we observe.

MR. PUNCH'S POTTED FILMS. THE WILD WEST DRAMA.

THE ROSEBUD OF GINGER'S GULCH.



THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER



ON THE TRAIL.



"HE HAS LEFT HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, AND HE HAS A COLD IN THE HEAD. I MUST TAKE IT TO HIM."



"YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS MORE TO LIVE."



IN THE NICK OF TIME.



"DARLING!"



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING YOUNG.

OFFICE-BOY ENGAGING A SUITABLE EMPLOYER.

NEWS FROM KIEL.

(*By our Naval Expert.*)

AN interesting little item of news in the daily papers of last Wednesday may have escaped notice. It appears that the German Liners which have been laid up in New York harbour for the last eighteen months have discovered that their magnetic deviation has been affected. This is the explanation of the recent movement in the harbour, when all the German ships were turned round so as to readjust their compasses.

The special significance of this information is to be found by taking it in conjunction with the recent puzzling reports of movements of the German High Seas Fleet. It will be remembered that the Fleet was represented in an enemy official report (with the customary exaggeration) as sweeping out into the North Sea. That was not readily believed, but it was generally felt that there must be something in it, especially as all manner of rumours of naval activity kept coming through from Scandinavia about the same time. Our naval experts in this country were quite at a loss, but to-day the riddle is solved. What was happening was that the High Seas Fleet was *turning round*.

I have had the good fortune to fall in with a neutral traveller—of the usual high standing and impartial sympathies—who has supplied a few details. It seems that great excitement prevailed at this scene of unwonted bustle and activity. The operation was carried out under favourable weather conditions practically without a hitch, the casualties being quite negligible, and the *moral* of the men, in spite of their long period of enforced coma, being absolutely unshaken. One and all have now cheerfully accepted the disconcerting changes involved in the new orientation, and window-boxes have been generally shifted to the sunny side.

"On Monday, near Durgerdam, in Holland, a fresh dyke burst occurred on a length of 50 metres. Over 200 handbags were at once thrown into the opening without any visible result."—*Provincial Paper.*

Still, the sacrifice was well meant.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

(HEREFORDSHIRE.)

ABBEYDORE, Abbeydore,
Land of apples and of gold,
Where the lavish field-gods pour
Song and cider manifold;
Gilded land of wheat and rye,
Land where laden branches cry,
"Apples for the young and old
Ripe at Abbeydore!"

Abbeydore, Abbeydore,
Where the shallow river spins
Elfin spells for evermore,
Where the mellow kilderkins
Hoard the winking apple-juice
For the laughing reapers' use;
All the joy of life begins
There at Abbeydore.

Abbeydore, Abbeydore,
In whose lap of wonder teems
Largess from a wizard store,
World of idle, crooning streams—
From a stricken land of pain
May I win to you again,
Garden of the God of Dreams,
Golden Abbeydore.



A GERMAN HOLIDAY.

CHILD. "PLEASE, SIR, WHAT IS THIS HOLIDAY FOR?"
OFFICIAL. "BECAUSE OUR ZEPPELINS HAVE CONQUERED ENGLAND."
CHILD. "HAVE THEY BROUGHT US BACK ANY BREAD?"
OFFICIAL. "DON'T ASK SILLY QUESTIONS. WAVE YOUR FLAG."

AT THE FRONT.

THERE is one matter I have hitherto not touched on, because it has not hitherto touched on me, and that is Courses.

The ideal course works like this. You are sitting up to the ears in mud under a brisk howitzer, trench mortar and rifle grenade fire, when a respectful signaller crawls round a traverse, remarking, "Message, Sir."

You take the chit from him languidly, wondering whether you have earned a court-martial by omitting to report on the trench sleeping-suits which someone in the Rearward Services has omitted to forward, and you read, still languidly at first; then you get up and whoop, throw your primus stove into the air and proceed to dance on the parapet, if your trench has one. Then you settle down and read your message again to see if it still runs, "You are detailed to attend three months' Staff work course at Boulogne, commencing to-morrow. A car will be at the dump for you to-night. A month's leave on completion, of course."

But all courses are not like this; all you can say is that some are less unlike it than others. I was sitting in a warm billet about twelve noon having breakfast on the first day out of trenches when the blow fell on me. I was to report about two days ago at a School of Instruction some two hundred yards away. I gathered that the course had started without me. I set some leisurely inquiries in train, in the hope that it might be over before I joined up. I also asked the Adjutant whether I couldn't have it put off till next time in trenches, or have it debited to me as half a machine-gun course payable on demand, or exchange it for a guinea-pig or a canary, or do anything consistent with the honour of an officer to stave it off. For to tell the truth, like all people who know nothing and have known it for a long time, I cherish a deeply-rooted objection to being instructed.

Unfortunately the Adjutant is one of those weak fellows who always tell you that they are mere machines in the grip of the powers that change great nations. So on the third day I bought a nice new slate and satchel and joined up.

Even now, after some days of intense instruction, I find my condition is a little confused and foggy. Of course it covers practically the whole field of military interests, and I ought to be able to win the War in about three-quarters of an hour, given a reasonable modicum of men, guns, indents, physical training and bayonet exercise, knowledge of military law, and acquaintance with the approved methods of conducting a casualty clearing station, a mechanical transport column, and a field kitchen. The confusion of mind evident in this last sentence is a high testimonial to the comprehensive nature of our course.

Physical training made the strongest appeal to me. I remember some of the best words, not perhaps as they are, but as I caught them from an almost over-glib expert. Did you know you had a strabismal vertebra? or, given a strabismal vertebra, that it could be developed to almost any extent by simply 'eaving from the 'ips? Take my tip and try it next time you 're under shell-fire.

To-morrow we break up, and I join the army. The army has gone away somewhere while I wasn't looking, and I shall have to make inquiries about it. You never can tell what these things will do when not kept under the strictest observation. My bit *may* have gone to Egypt or Nyassaland or Nagri Sembilan. But I have a depressing feeling that A 27 $x\ y\ z$ iv. 9.8 will be nearer the mark, and that I shall find it meandering nightly to Bk 171 in large droves, there to insert more and more humps of soggy Belgium into more and more sandbags. I don't want to make myself unpleasant to the War Office, but I really can't see why we haven't once and for all built trenches all done up in eight-inch thick steel plates. They could easily be brought up ready-made, and simply sunk into position.

They would sink all right; you 'd just have to put them down anywhere and look the other way for a minute. The difficulty would be to stop the lift before it got to the basement—if there is a basement in Flanders.

There is a tragedy to report. We were adopted recently by a magpie. He was a gentle creature of impulsive habits and strong woodpecking instincts. Arsène we called him. For some days he gladdened us with his soft bright eye. But when we came to know him well and I relied on him to break the shells of my eggs every morning at breakfast, to steal my pens and spill my ink, to wake me by a gentle nip on the nose from his firm but courteous beak, a rough grenadier came one day to explain a new type of infernal machine, and, when we went out, left a detonator on the table.

I never saw what actually followed, but we buried Arsène with full military honours.

"Ladies' Self-trimmed Velvet Hate for One Shilling."—*North-Country Paper.*

The latest fashion in Berlin.

MORE LIGHT FROM OUR LEADERS.

BY way of a supplement to the Candle-shade epigrams recently contributed by various distinguished men and women of light and leading, we have been fortunate to secure the following sentiments for St. Valentine's Day from several luminaries who were conspicuously absent from the list.

Mr. HARRY LAUDER, the illustrious comedian, poetizes as follows:—

"Let those wha wull compile the nation's annals,
And guide oor thochts in strict historic channels;
Ma Muse prefers, far fra these dull morasses,
To laud the purrrple heather and the lassies."

Mr. STEVENSON, the incomparable cueist, sends this pithy distich:—

"Big guns are useful in their way, 'tis true,
But nursery cannons have their uses too."

Miss CARRIE TUBB, the famous soprano, writes:—

"Butt me no butts. Though carping critics flout us,
What would DIOGENES have done without us?"

A distinguished actor gives as his favourite quotation the couplet from GOLDSMITH:—

"A man he was financially unique,
And passing poor on forty pounds a week."

Mr. BERNARD SHAW contributes this characteristic definition of genius:—

"Genius consists in an infinite capacity for giving pain."

The Air Candidate for Mile End sends the following witty and topical epigram:—

"Mid war's alarms there is no time for cooing,
But BILLING may prevent our land's undoing."

"We are all familiar with the poetic words: 'There 's many a gem that 's born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air.'"—*Kilmarnock Herald.*

Our own ignorance of this gem makes us blush (unseen, we hope).

"HOW TO KEEP WARM.—In Great Britain I think a shirt, vest and coat enough covering for the ordinary man. I wear no more."
Reynolds Newspaper.

No one who follows this advice need fear a chill. The police are sure to make it warm for him.

"When Sir Stanley (now Lord) Buckmaster succeeded Mr. (now Sir) F. E. Smith in the chief responsibility for the Bureau he made a point of betting on friendly terms with the representatives of the Fourth Estate."
Bristol Times and Mirror.

Several of them, it is well known, have been charged with book-making.

"LADY (Young) seeks Sit. in shop; butcher's preferred; would like to learn scales."
Morning Paper.

Why not try a piano-monger's?



She. "AND ARE YOU ONLY JUST BACK FROM THE TRENCHES? HOW INTERESTING! YOU WILL BE ABLE TO TELL US THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE KAISER'S ILLNESS."

A DUEL OF ENDURANCE.

OUR butcher's name is Bones. Yes, I know it sounds too good to be true. But I can't help it. Once more, his name is Bones.

There is something wrong with Bones. Mark him as he stands there among all those bodies of sheep and oxen, feeling with his thumb the edge of that long sharp knife and gazing wistfully across the way to where the greengrocer's baby lies asleep in its perambulator on the pavement. Observe him start with a sigh from his reverie as you enter his shop. What is the matter with him? Why should a butcher sigh?

I will tell you. He has been thinking about the KAISER, the KAISER who is breaking his heart through the medium of the greengrocer's baby.

As all the world knows, between the ages of one and two the best British babies are built up on beef tea and mutton broth; at two or thereabouts they start on small chops. No one can say when the custom arose. Like so many of those unwritten laws on which the greatness of England is really based it has outgrown the memory of its origin. But its force is as universally binding to-day as it was in Plantagenet times. Thus, though numerous households since the War began have temporarily adopted a vegetarian diet, in the majority of cases a line has been drawn at the baby. That is why butchers at present look on babies as their sheet-anchors. It is through them that they keep the toe of their boot inside the family door. The little things they send for them serve as a memento of the old Sunday sirloin, a reminder that while nuts may nourish niggers the Briton's true prerogative is beef.

The greengrocer has given up meat. But he has done more than this. He has done what not even a greengrocer should do. He has broken the tradition of the ages. He is feeding his baby on bananas.

At first the greengrocer's baby did not like bananas and its cries were awful. But after a while it got used to them, and now even when it goes to bed it clutches one in its tiny hand. It is not so rosy as it was, but the greengrocer says red-faced babies are apoplectic and that the reason it twitches so much in its sleep is because it is so full of vitality. He is advising all his customers to feed their babies on bananas. Bones does not care much what happens to the greengrocer's baby, but he says if it lasts much longer he will have to put his shutters up. He is growing very despondent, and I noticed the other day that he had given up chewing suet—a bad sign in a butcher.

It is a duel of endurance between Bones and the greengrocer's baby. I wonder which will win.

"Mr. Buxton was severely heckled at the outset from all parts of the room. Each time he endeavoured to speak he was hailed with a torrent of howls, hoots and kisses."
Provincial Paper.

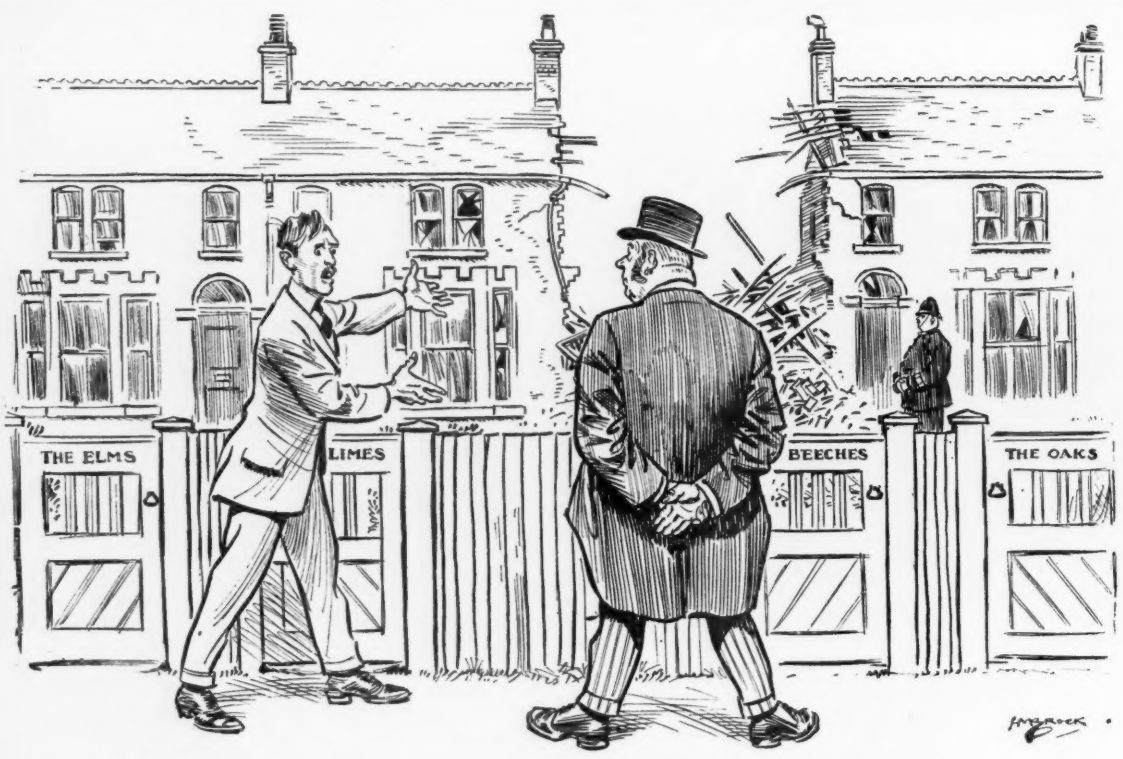
A notoriously effective way of stopping the mouth.

From the Lady's column in *The Car*:—

"Now about this word 'damn.' Of course you all think it is a good old Saxon word! Well, prepare for a surprise. It is derived from the Latin damnere."

Well, we are—surprised.

Motto for the next Turkish Revolution: *Enver Renversé.*



Householder. "BUT, HANG IT ALL, I CAN'T SEE WHY THAT BOMB NEXT DOOR SHOULD MAKE YOU WANT TO *RAISE* MY RENT!"
Landlord. "DON'T YOU PERCEIVE, MY DEAR SIR, THAT YOUR HOUSE IS NOW SEMI-DETACHED?"

TONNAGE.

"OH, dear," said Francesca, "everything keeps going up." She was engaged upon the weekly books and spoke in a tone of heartfelt despair.

"Well," I said, "you've known all along how it would be. Everybody's told you so."

"Everybody? Who's everybody in this case?"

"I told you so for one, and Mr. ASQUITH mentioned it several times, and so did Mr. MCKENNA."

"I have never," she said proudly, "discussed my weekly books with Messrs. ASQUITH and MCKENNA. I should scorn the action."

"That's all very well," I said. "Keep them away as far as you can, but they'll still get hold of you. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER knows your weekly books by heart."

"I wish," she said, "he'd add them up for me. He's a good adder-up, I suppose, or he wouldn't be what he is."

"He's fair to middling, I fancy—something like me."

"*You!*" she said, in a tone of ineffable contempt. "You're no good at addition."

"Francesca," I said, "you wrong me. I'm a great deal of good. Of course I don't pretend to be able to run three fingers up three columns of figures a yard long and to write down the result as £7,956 17*s.* 8*d.*, or whatever it may be, without a moment's pause. I can't do that, but for the ordinary rough-and-tumble work of domestic addition I'm hard to beat. Only if I'm to do these books of yours there must be perfect silence in the room. I mustn't be talked to while I'm wrestling with the nineteens and the seventeens in the shilling column."

"In fact," said Francesca, "you ought to be a deaf adder."

"Francesca," I said, "how could you? Give me the butcher's book and let there be no more *jeux de mots* between us."

I took the book, which was a masterpiece of illegibility, and added it up with my usual grace and felicity.

"Francesca," I said as I finished my task, "my total differs from the butcher's, but the difference is in his favour, not in mine. He seems to have imparted variety to his calculations by considering that it took twenty pence to make a shilling, which is a generous error. Now let me deal with the baker while you tackle the grocer, and then we'll wind up by doing the washing-book together."

The washing-book was a teaser, the items being apparently entered in Chaldee, but we stumbled through it at last.

"And now," I said, "we can take up the subject of thrift."

"I don't want to talk about it," she said, "I'm thoroughly tired of it. We've talked too much about it already."

"You're wrong there; we haven't talked half enough. If we had, the books wouldn't have gone up."

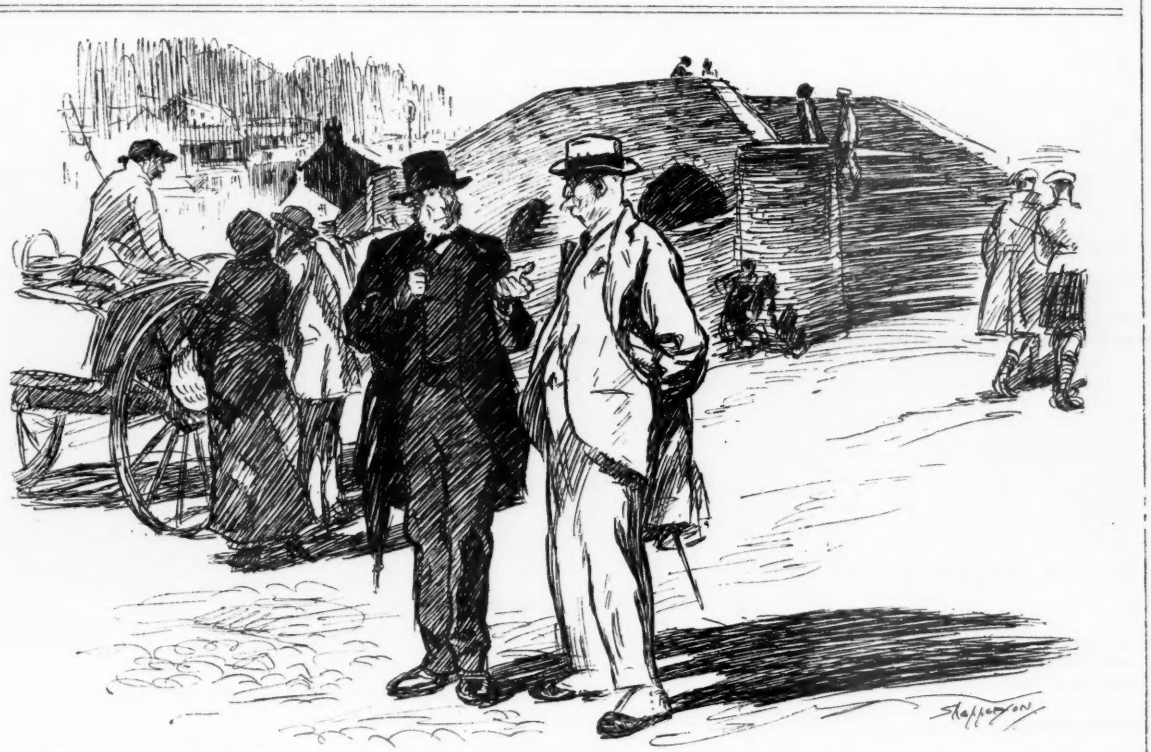
"They haven't gone up," she said. "They're about the same, but we've been having less."

"Noble creature," I said, "do you mean to say that you've docked me of one of my Sunday sausages and the whole of my Thursday roly-poly pudding and never said a word about it?"

"Well, you didn't seem to notice it, so I left it alone."

"Ah, but I did notice it," I said, "but I determined to suffer in silence in order to set an example to the children."

"That was bravely done," she said. "It encourages me to cut down the Saturday sirloin."



Elder to Beadle. "WELL, JOHN, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE STRANGE MINISTER?"

Beadle. "NO AVA, ELDER—HE'S AN AWFU' FRICHTENED KIN' A CHAP YON. DID YE NOTICE HOW HE AYE TALKED ABOOT 'OOR ADVERSARY, SATAN'? OOR OWN MEENISTER JUST CA'S HIM PLAIN 'DEEVIL'—HE DOESNA CARE A DOM FOR HIM."

"But what will the servants say? They won't like it."

"They'll have to lump it then."

"But I thought servants never lumped it. I thought they always insisted on their elevenses and all their other food privileges."

"Anyhow," she said, "I'm going to make a push for economy and the servants must push with me. They won't starve, whatever happens."

"No, and if they begin to object you can talk to them about tonnage."

"That ought to bowl them over. But hadn't I better know what it means before I mention it?"

"Yes, that might be an advantage."

"You see," she said, "Mrs. Mincer devotes to the reading of newspapers all the time she can spare from the cooking of meals and she'd be sure to trip me up if I ventured to say anything about tonnage."

"Learn then," I said, "that tonnage means the amount of space reserved for cargoes on ships—at least I suppose that's what it means, and——"

"You don't seem very sure about it. Hadn't you better look it up?"

"No," I said. "That's good enough for Mrs. Mincer. Now if there's an insufficiency of tonnage——"

"But why should there be an insufficiency of tonnage?"

"Because," I said, "the Government have taken up so much tonnage for the purposes of the War. How did you think the Army got supplied with food and shells and guns and men? Did you think they flew over to France and Egypt and Salonica?"

"Don't be rude," she said. "I didn't introduce this question of tonnage. You did. And even now I don't see what tonnage has got to do with our sirloin of beef."

"I will," I said kindly, "explain it to you all over again. We have ample tonnage for necessaries, but not for luxuries."

"But my sirloin of beef isn't a luxury."

"For the purpose of my argument," I said, "it is a luxury and must be treated as such."

"Do you know," she said, "I don't think I'll bother about tonnage. I'll tackle Mrs. Mincer in my own way."

"You're throwing away a great opportunity," I said.

"Never mind," she said. "If I feel I'm being beaten I'll call you in. Your power of lucid explanation will pull me through."

R. C. L.

CANADIAN REMOUNTS.

Bronco dams they ran by on the ranges of the prairies,
Heard the chicken drumming in the scented saskatoon,
Saw the jewel humming-birds, the flocks of pale canaries,
Heard the coyotes dirging to the ruddy Northern moon;
Woolly foals, leggy foals, foals that romped and wrestled,
Rolled in beds of golden-rod and charged to mimic fights,
Saw the frosty Bear wink out and comfortably nestled
Close beside their vixen dams beneath the wizard Lights.

Far from home and overseas, older now—and wiser,
Branded with the arrow brand, broke to trace and bit,
Tugging up the grey guns "to strafe the blooming Kaiser,"
Up the hill to Kemmel, where the Mauser bullets spit;
Stiffened with the cold rains, mired and tired and gory,
Plunging through the mud-holes as the batteries advance,
Far from home and overseas—but battling on to glory
With the English eighteen-pounders and the soixante-quinzes of France!

AT THE PLAY.

"MRS. PRETTY AND THE PREMIER."

I AM not sure that I didn't find Mr. BOURCHIER'S "Foreword" or Apologia (kindly given away with the programme) rather more entertaining than the play itself. As long as the dramatist (a New Zealander) concerned himself with the delightfully unconventional atmosphere of Antipodean politics he was illuminating and very possibly veracious. But the relations between the *Premier* and the widow *Pretty*, which promised, as the title hinted, to be the main attraction, were such as never could have occurred on land or sea. It was impossible, with this farcical element always obtruding itself, to take the political features of the play seriously, as I gather that we were intended to do; and we got very little help from Mr. BOURCHIER'S own performance, which was frankly humorous. In his brochure he tells us with great solemnity that he is "more than pleased to think that the play may help to demonstrate to those of an older civilisation how truly the best of the so-called Labour politicians strive to serve their country and their fellow men. . . . Premier 'Bill' demonstrates vividly enough that, heart and soul, the Australian politician devotes himself to the uplifting of the great Commonwealth." Mr. BOURCHIER'S tongue may or may not have been in his cheek when he penned these lofty sentiments, but anyhow it seemed to be there during most of the play.

He is on safer ground when he tells us that "in curiously vivid and pungent fashion this little play outlines the breezy freshness and the originality of outlook which almost invariably characterise the politicians and statesmen of the Prairie, the Veldt and the Bush, and which more than anything else perhaps differentiates them from the men of an older land, hampered as these latter often are by long and stately traditions." Certainly, in the matter of addressing its Premier by a familiar abbreviation of his Christian name (an authority who has travelled in these parts assures Mr. BOURCHIER that he is "quite right:" that "people *would* call this Premier 'Bill' in Australia") the new world differs from the old. I cannot so much as contemplate the thought of Mr. ASQUITH being addressed by the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS as "Herb," or even "Bert."

But we have difficulties again with the Foreword (for I cannot get away from it) when we come to the question of the hero's virility. In the play his secretary says of him, "Bill 's not a man, he's a Premier. A kind of dynamo running the country at top speed." Yet the Foreword, after citing this passage, goes on to insist upon his "tingling humanity" and hinting at the need of such a type of manhood at the present time. "After all," concludes Mr. BOURCHIER in a spasm of uplift —"after all, what is the cry of the moment here in the heart of the Empire, but for 'A MAN—Give us a Man!'" But even if we reject the secretary's estimate of his chief as a dynamo we still find a certain deficiency of manhood in the anæmic indifference of the *Premier's* attitude to women; an attitude, by the way, not commonly associated with Mr. BOURCHIER'S impersonations on the



FIRST LOVE; OR THE JEUNE PREMIER.

Bill the Premier MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Mrs. Pretty . . MISS KYRLE BELLEW.

stage. *Mrs. Pretty's* tastes are, of course, her own affair, and we were allowed little insight into her heart (if any), but I can only conclude that her choice was governed by political rather than emotional considerations ("Let us remember WOMEN HAVE THE VOTE IN AUSTRALIA" is the finale of the Foreword) and that what she wanted was a Premier rather than a Man.

Of the play itself one may at least say that it kept fairly off the beaten track. There was novelty in its local colour, its unfamiliar types and the episode, adroitly managed, of a pair of gloves employed to muffle the division bell at the moment of a crisis on which the fate of the Government depended. But the design was too small to fill the stage of His Majesty's and it left me a little disappointed. I was content so long as Mr. BOURCHIER was in sight, but the part of *Mrs. Pretty* needed something more than the rather conscious graces and airy drapery of Miss KYRLE BELLEW. The rest of the performance was sound but not very exhilarating; and altogether, though I hope I am properly grateful for any help towards the realisation of "Colonial conditions," I cannot honestly say that *Mrs. Pretty and the Premier* has done very much for me (as Mr. BOURCHIER hoped it would) by way of supplementing the thrill of Anzac.

O. S.

A NAVAL REVELATION.

Edward Brown's official sheet,
Humble though his station,
Showed a record which the Fleet
Viewed with admiration.

Fifteen stainless summers bore
Fruit in serried cluster;
Conduct stripes he proudly wore,
One for every lustre.

Picture then the blank amaze
When this model rating
Suddenly developed traits
Most incriminating.

Faults in baser spirits deemed
Merely peccadillos
In that crystal mirror seemed
Vast as Biscay billows.

Cautioned not to over-run
Naval toleration,
He replied in language un-
Fit for publication.

When the captain in alarm
Strove to solve the riddle,
Edward slipped a dreamy arm
Round that awful middle.

Such a catastrophic change
Set his shipmates thinking;
Rumour whispered, "It is strange;
Clearly he is drinking."

Ever more insistent got
This malicious fable,
Till he tied a true-love's knot
In the anchor cable.

"During December, 1661, meals for necessitous school children were provided at Chorley at a cost of 4*d.* per meal per scholar."
Provincial Paper.

In gratitude for the Restoration, we suppose. Hence the watchword, "Good old Chorley!"

"Summoned for permitting three houses to stray on Stoke Park on the 19th inst. . . . defendant admitted the offence, but said that some one must have let them out by taking the chain off the gate."—*Provincial Paper.*

It seems a reasonable explanation.



Officer (to Tommy, who has been using the whip freely). "DON'T BEAT HIM; TALK TO HIM, MAN—TALK TO HIM!"
Tommy (to horse, by way of opening the conversation). "I COOM FROM MANCHESTER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE latest of our writers to contribute to the growing literature of the War is Mr. HUGH WALPOLE. He has written a book about it called *The Dark Forest* (SECKER), but whether it is a good or a bad book I who have read it carefully from cover to cover confess my inability to decide. It is certainly a clever book, and violently unusual. I doubt whether the War is likely to produce anything else in the least resembling it. For one thing, it deals with a phase of the struggle, the Russian retreat through Galicia, about which we in England are still tragically ignorant. Mr. WALPOLE writes of this as he himself has seen it in his own experience as a worker with the Russian Red Cross. The horrors, the compensations, the tragedy and happiness of such work have come straight into the book from life. But not content with this, he has peopled his mission with fictitious characters and made a story about them. And good as the story is, full of fine imagination and character, the background is so tremendously more real that I was constantly having to resist a feeling of impatience with the false creations (in *Macbeth's* sense) who play out their unsubstantial drama before it. Yet I am far from denying the beauty of Mr. WALPOLE'S idea. The characters of *Trenchard*, the self-doubting young Englishman, who finds reality in his love for the nurse *Marie Ivanovna*, and of the Russian doctor, *Semyonov*, who takes her from him, are exquisitely realized. And the atmosphere of increasing mental strain, in which, after *Marie's* death, the tragedy of these three moves to its climax in the forest is the work of an artist in emotion, such as by this time we know Mr. WALPOLE to be. The trouble was that I had at the moment no wish for artistry. To sum up, I am left with the impression that an uncommonly good short story rather tiresomely distracted my attention from some magnificent war-pictures.

As Field-Marshal Sir EVELYN WOOD, V.C., in *Our Fighting Services* (CASSELL), begins with the Battle of Hastings and ends with the Boer War there is no gainsaying the fact that his net has been widely spread. To assist him in the compilation of this immense tome the author has a fluent style and—to judge from the authorities consulted and the results of these consultations—an inexhaustible industry. The one should make his book acceptable to the amateur who reads history because he happens to love it, and the other should make it invaluable to professionals who handle books of reference, not lovingly, but of necessity. And having said so much in praise of Sir EVELYN I am also happy to add that he is, on the whole, that rare thing—an historian without prejudices. Almost desperately, for instance, he tries to express his admiration of OLIVER CROMWELL as a soldier, although he quite obviously detests him as a man. I find myself, however, wondering whether Sir EVELYN, were he writing of CROMWELL at this hour, would say, "For a man over forty years of age to work hard to acquire the rudiments of drill is in itself remark-

able." Even when allowance is made for the differences between the seventeenth and twentieth centuries there would seem to be nothing very worthy of remark in such energy if one may judge from the attitude of our War Office to the Volunteers. Naturally one turns eagerly to see what this distinguished soldier has to say about campaigns in which he took a personal part, but, although shrewd criticism is not lacking, Sir EVELYN'S sword has been more destructive than his pen. In these days of tremendous events this volume may possibly be slow to come to its own, but in due course it is bound to arrive.

I find, on referring to the "By the same Author" page of *The Lad With Wings* (HUTCHINSON), that other reviewers of "BERTA RUCK'S" novels have been struck by the "charm" of her work. I should like to be original, but I cannot think of any better way of summing up the quality of her writing. Charm above everything else is what *The Lad With Wings* possesses. It is a perfectly delightful book, moving at racing speed from the first chapter to the last, and so skilfully written that even the technically unhappy ending brings no gloom. When *Gwenna Williams* and *Paul Dampier*, the young airman she has married only a few hours before the breaking out of war, go down to death together in mid-Channel after the battle with the German Taube, the reader feels with *Leslie Long*, *Gwenna's* friend, "The best time to go out! No growing old and growing dull. . . No growing out of love with each other, ever! They at least have had something that nothing can spoil." I suppose that when Mrs. OLIVER ONIONS is interviewed as to her literary methods it will turn out that she re-writes everything a dozen times and considers fifteen hundred words a good day's work; but she manages in *The Lad With Wings* to convey an impression of having written the whole story at a sitting. The pace never flags for a moment, and the characters are drawn with that apparently effortless skill which generally involves anguish and the burning of the midnight oil. I think I enjoyed the art of the writing almost as much as the story itself. If you want to see how a sense of touch can make all the difference, you should study carefully the character of *Leslie*, a genuine creation. But the book would be worth reading if only for the pleasure of meeting *Hugo Swayne*, the intellectual dilettante who, when he tried to enlist, was rejected as not sufficiently intelligent and then set to painting omnibuses in the Futurist mode, to render them invisible at a distance. A few weeks from now I shall take down *The Lad With Wings* from its shelf and read it all over again. It is that sort of book.



"I HAVEN'T HAD ANY ADDRESS FOR THE LAST FEW MONTHS, SO THE AUTHORITIES HAVE OVERLOOKED ME. I'D LIKE TO JOIN ALL RIGHT, BUT THE MISSUS CAN'T SPARE ME. I'M A BIT OF A FISHERMAN AND I PLAY THE CONCERTINA. NOW, WHAT SORT OF AN ARMLET DO I GET?"

When old *Lady Polwhele* asked the *Reverend Dr. Gwyn* to let his daughter *Delia* go with her as companion to a very smart house party, I doubt whether the excellent man would have given so ready an assent had he known what was going to come of it. For my own part I suspected we were in for yet another version of *Cinderella*, with *Delia* snubbed by the smart guests, and eventually united, as like as not, to young *Lord Polwhele*. However, Miss DOROTHEA TOWNSHEND, who has written about all these people in *A Lion, A Mouse and a Motor Car* (SIMPKIN), had other and higher views for her heroine. True, the house party was ultra-smart; true also that there was one woman who spoke and behaved cattishly; but it was a refreshing novelty to find that throughout the tale the ugly sisters, so to speak, were hopelessly outnumbered by the fairy godmothers. Later, the visit led to *Delia's* going as governess to the children of a Russian Princess, and finding herself in circles that might be described as not only fast but furious. Here we were in a fine atmosphere of intrigue, with spies, and Grand Dukes, and explosive golf balls and I don't know what beside. It is all capital fun; and, though I am afraid the political plots left me unconvinced, the thing is told with such ease and *bonhomie* that it is saved from banality; even when the amazing cat of the house-party turns up as a female bandit and tries to hold *Delia* and her Princess to ransom. And of course the fact that the period of the tale is that of the earliest motors gives it the quaintest air of antiquity. Somehow, talk of sedan chairs would sound more modern than these thrills of excitement about six cylinders and "smelly petrol." In short, for many reasons Miss TOWNSHEND'S book provides a far brisker entertainment than its cumbrous title would indicate.

Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM is fast becoming the arch-interpreter of Holy Russia. In *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary* (MACMILLAN) he returns with even more than his customary zeal to his good work, wishing herein specifically to interpret Russian Christianity to the West. A passionate earnestness informs his discursive eloquence. I cannot resist the conviction that he has the type of mind that sees most easily what it wishes to see. He moves cheerily along, incidentally raising difficulties which he does not solve, ignoring conclusions which seem obvious, throwing glorious generalisations and unharmonised contradictions at the bewildered reader, too bent on his generous purpose to glance aside for any explanations. Perhaps this is the best method for an enthusiast to pursue. He certainly creates a vivid picture of this strangely unknown allied people, with its incredible otherworldliness, its broad tolerant charity, its freedom from chilly conventions, its joyous neglect of the hustle and fussiness of Western life, its deep faith, its childish or childlike superstitions, the glorious promise of its future. An interesting—even a fascinating—rather than a conclusive book.

A Super-Bridegroom.

"In his seventy-third year the Earl of —— has made his third matrimonial venture this week."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

CHARIVARIA.

MANY early nestings are recorded as the result of the mild weather, and at least one occasional visitor (*Polonius bombifer*) has laid eggs in various parts of the country.

* * *

Says a learned correspondent of *The Observer:* "There may be fundamental differences between observed phenomena without affecting the validity of a strict analogy; and after all an analogy is based upon presented similarities. It is sufficient if the sameness should apply to particular attributes or occurrences found by induction to have similar relationships or consequences." It looks, after all, as if some of our Museums wanted closing.

* * *

The "popular parts" of the Natural History Museum are to remain open, though it is still felt by the Government that, at a time when the practice of frugality is incumbent upon everybody, the spectacle of stuffed animals may tend to have a demoralising effect upon the young.

* * *

From *The Evening News*:—

"OUR DAILY WAR-TIME MENU.
Fish Pie.
Salt Beef. Turnips or Carrots.
Baked Potatoes.
Banana Pancake.
Coffee."

This will gratify those who believed that our contemporary's diet consisted largely of brimstone.

* * *

It is reported from Holland that Germans there are refusing German notes. In the United States however they are still accepted at their face value.

* * *

It is understood that the Government recruiting authorities, with whose *jeu d'esprit* all Trafalgar Square is ringing, have definitely rejected a proposed placard that says—

"WILL YOU 'ATE NOW
OR WAIT TILL MARCH 8?"

* * *

The Admiralty has announced that sea-fishing is included among the certified occupations exempted from the provisions of the Military Service Act. The suggestion that the other kind of fishermen should be rejected for psychopathic reasons has been bitterly resented by some of our most persistent anglers.

* * *

"Many of the men," writes a correspondent at one of the Fronts, "have apparently been without shirts for some time, and consequently the Army authorities, with that kindly consideration which always distinguishes them, have issued to the men a new pair of pants all round."

* * *

A bird-eating spider has just arrived at the Zoo. While its diet is commonly confined to quite small birds the animal is understood to have expressed extreme confidence in its ability to eat eagles, if only to show that its heart is in the right place.

* * *

"Germany's sea dogs," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "cannot content themselves much longer with merely showing their teeth." This is obviously unfair to TIRPITZ's tars, most of whom have not hesitated to show their tails also.

* * *

The KAISER at Headquarters lifted his glass to KING FERDINAND, this being the kindliest way of intimating that he has Bulgaria on toast.

* * *

It is rumoured that the Government has offered the control of our anti-aircraft defences to the Office of Works, but that Mr. LULU HARCOURT has declined the responsibility, adding, however, that he will gladly repair any damage done by Zeppelins to the flower-beds in his department.



V.A.D. wardmaid, M.A. (to kitchen-maid). "I'M REALLY A UNIVERSITY LECTURER; BUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS WE ARE *ALL* HUMAN BEINGS."

THE WORD OF A GERMAN.

YOUR troth was broken ere the trumpets blew;
Into the fight with unclean hands you rode;
Your spurs were sullied and the sword you drew
Bore stain of outrage done to honour's code.

And you have played your game as you began.
Witness the white flag raised by shattered ranks,
The cry for mercy, answered, man to man—
And the swift stroke of traitor steel for thanks.

Once bitten we were twice a little shy,
And then forgot; but with the mounting score
Our old good-nature, tried a shade too high,
Stiffens its lip and means to stand no more.

So now, when you protest with bleating throat,
And broider round your wrongs a piteous tale,
Urging the Neutral Ones to take a note
That we have passed outside the human pale;

The world (no fool) will know where lies the blame
If England lets your pleadings go unheard;
To grace of chivalry you've lost your claim;
We've grown too wise to trust a Bosch's word.

O. S.

THE BILLETING CAPTAIN.

MY job is to ride on ahead of the regiment, whenever we leave the trenches, and secure accommodation for men and horses in the place allotted to us. For billeting purposes there are four kinds of villages behind our front: the good, the indifferent, the positively bad, and the village of R——. It was to R—— that I was ordered on my first errand of this kind. On the road I met a friend who holds the same post in his regiment as I do in mine. I told him where I was going, and he grinned. "You'll find all the doors locked when you arrive," he said. "The Mayor is away on service and you won't get any help from his wife. She's the most disagreeable woman I ever met, and is known for miles round as a holy terror." When at length I reached my destination I sent the rest of the party in search of barns and stables, proceeding myself towards the village pump, which I had been told was always a good place to work from. But there was little sign of life here. The *place* was deserted, except for one old man who was supporting himself by the pump handle, while with a stick in his other hand he tried to strafe a hen that had inadvertently run between his legs.

"Bon jour, M'sieur," I said by way of a start.

"Cigarette anglaise!" replied the patriarch.

I offered my case and was presently being entertained with reminiscences of the war of *soixante-dix*. By the time that he had finished his cigarette he had gone further back into history and was vividly describing the retreat from Moscow under the First Napoleon, on which occasion I gathered that he had caught a severe cold. There was evidently little help to be gained here, so leaving my venerable friend amid the Russian snows I went to the nearest house and knocked. Presently a key turned and the door was opened for about three inches by an old woman.

"*Bon jour, Madame,*" I said in my best French; "I seek a bedroom, if possible one with a bed in it."

She looked me up and down for a moment, then with a "*Pas compris*" shut and locked the door again.

In the next house they were more obliging. A stout gentleman opened the door and informed me that unfortunately he possessed only one bed, which was shared by himself and his family of six children. But as M'sieu was a member of the *entente*, and if he could find no other accommodation—— But here I fled. Thus it was from house to house, and when later my N.C.O. reported his arrangements for men and horses satisfactory I had only managed to secure one miserable little room. So desperate had I become by this time that I determined to face the Mayor's wife, in spite of my friend's advice. Accordingly I turned towards a house labelled *Mairie*, and entered the garden, where a small child was playing. I think without exception he was the ugliest little boy I have ever seen, but I am a father when home on leave, and he smiled at me in such a nice friendly way that I stopped and pecked at his cheek as I passed.

When I looked up I saw a grim face regarding me over a pot of geraniums in the window. "Now for it!" I thought, and was presently face to face with the formidable lady, who asked me in broken English what my business might be. "Madame," I said, "you see a ruined captain before you. I have been sent to this village to find twelve bedrooms for my Colonel and brother-officers. Also a mess-room and an office. In one hour I have secured one room, and even now the regiment is arriving," for as I spoke the O.C. and some of the others came riding up. On seeing me they dismounted, and before Madame could say anything she and I were the centre of a little group of officers.

"Well," said the O.C., "what luck? We're looking forward to real beds again, I can tell you!"

I felt myself growing red. "The men and horses are arranged for, Sir," I stammered, and then suddenly a voice at my side took up the tale: "And if you will come wiz me I shall 'elp ze Captain to show to you ze rooms 'e 'as found." Unable to utter a word, I bowed, and we followed Madame to the first house at which I had earlier tried so unsuccessfully. She knocked at the door like a fury, and no sooner was it opened than she went in without more ado, and we after her. "I have come to show M'sieu the Colonel the room that you have prepared for him," she said in her own language to the old woman, who stood bowing and smiling as hard as she could. Then she opened a door and took us into the nicest room imaginable.

"'Ere I 'ope you will be 'appy, my Colonel," she continued. "Zis is ze best room ze Captain could find for you. Also I 'ope you will find Madame aimable;" and here she looked at the old woman, who started bowing again harder than ever. It was the same at all the other houses. Passing from one to another she commandeered room after room, even managing to wrest a bed from the father of six; and I verily believe that the inhabitants would have burned their dwellings to warm us had the little lady ordered it. All the while she maintained the fiction that I had arranged things previously.

"I 'ave just come wiz ze Captain to see everyting ees what you call spick," she said on leaving us.

"And a very good business you have made of it," said the O.C. to me approvingly. Still greatly puzzled, I returned to thank my benefactress. After expressing my gratitude I ventured to tell her that she had been much kinder to me than I had been led to expect.

"But 'ave I not see you kees my little son?" she said gravely.

"Ah," I said to myself, "*that*'s it!" and, stooping down to where he was playing, I did it again with added warmth.

From the transactions of the Royal Dublin Society:—

"Professor HUGH RYAN, M.A., D.Sc., and Mr. M. J. WALSH, M.Sc. —'On Desoxyhydrocatechintetramethylether.'"

We are not surprised that it took two of them to tackle it.



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY IN THE FATHERLAND.

It chanced that on the fourteenth day of February the boy Cupid strayed into the precincts of Potsdam, and came all unawares upon the War Lord; who, deeming him to be an alien babe, essayed to make a characteristic end of him.



Disgusted Instructor. "NOW THEN, NONE O' THEM PEACE TACTICS!. 'ERE I'M TRYING TO TEACH YER 'OW TO KILL THE ENEMY, AND YER GOES AND KISSES 'IM!"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WAR FASHIONS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—People are going to the theatre a good deal, but not in the old way. We wait in the queue now, and work our way up into the gallery. We leave the stalls and boxes to *ces autres*. "Olga" has created a simply charming queue-coat, heavy grey frieze, with plenty of pockets and a cap to match with ear-pieces. You take a parcel of sandwiches to eat while you're waiting (the *dernier cri* is to wrap the parcel in a spotted handkerchief), and, if you want to be immensely and utterly right, you'll *walk* home and buy a piece of fried fish on the way for your supper.

A propos, there's quite a good little story being told about Lady Goreazure and these topsy-turvy times. She was in the gallery at the Incandescent the other night, and, on coming down, the gallery people, finding it was pouring in torrents, crowded into the chief entrance for shelter, to the enormous disgust of the stalls and boxes, who were just coming out. A rose-coloured satin gown with ante-war bare arms and shoulders, an ermine wrap, and a paste hair-bandeau was particularly furious, and announced loudly that it was "an abominable shame to mix us up with the gallery people in this way." Lady Goreazure thought she knew the voice, and, turning, recognised in the angry pink-satin person her maid, Dawkins, who left her some months ago to go into munition work. She's a skilled hand now and simply coining money, as she told Lady G. in a hurried furtive whisper, adding, "Please don't talk to me any more. I shouldn't like my friends to see that I know anyone from the gallery."

One of the *literally* burning questions of the moment has been how to dispose of the little lanterns one's obliged to carry after dark now that so many people have given their motors to the country and stump it or bus it everywhere. Your Blanche has solved the difficulty and at the same time set a fashion. My evening boots (what a different meaning that phrase has from what it once had, my Daphne!) have darling little teeny-weeny lamps fixed to their toes, so that one can see exactly where one's stepping. With these boots is worn a toque with a small lamp fastened in a velvet or ribbon *chou* in front. The *boots* are for *one's own guidance*; the *toque illuminante* is to show *other* gropers in the darkness that one's coming. Some people add a chic little hooter, which clears the way quite nicely and is simply *precious* in crossing roads.

Speaking of those who've given all their motors to the State and those who haven't, a new social danger has bobbed up for the latter—the chauffeuse. She's got to be reckoned with, dearest. In threatening the single lives of people's eldest sons she's leaving even the eternal chorus-girl down the course, and in releasing *one* man for the Front she's quite likely to capture *another who counts considerably more!*

The Ramsgates thought they'd got a perfect jewel of a chauffeuse—smart, businesslike, knew town well, knew when she might exceed the speed limit and when she mightn't, thoroughly understood her car and so on. And then one day Pegwell came back from the Front on sick leave. As soon as he was well enough he went for a drive every day. Someone said to his mother, "I wonder you trust your boy out alone with that chauffeuse of yours." And Elizabeth Ramsgate *laughed* at the caution. "I only wish Thompson were more dangerous," she said. "There's safety in numbers, and if she were younger and prettier perhaps she'd

switch Peggy's thoughts off that fearful Dolly de Colty of the Incandescent."

And so Pegwell went on with his drives, and one day they were out so long that his mother was anxious, and when at last they came back she said, "Oh, Thompson, you've been driving Lord Pegwell too far; he's not strong enough for such long drives; it was very inconsiderate of you, Thompson." And the chauffeuse tossed up her chin and cried, "Not so much 'Thompson,' please!" And Pegwell chipped in with, "This is Lady Pegwell, mother, and in future she'll drive no one but me!"

Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, is even more furious about it than his parents. "Ramsgate and Elizabeth have behaved like fools," she said to me yesterday; "they don't know their world in the least, though they've lived in it nearly half a century. What if the minx *wasn't* particularly young and pretty. A chauffeuse is a novelty, and when you've said that you've said everything."

Your Blanche is enormously busy just now editing a book that's going to be the sensation of the Spring crop of volumes. You're aware, of course, *m'amie*, that if a book's even to be *looked* at now it must be either Somebody's Memories of Everybody Else or Somebody's Experiences in an Enemy Country. Well, and so Stella Clackmannan and I, in the hostel we run for poor dears who've lost their situations abroad and have no friends to go to on coming back here, found among our guests a bright little Cockney who's been what she calls an up-and-down girl in the Royal Palace at Bashbang, the capital of Rowdydaria. My dearest, the things that girl has climbed over and crawled under, and the weather she's come through, in escaping from the Rowdydarians and getting back here! And the things she's seen and heard in the Palace! It will throw a flood of light on all sorts of things, and will certainly make our F.O. sit up.

With the help of a clever photographer and some imagination we've reconstructed the up-and-down girl's adventures quite nicely. There are photos of the King of Rowdydaria as head of his own army; in his uniform as Colonel of the Hun Räuberundmörder Regiment; and in the Arab burnous in which he is to lead an attack on Egypt. There's a photo of the up-and-down girl sweeping a passage and listening through a key-hole to a wonderful conversation between the King of R. and an Emperor who'd come to see him (luckily it was in English and she remembers every word): "You've got to say *you* did it." "But I haven't got any navy—I *couldn't* have done it." "I'll give you the submarine that did it—or *lend* it to you. There! now it's yours—for a time. *You* don't depend on the Neutralians for any supplies. So you can afford to tell them you did it—and be quick about it." "But you can't expect even the *Neutralians* to swallow that!" "Why, you fool, they'd swallow anything! That's the meaning of their phrase 'rubber-neck.'" There's a photo of the Queen of Rowdydaria coming up at this point, snatching the broom away, and beating the up-and-down girl with it, and calling her "Spying English Pig." Altogether, my dear, it's positively enthralling! Order your copy early, for people will be slaying each other for this book. *Astounding Disclosures of an Up-and-down Girl in the Royal Palace at Bashbang* will certainly quite *quite* eclipse those two other sensations, *What a Buttons Overheard in the Imperial Pickelhaube Schloss* and *Amazing Revelations of a Tweeny in the Perhapsburg Hof*.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



"I SAY, OLD GIRL, DO LET ME CARRY SOMETHING."

How to put People at their Ease.

"The officer in command, Lieut. Berg, was exceedingly pleasant, and did all in his power to put the passengers at their ease and make them feel comfortable. . . . He had a large bomb placed in the engine-room, and another on the bridge, which could be exploded easily by electricity."—*Daily News.*

"AMERICA'S LAST WORD FOR THE HUN.
SIXTEEN PAGES TO-DAY."
Daily Mirror Poster.

These American last words!

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Things go on here from day to day in a businesslike and orderly fashion, the comic relief being supplied by a temporary, very temporary, man from overseas, who has operated for a while at our telephone exchange. Most people, myself included, are overawed by the dignity and significance of our environment here; not so this Canadian. One of our very greatest was having words with his instrument the other evening. He supposed, wrongly, that his antagonist was a hundred kilometres away, and he adjusted his remarks and voice accordingly. Imagine his pain on being informed, from the exchange, in quite a cheerful and friendly tone, "I guess you 're on the wrong string this time, Mister."

There is also, of course, that never-failing source of satisfaction, the military mess waiter. I think ours, the other night, excelled all starters in the art of ellipsis. Our meal was interrupted by a loud bump, crash, cataclysm and bang. We took it that two at least of the enemy's great offensives had begun, centralising on us and opening with the destruction of all our mess machinery, personnel and platter. Shortly afterwards Alfred, slightly flushed, came into the room. We asked him to let us know the worst. All we could get out of him was, "I must 'a' trod on a bit o' fat, Sir."

You will be touched, I am sure, by the pretty story now current concerning the earnest young subaltern and the Brigadier. The former was responsible for the training of an expert section, in no matter what particular black art; the latter called in person one morning to witness an experimental display. The apparatus was produced, the Brigadier inspected it delicately, and the section was fallen in, standing near by in an attitude of modest pride. From them the Brigadier eventually singled out a private to do a star turn; silence was enjoined while the subaltern should give the private the necessary detail orders. Now the subaltern was one of the many of us civilians who have a burning ambition not only to achieve perfection always, but also to maintain on all occasions a superlatively military bearing. Confronted by the private and expected to order him about, he hesitated, blushed and at last made it clear that he simply must, before beginning, have a few words apart in the General's private ear. With kindly toleration the General eventually conceded this, and it was then made more than apparent to him why it was that the earnest young subaltern was reluctant to give his orders to the private without some explanation in advance to the Brigadier. "The man's *surname* is Bhyll, Sir," he whispered.

Red-hats may not always know much about life in the trenches, but they can tell you at first hand what strafing was like when there were no trenches to live in. You will perhaps care to hear of an adventure of the good old days, when men wandered about Flanders on their own, sometimes attaching themselves to English units, sometimes to French, and sometimes marching inadvertently with the Central Powers. Maps in those days didn't show you clearly which was your bit and which was the other fellow's, and many a time different parties, meeting in the dark, would be quite affable in passing, little knowing it was each other's blood they were after. My man, at the moment when we take up the narrative, was walking about in a wood, looking for a job. Half an hour earlier he had been busily engaged in a brisk battle, but, owing to his not keeping his mind on it, he 'd got detached and now found himself in one of those peculiarly peaceful solitudes which only exist in the heart of the war zone. Whether the battle was over and, if so, who 'd won it, he couldn't say. In fact, those being the early confused days, he didn't rightly know whether it had been a battle at all or just a little personal unpleasantness between himself and his private enemies. Everything appeared to be exactly as it should not be; he felt that he ought to be exhilarated with victory or depressed with defeat, exhausted or maimed, and not merely covered from top to toe with mud. He found himself walking along in a wood, just as he might do at home, smoking a cigarette and thinking that this would be a most convenient moment for a wash and a cup of tea. As he said, the very last thing he seemed to be at was war, when suddenly, climbing over a small ridge, he discovered himself face to face with a hostile sentry, and near him were, at repose, a knot of other equally repulsive Bosches.

It has struck everyone out here, sooner or later, that it is easy enough to do the thing if only one could know at the moment what is the thing to do. Here was a sentry whose whole recent education had been devoted to learning exactly how to deal with new and unwelcome arrivals. He was furnished for that very purpose with a rifle having a carefully sharpened bayonet at one end of it and a nice new bullet at the other. There he was, all prepared to deal with an emergency, and there was the emergency confronting him. Having had a good look at it, he contented himself with saying "*Halt! wer da?*" adding as an afterthought a threatening move forward.

On the other hand, here was our friend, young and vigorous, in full possession of all his faculties, too surprised to be even alarmed. His first tendency was to pass haughtily on or, at the most, to stop and tell the man to be more respectful when addressing an officer. His second was to call to mind, in a confused mess, all the brilliant and dashing things a hero of fiction would, without a moment's hesitation, have done in the circumstances. Lastly, it was borne in on him that this was indeed a German; that all Germans were, under the new arrangement, sworn to do in all Englishmen at sight, and that he himself was, beneath his mud, one of the last-named. Being rather the quicker-witted of the two, he had put in three thoughts to the other fellow's one; but the position showed no improvement in the result, and the enemy's second thought, slowly dawning, was obviously of a more practical and drastic nature. His undecided fidgeting with his rifle made this abundantly clear. No time was to be lost. Our friend realised dimly that at all costs he must conceal his nationality. This promised to be a matter of languages, never his strong point. But, there again, he was carefully prepared with a series of useful phrases in various tongues, which he had learnt up in small and inexpensive hand-books. The difficulty was to get on to the right one; his mind, having got him thus far, refused further assistance. Instead of furnishing him with the appropriate remark, it merely suggested to him a clearly defined picture of the outside of the text-book, particularly emphasizing the elegant but inept phrase, "One Shilling net at all Booksellers." And what was the use of that with the sentry's bayonet rapidly coming to the "On guard" position?

It 's a long story, Charles, and it ended by our friend ingenuously stating by way of a seasonable ruse, "*Pardon, monsieur, je suis français.*"

I 'd prefer to leave it at that, but you are one of those detestable people who insist on going on after the climax. So I may as well tell you that at this point our friend's legs took to action on their own, no doubt remarking to themselves as they did so that this was but another instance of damned bad Staff work. I sometimes wonder whether possibly it isn't easier to be a limb than a brain.

Yours ever, HENRY.

MR. PUNCH'S POTTED FILMS. THE PASSIONATE DRAMA.

THE DEMON OF JEALOUSY.



"WRETCHED WOMAN! WHO IS THIS? HENCEFORTH YOU ARE NO WIFE OF MINE!"



A WOMAN'S ANGUISH.



"DIE, SCOUNDREL!"



A STRONG MAN'S RAGE.



"HE IS MY BROTHER FROM AUSTRALIA. YOU SHOULD NOT BE SO HASTY."



FORGIVENESS.



Grannie (dragged out of bed at 1.30 A.M. and being hurriedly dressed as the bombs begin to fall). "NANCY, THESE STOCKINGS ARE NOT A PAIR."

LITERARY PITFALLS.

The Chronicle publishes a most interesting letter received from Mr. G. B. BURGIN, who lately, if our memory serves us right, completed his fiftieth novel. He writes:—

"A hitch has arisen about the publication of my novel, *The Rubber Princess*. It deals with an air raid on London, etc., and it has been pointed out to me that if it appears before the War is over it will probably be suppressed, and that I shall be mulcted in pains and penalties. I have therefore withdrawn it and substituted (for the Spring), with Hutchinsons, *The Hut by the River*, of which I have great hopes. It is a Canadian romance, with a pretty love story and a nice little mystery at the end."

It will, we are sure, be a consolation to Mr. BURGIN, to whose agility and versatility we desire to render our homage, to learn that he is not singular in his experience.

Only a few days ago we received a letter from Mr. Bimbo Posh, the famous Suffolk realist, recounting the circumstances which have led to the postponement of his eagerly-expected romance, *The Synthetic Sovereign*.

It appears that Mr. Posh, a man of a most scientific imagination, assigned the *rôle* of hero in his story to a marvellous automaton. Unfortunately for him he was not content with generalities, but described the process by which this artificial superman was produced in such minute detail that his publishers realised that it might be positively prejudicial to our safety to make it known. The sequel had best be told in Mr. Posh's own pathetic words:—

"At first I was fearfully upset, though convinced by the arguments of my publishers (Messrs. Longbow and Green-i'-th'-Eye). But a happy inspiration seized me as I was ascending the escalator at Charing Cross, and in exactly a fortnight I had finished another novel, entirely divorced from the present, entitled, *In Dear Old Daffy-land*. It is an idyllic story of Suffolk in the days of the Heptarchy, founded on an ancestral tradition of the Posh family. It runs to about 60,000 words, and Mr. Longbow, who read it at a sitting, thinks it the finest thing I have done."

Curiously enough, just as we go to press comes a letter from Miss Miriam Eldritch, apologising for the withdrawal of her volume of poems, *Attar of Roses*, in view of the fact that one of the leading establishments for the distilling of this perfume is in Bulgaria. Miss Eldritch, however, has proved fully equal to the occasion, for by a great effort she has composed, in little over one hundred hours, a cycle of one hundred lyrics, to which she has given the title, at once alluring and innocuous, of *Love in Lavender*.

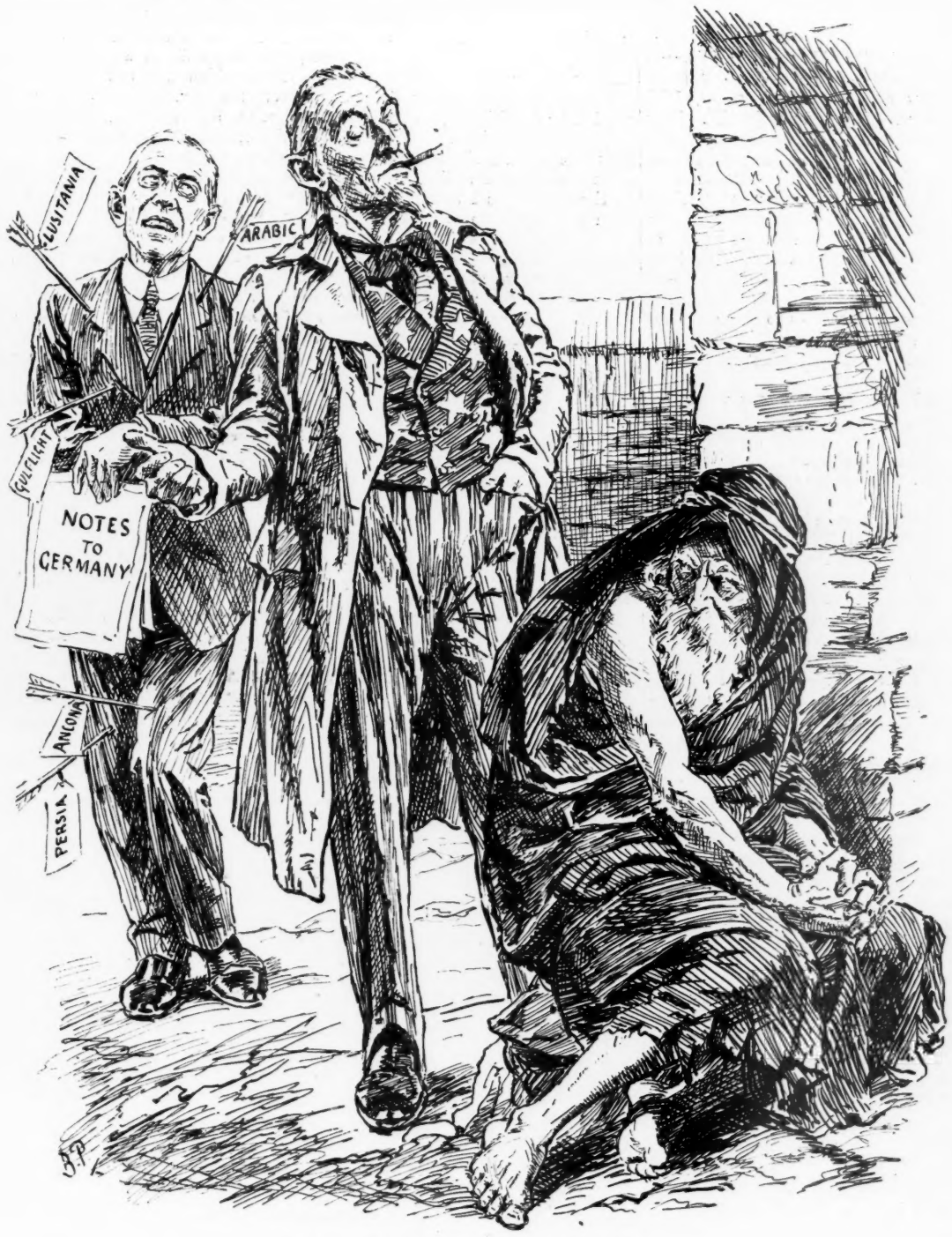
"Perturbabantur Constantinopolitani Innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus."

["Constantinople is much perturbed." *Daily Press.*]

IN flouting Zeus and Themis, his
Heart set on cheating Nemesis,
The Constantinopolitan
Now rues his impious blunders,
And fears approaching thunders
Trinitrotoluolitan.

"Gentleman's dark grey fur lined motor coat, fit fairly big man, lined with about 150 selected natural musquash skins, real Persian lamb collar, the property of a peer, in the pink of condition."—*The Bazaar.*

We trust his lordship will remain so in spite of the inclemency of the weather.



JOB'S DISCOMFORTER.

UNCLE SAM (*to* JOB). "SAY, PATRIARCH, THEY TELL ME YOU HOLD THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR PATIENCE. WAL, WE CLAIM TO HAVE GOT A MAN HERE THAT CAN KNOCK SPOTS OFF YOU!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

THE LAST CHAPTER.

House of Commons, Tuesday, 15th February.—After, on nomination of my revered master, Mr. Punch, representing Barkshire in the Commons during three reigns, under nine Parliaments, captained in succession by six Premiers, come to conclusion that I have earned the right to retire. Two ways of voluntarily vacating a seat. One by a call to the Lords. The other by application for Chiltern Hundreds. Not having heard anything about the Peerage, have adopted latter course. The MEMBER FOR SARK, loyal to the last, insists on following my example.

Accordingly, when House meets to-morrow, writs will be moved for elections to fill two vacancies. In ordinary times this would lead to interesting episode. Customary for the Chief Party Whip to move for writ to fill casual vacancies in his ranks. Would the Ministerial Whip or the Opposition Whip come forward to take preliminary step for elections consequent on retirement of the MEMBER FOR BARKS and the MEMBER FOR SARK?

The closest observer of Parliamentary procedure or comment is not sure whether in Party politics they are Liberals or Conservatives. Cannot indeed say on which side of the House they sit. As it happens there is at this doubly memorable date no division of parties consequently no contending Whips. Writs for Barks and Sark will accordingly be appropriately moved by Whip representing united House.

Thirty-five years ago Barks first sent me to Westminster. Of Cabinet Ministers then seated on Treasury Bench none are alive to-day. GLADSTONE, just returned by overwhelming majority, was Premier; GRANVILLE, with consummate skill and dainty humour, led minority supporting Government in House of Lords; HARCOURT was at the Home Office; HARTINGTON, Secretary of State for War; CHILDERS at the Treasury; KIMBERLEY at the India Office; at the Irish Office FORSTER, with his rumpled hair, his rugged speech and his gruff manner, "the best Stage Yorkshireman of his time."

Much history has been made since that time. Procedure in the Commons has been revolutionised, with the result not only of accelerating ordinary business and leading to final issue controversies futilely raging for years, but radically altering personal tone and manner of Mother of Parliaments.

That is another story, too lengthy to be told here. Glad to know I was intimately acquainted with the House and, with rare exceptions, with the principal personages in either political camp through a long stretch of older, more picturesque time.

I close the Diary here, not because I am tired of writing it, nor, as continuous testimony indicates, because a generous public is tired of reading. But I am not disposed to linger superfluous on the stage. So I withdraw, carrying with me my little bag of tricks, the sententious Dog, the cynical SARK and the rest of the contents.

Henceforward some new form will be given to the "Essence of Parliament" which was created by SHIRLEY BROOKS, and enlivened by the hand of TOM TAYLOR.

Business done.—TOBY, M.P.'s.

A DIRTY NIGHT.

THE night is starless, with a darkness so enveloping that it seems to possess palpability. As we reel westward in a smother of water the miracle of how any human being equipped with but five senses can find and keep his course in the chartless void that envelops us smites me afresh.

A longing for an atmosphere unimpregnated with petrol eventually sends me stumbling up the companion-way to the deck. Gripping the rail, I make my way forward, and, peering through the mirk, distinguish a huddled figure in a sou'wester. Aloof, detached, he steers the shrewdest, swiftest path ever carved through a wall of blackness on behalf of dependent fellow-creatures.

"A wild night," I shout.

He turns slightly and answers in a hoarse bellow, "The better for us, mister. Keeps the track clear. Ought to get in ahead o' time."

The yellow glare from our lights glances in broken splashes of colour over the waters, as the squat craft heaves and rolls with rhythmic regularity. From somewhere below comes the monotonous throb of the protesting engines. A red light gleams suddenly on our starboard, and I catch my breath. Æons pass, it seems, before a panther-like clutch at the wheel carries us aside in time to let the offender plunge drunkenly past. We were near enough to throw a biscuit on her deck. A swift exchange of badinage follows.

"Lost yer job o' puntin' coal-barges?"

"Yuss—they 're usin' donkey-power instead. I give in your name 'fore I left, but they 'adn't a spare stable." After which, the immediate danger past, we plough our way down a blurred track on either side of which lurks Peril in a hundred grim and invisible shapes.

The temperature, already low, has begun to drop steadily, and a fine drizzle yields to a penetrating chilliness which finds its way to one's very marrow. I am glad of my heavy wraps, and inclined, indeed, to envy the huddled figure, whose coverings are still heavier. Inwardly I wonder what this clashing of the Nations has meant to him: whether he has wife and children; whether he keeps their portraits in some deep-buried pocket beneath that accumulation of clothing which engulfs him to the ear-tips.

I am still speculating when a second figure, moving with the easy gait of one whose feet have trodden many decks, climbs the companion-way and comes forward in leisurely fashion. The fellow is no stranger; already, as I came on board, I had a glimpse of that grizzled, masterful jaw and keen eyes. He peers past me towards his mate.

"Elf!"

"Yuss?"

"Seed anyfink o' young 'Arry lately?'

"Not me!"

"Well, I 'ear 'e done a bit in the lead-slingin' line at a place called Wipers, an' they 've been an' stuck some sort o' French medal on 'is chest."

"Blighter owes me fourpence, anyway," roars Elf; and I infer that neither of them has a high opinion of 'Arry's character from the civilian point of view.

Follows an interval filled with small confused sounds—the staccato note of a bell, the soft thud of a passenger's body as he is jerked unexpectedly against the rail, the picturesque ripple of his expostulations with Providence.

A lamp, burning with unusual and illegal garishness, gives me light enough to examine my watch. It indicates the proximity of midnight. I realize that I am incredibly stiff and cold, and am tormented by visions of unattainable comforts.

At last I am conscious of a line of dimmed lights, of a distant roar of escaping steam, of a violent quivering motion that indicates the slackening of speed. We come to a sudden halt. The voice of Elf rises triumphant.

"Bill!"

"Yuss?"

"Two minutes arter!"

"Knowed we 'd do it!"

And as I stumble blindly forth it is borne upon me that the last Ealing motor-'bus has ended her journey with five minutes to spare.

"Egypt is placidly awaiting the event, with the absolute conviction that the Turks and Germans will get the boating of their lives in the Sinai Desert."—*Civil and Military Gazette.* They certainly won't get it on the Suez Canal.

A MODEST SUGGESTION FOR A NEW HUNNISH CANTICLE.

"KAISER WANTS NEW NATIONAL HYMN."
"Westminster Gazette" Heading.

"He shall have it."—*Mr. Punch.*

GOD of our Fathers, God of old,
Who hast for us such sympathy,
Cast as Thou art in German mould,
Again we raise our voice to Thee:
Omnipotence, we need Thy hand
In air, on sea, canal and land!

The English (who, Thou knowest, hide
Contemptibly upon an isle)
No doubt on Thee have also cried,
According to their native guile;
Presumption could no further go
In those who plunged the world in woe.

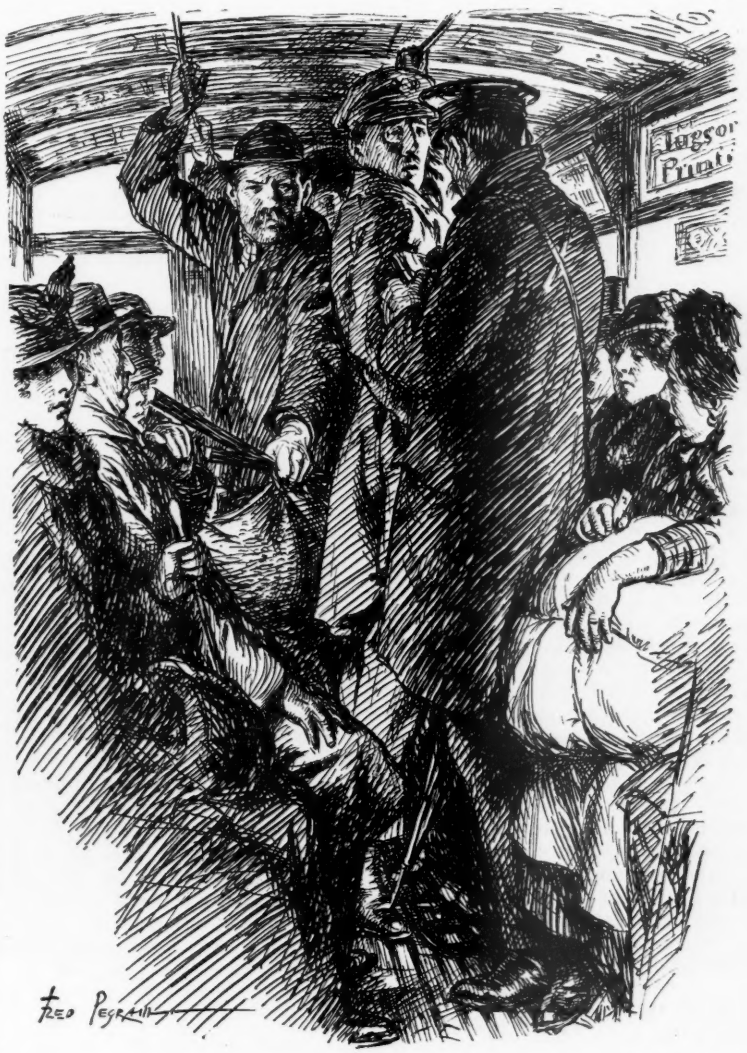
Thou wouldst not hearken to a race
Possessed of that inhuman Fleet,
So cruel, arrogant and base,
So steeped in rancour and deceit.
'Twas they, remember, they alone,
Who forced this Burden on Thine own!

Bless, rather, us! our arms! our cause!
Pour on us Thy protecting love!
Sanction our fractures of Thy laws,
By U,s beneath, by Zeps above!
Relieve us in this dark impasse;
Bless all our efforts; bless our gas!

Deal gently with us should we tend—
Presuming as Thy favoured Race,
All flushed to own so great a Friend—
To dereliction into grace!
Deal gently with us, Lord, should we
Once deviate to decency!

And Him, from Whom such blessings flow,
Our WILHELM, first of Sons of Light,
Whose one ambition is to show
Mankind the rightfulness of Might;
Bless Him, and forward His device
To make an Earthly Paradise!

And should some other star up there
(For all the stellar space is Thine)
Demand Thy more immediate care,
And thus divert Thee from the Rhine,
Thou need'st but mention it, and He
Thy Viceroy here will gladly be!



Nervous Young Officer (to 'bus conductor). "FIRST SINGLE TO OXFORD CIRCUS."

[The authorities have recommended that officers should travel first-class.]

"WANT OF FOOD.

Salonika.

On returning to Salonika after an absence of a month, I find the situation much relieved as a result of the deportation of the enemy Consuls and the energetic measures adopted to clear the town of the numerous pies previously infesting it."—*Provincial Paper.*

The headline seems justified.

"I bought a brochure, which explained that the Emperor was not physically ill, but his metal condition was upset owing to the war."
Evening Paper.

Another allusion, we suppose, to the depreciation of the Mark.

"Lord Crewe and Lord Lansdowne have addressed the following Whip to the members of the House of Lords: On February 15 an address will be moved in the House of Lords in answer to His Majesty's Speech. We venture to express the hope that Your Majesty will find it possible to attend in your place on that day."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

We have heard of the Sovereign People, but the Sovereign Peers are new to us.

"In the course of the match, Brelsford, the United half-back, and Glennon, the Wednesday forward, were ordered off the field for fighting. Upwards of 16,000 spectators witnessed the match."—*Birmingham Post.*

Mr. Punch will gladly furnish any of the players, or eligibles amongst the 16,000 spectators, with the address of a field where fighters will certainly not be "ordered off."

"ANIMALS AND ZEPPELIN NOISES.

SIR,—The dat is affected by all sounds, according to its weakness or its strength."
Morning Paper.

We have often noticed the same thing about the cog.

"TYPIST and Shorthand Clerk.—Required at once for invoicing a young lady, accustomed to the drapery trade preferred."
Daily Chronicle.

Not an easy post. Some young ladies are so unaccountable.

"Washington, Jany. 17.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst the suffragette leader now under parole in New York will be formally admitted to the United States soon after her papers reach Washington. President Wilson is opposed to her execution."—*Bermuda Colonist.*

A merciful man, this WILSON.

A CONTROVERSY.

(From Our Own Correspondent in America.)

I.

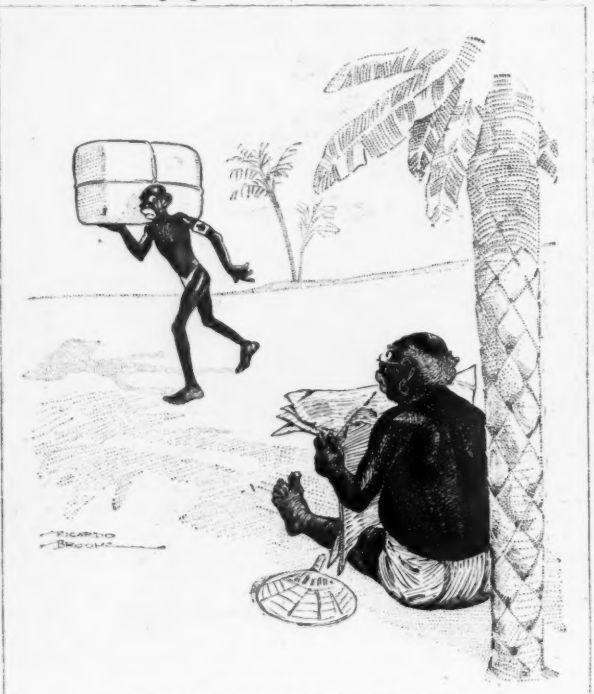
YESTERDAY President WILSON addressed a monster gathering of business men at Ponkapog. He said that it was a cruel misconception to hold that Americans were without ideals. As a matter of fact they cherished their ideals far beyond any question of making money and would die rather than submit to acts which were an outrage on our common humanity. In declaring that there was such a thing as being too proud to fight he had, of course, meant that there was such a thing as being only too proud to fight for what was just and right. This was the American attitude, and he therefore advocated national preparedness which might possibly imply such an increase in America's naval and military forces as few people except himself had yet dreamt of. At this point the audience rose *en masse* and cheered for ten minutes. Nothing could show more clearly than this speech how intensely critical are the relations between America and Germany over the *Lusitania* case. There has been a wild panic on the New York Stock Exchange. A prominent banker has expressed the opinion that Count BERNSTORFF will receive his passports to-morrow.

II.

Count BERNSTORFF has not called on Mr. LANSING to-day. This is considered a symptom of the utmost gravity, and the exchange value of the German mark has receded ten points.

III.

Count BERNSTORFF was closeted with Mr. LANSING for two hours this afternoon. Relations are evidently strained to a very dangerous point, and the worst is feared.



THE ARMLET IN BORRIBODABOO.

The Old Man. "THIS HOT SPELL MAKES ME GLAD THAT I'M TOO OLD TO ATTEST."

IV.

The situation has appreciably improved, and the controversy has been narrowed down to the use or omission of the word "illegality." The American Government insist that Germany should admit the illegality of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, but for this Germany is not yet prepared, though she is willing to make a formal expression of regret at the death of American citizens, whom, she is ready to declare, she did not intend to destroy. Colonel ROOSEVELT spoke last night at the dinner of the Associated Progressive Manufacturers. He said no touch of infamy or feebleness had been omitted by the present Administration in their conduct of negotiations with Germany. They had performed the miracle of causing every true American to blush for his country. When you met a rattlesnake you didn't waste time in arguing with it or flattering it. Your duty was to shoot it or knock it on the head, or, preferably, to employ both methods in order to rid the world of a danger. At this vigorous denunciation the whole audience rose and cheered for a quarter of an hour.

V.

The situation is easier. Count BERNSTORFF has declared in an interview that the German Government is prepared to accept the American formula if the word "legality" be substituted for the word "illegality." Germany would thus admit the legality of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* and express regret at the death of American citizens. Count BERNSTORFF points out that Germany has thus gone very far towards meeting the American demand. He hopes and believes that two great civilised nations will not fall out over so small a matter as the use or omission of the two letters *i*, *l*, at the beginning of a long word.

VI.

Mr. LANSING has in a polite note expressed himself unable to accept Count BERNSTORFF'S offer as a full satisfaction of America's demands. The sands are evidently running out, and there is serious danger of the negotiations proving abortive. In the meantime a sharp Note has been addressed to England in regard to her interference with American commerce. Six munition works were yesterday blown up. The outrage is attributed to Germans. President WILSON is carefully considering his action.

The "Lusitania" Crisis.

"The Vienna Correspondence Bureau emphasises the gravity of the situation, and says that the negotiations are interrupted. This interruption, it is added, is as it came from the cow."
Yorkshire Post.

Not, as you might have expected, from the WOLFF.

"To prevent the eyes watering when peeling onions, let the tap drip on them. This keeps the fumes from rising, and if wanted for frying they can easily be dried in a cloth afterwards."—*The Matron.*

Thanks, but we hardly ever want to fry our eyes.

"The Primate had the novel and undesirable experience of being shelled by the enemy, one shell in fact bursting within twenty-five yards of him. The arrangements for this part of his visit were mostly made by the Rev. ——, C.F."—*Northern Whig.*

Humorous fellows, these Army chaplains.

"FOR SALE.—Imported, fresh arrival of Japanese Poodles, very handsome, with a long silken hair, smart, and pick up anything taught. Rs. 200 per pair."—*Times of India.*

"And beauty draws us with a single hair."

"What would he say to a chemist who could not translate a common tag—for example, rem tetigisti acer?"—*Morning Paper.*

We give it up, like the chemist.

"GENERAL (good, refined) for modern non-basement clergyman's house."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The reverend gentleman does not mention his ecclesiastical views; but we gather that he is not an Arian.



OUR VILLAGE ENTERTAINMENT.

Boy (explaining). "YOU SEE, AUNTIE, THE FELLER THAT 'S GOING OUT HAS GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST THE OTHER CHAP."

RAILWAY RHYMES.

WHEN books are pow'rless to beguile
And papers only stir my bile,
For solace and relief I flee
To *Bradshaw* or the *A. B. C.*,
And find the best of recreations
In studying the names of stations.

There is not much among the *A*'s
To prompt enthusiastic praise,
But *B* is infinitely better,
And there are gems in ev'ry letter.
The only fault I have with Barnack
Is that it rhymes with Dr. HARNACK;
Barbon, Beluncle Halt, Bodorgan
Resound like chords upon the organ,
And there 's a spirit blithe and merry
In Evercreech and Egloskerry.
Park Drain and Counter Drain, I'm sure,
Are hygienically pure,
But when æsthetically viewed
They seem to me a little crude.
I often long to visit Frant,
Hose, Little Kimble and Lelant;
And, if I had sufficient dollars,
Sibley's (for Chickney) and Neen Sollars;
Shustoke and Smeeth my soul arride
And likewise Sholing, Sole Street, Shide,
But I 'm afraid my speech might go
Awry on reaching Spooner Row.

In serious mood I often bend
My thoughts to Ponder and his End,
And when I 'm feeling dull and down
The very name of Tibshelf Town
Rejoices me, while Par and Praze
And Pylle and Quy promote amaze.

Of all the Straths, a numerous host,
Strathbungo pleases me the most,
While I can court reluctant slumber
By murmuring thy name, Stogumber.
Were I beginning life anew
From Swadlincote I 'd take my cue,
But shun as I would shun the scurvy
The perilous atmosphere of Turvey.

But though the tuneful name of Horbling
Incites to further doggerel warbling,
And Gallions, Goonbell, Gamlingay
Are each deserving of a lay,
No railway bard is worth his salt
Who cannot bear to call a "Halt."

Encouraging.

"WANTED, GIRL; farmhouse; last lived two years."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

The Pinch of War.

"Mr. —— is having his first show of well-known English Corsets, made specially for him."—*Provincial Paper.*

Getting Off Cheaply.

"Mark then explained to the police that they had been 'had.' He was promptly arrested for falsely representing himself as a deserter and to-day was fined 0s."
Evening Paper.

Judging by the small value attached to him he might have been the German mark.

"LOST, in Annfield, Nowhaven, boy's bicycle (three-wheeled); if found in any person's possession after this date will be prosecuted."
Edinburgh Evening News,

For unlawful acquisition of the extra wheel, we presume.

From a shop-girl's account of the great War:—

"I shall never forget the Saturday before that Bank Holiday if I live till I draw my last breath."—*Daily Mirror.*

She ought to have a fair chance of this.

"Sir Edward Grey has all manner of fine and beautiful ideals to which we lay no claim. But the fairy step-mother who was so prodigal over his cradle yet denied him one gift."
Morning Paper.

Still, it takes an exceptional man to have a step-mother at birth, fairy or other.

AT THE PLAY.

"CAROLINE."

A BABY, did he but know it, is only happy reaching out from the bath for the soap. When he gets it, lo! it is mere froth and bitterness. That, roughly, is Mr. MAUGHAM'S idea in *Caroline*.

If you are to love a woman, for heaven's sake, says he, take care that she be safe bound beyond your reach. All attainment is dead-sea fruit. But how is anyone to believe this depressing sort of doctrine when the woman in question is such an engaging divinity as his *Caroline Ashley*, interpreted by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH at the very top of her form? The doctrine, indeed, may be hanged for the nefarious half-truth it is; but this would still leave you free to appreciate one of the most brilliant and finished pieces of work which Mr. MAUGHAM has yet done for the stage. True, it is merely an airy trifle; but it is almost perfect of its kind.

The action opens on the morning of the announcement in *The Times* of the death of *Caroline's* extremely difficult husband, who has long been a wanderer seeking spirituous consolations in out-of-the-way places of the earth. *Robert Oldham*, a quite delightful barrister (Mr. LEONARD BOYNE; so you will understand the "delightful"), has worshipped *Caroline* with an honourable fidelity for ten years, waiting patiently for the day on which she shall be free. Well, here is the long-desired day. Affectionate, officious friends come to congratulate each of the pair before they meet, and each confesses to a curious chilling sense of dread. When the embarrassing moment of the *tête-à-tête* arrives, *Robert*, obviously ill-at-ease and apparently more as a matter of duty than of eager conviction, suggests that *Caroline* shall name the day. She gives him a blank refusal. Both affect dismay at this queer ending of their long-deferred hopes, but eventually confess, mid peals of their own happy laughter, their actual relief. So ends the first chapter.

A later hour of the same day finds our heroine on her sofa, languid from the morning's emotions, and indulging in the luxury of not feeling at all well. Her world is crumbling. She cannot do without a slave, and *Robert* can no longer fill quite the old *rôle*. Clearly a matter for counsel with her physician and friend, *Dr. Cornish* (Mr. DION BOUCICAULT), who pleasantly diagnoses middle-age and prescribes a young adorer, than which no advice could be more nicely calculated to restore her lost feeling of queenly complacency. She sends for young *Rex Cunningham* (Mr. MARTIN LEWIS), a morbid egoist, who nourishes a hopeless passion for her (and others), being well aware of the paramount claims of *Robert*. She contrives to let him know that she is free, and the youth, whose pet hobby is hopeless passion, at once sheers off in alarm. *Caroline* is learning—is beginning to understand the dark philosophy of Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. In despair she again turns to *Robert*. They become engaged and promptly begin quarrelling about their houses. He objects to her Futurist bathroom; she to his, which is so like a tube station that she would bathe in constant apprehension of the sudden appearance of a young man demanding tickets. *Robert* begins to assert his masculine rights to control these and sundry matters. She realises (oh, venerable gag of the cynics!) that the fetters which would unite their bodies would put a barrier between their souls. The engagement is by mutual consent declared off.

Realising, however, in Chapter III., that she needs *Robert's* devotion more than anything else, she conceives a plot. *Dr. Cornish* makes an opportune call, not this time as a doctor, but as a whole-hearted admirer. With just such an one for my husband, thinks *Caroline*, *Robert* could again assume his accustomed part of loyal friend and incense-bearer. She accordingly proposes. Appreciating the difficulty of directly refusing without discourtesy, he temporises and appears to fall in with her suggestion that he shall announce their engagement to *Robert* and her interfering friends, who are promptly telephoned for to hear an interesting statement. But *Cornish* proves himself a WOLFF in sheep's clothing. Instead of announcing the engagement he asserts that he has just seen *Stephen Ashley*, the husband: a lie which obtains credence with the others because of the dead man's amiable habit of occasionally putting about a rumour of his decease. *Caroline*, with superb presence of mind, seeing a glorious way out of a dilemma, adopts the lie, contrives a more or less plausible explanation, and thus establishes the *status quo ante*—the grass widow with the faithful and contented adorer.



BLIGHTED TROTH.

Caroline Ashley . . . . . Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.
Robert Oldham . . . . . Mr. LEONARD BOYNE.

The play, whose only flaw was a certain rather upsetting ambiguity (whether accidental or designed I could not quite gather) in the last few sentences before the curtain fell, was interpreted with a very fine intelligence. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH'S superbly trained talent showed itself in an astonishing range of moods tethered in a plausible unity of conception. Mr. BOYNE, who is just coming into his own, scored bull after bull. Perhaps he didn't make *Oldham* quite the Englishman that the author (I should say) designed, but rather an Irishman of that delightfully faint flavour which is so entirely attractive. Miss LILLAH MACARTHY, as *Maude Fulton*, a well-preserved bachelor in the most bizarre modern mode, also a dexterous liar and officious match-maker, played with her head in her most accomplished manner and gave full value in the general scheme to a character which the author made a person when he might have been content with a peg. Mr. DION BOUCICAULT'S physician was as bland a humbug as ever coined guineas in Mayfair. Mr. MARTIN LEWIS, as a profoundly silly ass, played a difficult hand without fault. Miss NINA SEVENING, as a consoler of handsome men in trouble, and Miss FLORENCE LLOYD, as *Caroline's* maid, competently rounded off in subsidiary *rôles* the work of the principals.

Yes, undoubtedly a brilliant performance. T.



Huntsman. "GIVE US A BIT O' ROOM! YOU WAS NEARLY IN MY POCKET THAT TIME."
Flat-race Jockey. "ROOM? WHY, I WAS NEARLY HALF A LENGTH BEHIND YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE evolution of the long novel appears to be following that of the human race. Instead of the individual, the family now threatens to become the central unit. I confess that this prospect, as evidenced by *Three Pretty Men* (METHUEN), fills me with some just apprehension. Mr. GILBERT CANNAN has set out to tell how a Scotch family, three brothers, a mother, and some sisters in the background, determines to make its fortune in a South Lancashire city (very recognisable under the name of *Thrigsby*), and how eventually all but one of them succeed. It is a long book and a close; and the dialogue (which of its kind is good dialogue, crisp and illuminating), being printed without the usual spacing, produces an indigestible-looking page that might well alarm a reader out for enjoyment. The book, in its record of the progress of the three, *Jamie* and *Tom* and *John*, is really more a study of social conditions in mid-Victorian Manchester than a work of imagination. But there is clever character-drawing in it, especially in *Jamie*, who from a worldly point of view is the failure of the group, making no money, and drifting through journalism to emigration; and in the finely suggested figure of *Tibby*, the ill-favoured kitchen drudge, who is his real centre of inspiration. But first and last it remains a dull business, partly from an entire lack of humour, partly from the absence of any settled plan that might help one to endure the dreariness of the setting. Mr. CANNAN certainly knows his subject, and few novels indeed have given me, rightly or wrongly, a greater suggestion of autobiography. But for once the art of being exhaustive without being exhausting seems to have eluded him.

If you want really to get a picture of war as she is waged by an obscure unit in the thick of the dirtiest, dampest and most depressing part, read PATRICK MACGILL'S *The Red Horizon* (JENKINS). Here we meet the author of *The Children of the Dead End* and *The Rat-Pit* as Rifleman 3008 of the London Irish, involved in the grim routine of the firing line—reliefs, diggings and repairs, sentry-go's, stand-to's, reserves, working and covering parties, billets; and so *da capo*. With a rare artistic intuition, instead of diffusing his effects in a riot of general impressions, he has confined himself to a record of the doings of his section, and I have read nothing that gives anything near so convincing an impression of the truth, at once splendid and bitter. It is a privilege to be shown, through the medium of an imaginative temperament, the fine comradeship of the trenches, the heroism that shines through the haunting fear of death, mostly conquered with a laugh, but sometimes frankly expressed in the pathetic desire for a "blighty" wound—a wound just serious enough to send the envied hero home. You won't get much of the Romance of War out of this strong piece of work, except the jolly sort of romance of the little Cockney, *Bill*, who, when the regiment in reserve was crouching in the trench under heavy shelling, cheered it by delivering himself characteristically as follows: "If I kick the bucket don't put a cross with 'E died for 'is King and Country' over me. A bully beef tin at my 'ead will do, and—'E died doin' fatigues on an empty stomach.'"

If you were the hero of a novel, the only possible mate for the heroine, and, in short, taking you all round, an important sort of person, would you not consider yourself hardly treated if you were not allowed to make the girl's acquaintance till page 311, when you knew there were to be only three hundred and thirty-two pages in the book? I disagree entirely with *Roger Quinn*, in Miss BEATRICE KELSTON'S *The Blows of Circumstance* (LONG), when, reviewing the affair, he writes to a friend: "It 's amazing that we fell short of perfect understanding." My opinion is that *Roger* did extremely well in the little time he was given. Of course he had conducted the case for the Crown when she was in the dock, charged with murder, and that formed a sort of bond between them; but even so I don't see how he could have got much nearer to a complete understanding, considering that the girl dashed off and committed suicide almost before he could get a word in. If my enjoyment of *The Blows of Circumstance* waned towards the end and the book seemed to me to lose grip, it was because the sudden discovery on the part of *Quinn* and *Amalie Gayne* that they were soul-mates was too sudden to convince me. Up to the beginning of the trial the story has vigour and an air of probability, with its careful building-up of *Amalie's* curious character and the vivid description of her life on the stage and off it in the society of a drug-taking husband; but from that point on it seemed to me to fail. In real life all might have happened just as it is set down, but real life is sloppily constructed. A novel must obey more rigid rules. Miss KELSTON writes extremely well, if a trifle too gloomily for my personal taste, but she cannot afford to ignore the laws of construction and hurl her big situation at the reader with an abrupt "Take it or leave it!"



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF PRUSSIAN EFFRONTERY.

Officer of Zeppelin (in perfect English). "WOULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME TO THE WAR OFFICE?"

If 'tis love that makes the world go round, it is certainly the same force that maintains the circulation of the libraries. So it is safe to assume that such a title as *The Little Blind God* (MELROSE) is itself enough to preserve the volume that bears it from any wallflower existence on the less frequented shelves. But as for the story to which Miss ANNE WEAVER has given this attractive name I find it very difficult to say anything, good or bad. Only once did its placid unfolding cause me any emotion, even the mildest. Old *Lady Conyers* had adopted as companion one *Mistress Barbara Cardeen* (need I interpolate that the time is the eighteenth century? O brocade and lavender! O swords and candle-light and general tushery!), whom she found playing a violin in the streets of Bath—I should say *the* Bath; let us above all things be atmospheric! As her ladyship had a most eligible son, and as *Barbara*—the chit! —naturally hadn't a guinea, I own I was slightly astonished to find the dowager positively hurling the young couple at each other's heads. However, doubtless *Lady Conyers*, as herself a novel-reader, knew that the thing was inevitable anyway. But before this there were of course the misunderstandings. *Mistress Barbara* had, in the violin days, a half-brother; and this gentleman very obligingly turns up *incognito* at Conyers End, and even goes to the expense of hiring rooms in a cottage on the estate, for no other purpose in life than that his conspicuously clandestine meetings with the fair *Barbara* should be misconstrued as an assignation. Ha! out, rapiers! and let us be ready for the moment when *Barbara*, rushing between the combatants, receives in her own bosom the blade intended for——, etc. But of course not enough blade to endanger the happy ending. So there you are. A placid, undistinguished tale, that may be commended as nourishment or soporific according to the taste and fancy of the reader.

For *Thirteen Stories* I've nought but praise,
Although you 'll find when you overhaul them
They 're best described, in the author's phrase,
As "sketches, studies or what do you call them?"

Per DUCKWORTH forward and back you trek;
You may book right through or choose between a
Peep at Perim or Chapultepec,
Sahara, Hampstead or Argentina.

You may halt, if you will, at phalansteries,
Where Mescaleros on maturangos
Eat or drink (whichever it is)
Baked tortillas and twang changangos.

Suchlike things come easy as pie
To the author, Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM,
And I quite like 'em so long as I
Have only to read and not to say 'em.

An Optimist.

"Gentlewoman, bright, owing to War, offers Companionship in Return for hospitality, laundry, and travelling expenses."
Morning Paper.

"An attack on the compulsory vice bill now before the House of Lords was made by the president of the conference, William C. Anderson."—*New York Globe.*

Our American contemporary is misinformed. The measure in question seeks to make virtue compulsory—the virtue of patriotism.

"The following French official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—3.25.—Bouton Rouge 1, Dordogne 2, Kitch 3. Eight ran."—*Evening Times and Echo.*

We are sorry that K. OF K. didn't do better.

CHARIVARIA.

THE threatened shortage of paper has led a few unkind persons to enquire upon what our diplomatic victories are hereafter to be achieved.

* * *

An interned German was recently given a week's freedom in which to get married, and the interesting question has now been raised as to whether his children, when they reach the age of twenty-one, will be liable to the Conscription Act or will have to be interned as alien enemies.

* * *

According to Miss ELLEN TERRY but little attention has been given by the critics to the letters in SHAKSPEARE'S plays. We rather thought that one of Germany's intelligent young professors had recently subjected the letters to a searching analysis, the result being to establish beyond a reasonable doubt that England started the War.

* * *

From *The Observer*:—

"The King has sent a congratulatory letter to Mrs. Mann of Nottingham, who has nine sons serving in the Army and Navy. This is believed to be a record for one working-class family."

Though a mere bagatelle, of course, for the idle rich.

* * *

We regret to read of the death from tuberculosis of one of the most popular and playful of the Zoological Society's crocodiles. Death is said to have been hastened by a severe chill contracted by the intelligent reptile as the result of leaving off a warm undervest, the gift of an elderly female admirer, in order to pursue, in jest, of course, the keeper of the reptile house down a drain.

* * *

A Persian newspaper entitled *Kaveh* is now being published in Berlin for the purpose of increasing popular interest in Persian affairs. Its title is short for "*Kaveh kanem!*" (Beware of the Bulldog!)

* * *

Women who have volunteered to do agricultural work in place of men called to the colours will wear a green armlet, green being selected in preference to red on account of the possibility of cows.

* * *

The proposal that wives whose husbands, though of military age, have not attested under the Derby Act shall be allowed to wear a ribbon on the left arm to signify that it is not their fault, is said to have received considerable support.

* * *

There is no pleasing everybody. Last week Mr. TENNANT told the House of Commons that hereafter "the Navy would undertake to deal with all hostile aircraft attempting to reach this country, while the Army undertook to deal with all aircraft which reached these shores." And now the Horse Marines are asking bitterly why they are not to be permitted to share in the great work.

* * *

The German Government has put restrictions on the sale of sauerkraut, and a hideous rumour is afoot to the effect that they are preparing to use it on the prisoners by forcible feeding.

* * *

It is said of the Chicago meat-packers that they use every part of the pig except the squeal. As the result of the restriction put upon wood pulp an equally economical process is to be applied to our old newspapers.

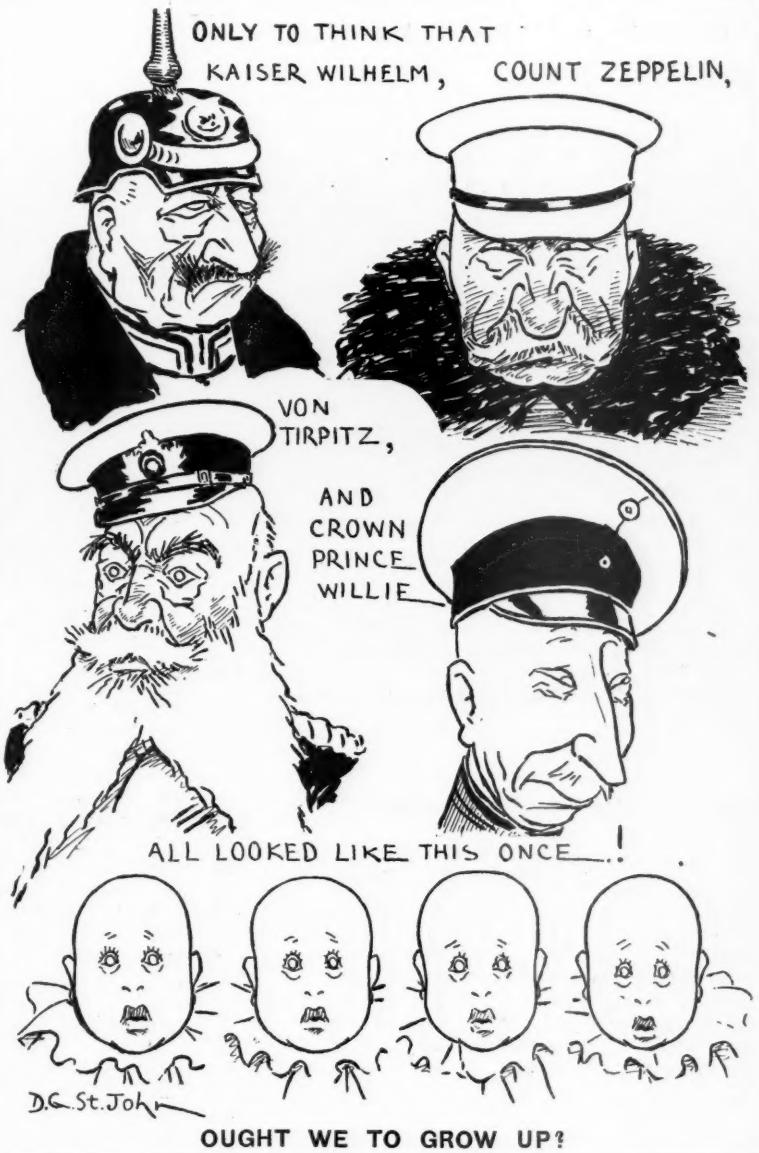
* * *

"Several new records were established at the Geelong wool sales, including 20d. for greasy merino lambs.—*Reuter.*"

This revival of the ancient pastime of chasing the greasy lamb will be of interest to antiquarians.

* * *

From *The Irish Times*: "Wanted Lad as assistant plumber. *Experience not necessary.*" After all there is something to be said for the ravages of war.



OUGHT WE TO GROW UP?

ERZERUM: A SET-BACK IN THE HOLY WAR.

KAISER TO SULTAN.

My Moslem brother, this is sad, sad news,
So sad that I permit myself to mention
How much it modifies my sanguine views
Of Allah's intervention.

In that combine for holy ends and high
Of which I let him figure as the joint head
I must (between ourselves) confess that I
Am gravely disappointed.

Without his help I did the Balkan stunt,
But when I left him to his own devices
To operate upon a local front
He failed me at the crisis.

I could not run the show in every scene,
Not all at once; and Caucasus was chilly—
Fifty degrees of frost, which would have been
Bad for the health of WILLIE.

And then to think that he should let me down
When I was sore in need of heavenly comfort,
Making the Christian free of Erzerum town,
Which, as you know, is "some" fort.

Not that I mind the mere material loss,
But poor Armenia, hitherto quiescent,
Who sees the barbarous brigands of the Cross
Trampling her trusted Crescent!

True, you have spared the major part this pain,
But for the remnant, who escaped your heeding,
My heart (recovered, thankyou, from Louvain),
Once more has started bleeding.

O. S.

MY WAR STORIES.

DID you ever try to write War stories? I am not alluding to Press telegrams from Athens, Amsterdam or Copenhagen, but legitimate magazine fiction. Once I was reasonably competent and could rake in my modest share of War profits. But recently Clibbers, of the International Fiction Syndicate, approached me and said, "Old man, do me some War stuff. Anything you like, but it must have a novel climax."

"Not in a War story," I protested.

"Can you deliver the goods?" said Clibbers sternly.

After that what could I do but alter the stories I had in stock.

For example there was my fine story, "Retrieved." The innocent convict (would that I had the happy innocence of the convict of fiction!) emerges from Portmoor. In a few well-chosen words the genial old prison governor (to avoid libel actions I hasten to say that no allusion is made to any living person) advises the released man to make a new career. The convict marches to the recruiting office and enlists. In a couple of paragraphs he is at the Front; on the second page he saves the Colonel's life, captures a German trench on page three, and in less time than it takes to do it gains the V.C., discovers the villain dying repentant with a full confession in his left puttee, and embraces the girl who chanced to be Red-Crossing in the rear of the German position—presumably having arrived there by aeroplane. This seemed to me both probable and credible in a magazine. Still a novel climax was needed. After the few well-chosen words from the prison governor I took the convict to the nearest public-house, let him discover that the new restrictions were in force, and brought the story to a novel conclusion by making him say with oaths to the recruiting officer that he would be jiggered if ever he formed fours for such a rotten old country.

I thought that, at any rate, I had provided one surprise for my readers. Then I turned to my psychological study, entitled "The Funk." There wasn't much story in this, but a good deal about a man's sensations when in danger. I could picture the horror of it from personal experience, for my rear rank man has nearly brained me a dozen times when the specials have bayonet drill (I also have nearly brained—but I am wandering from the subject). Well, the Funk at the critical moment ran away, but, being muddled by German gas clouds, ran straight into the German lines. He thought that people were trying to intercept his flight. In panic he cut them down. At the last moment he cut the CROWN PRINCE'S smile in twain. (In fiction, mark you, it is quite allowable to put the CROWN PRINCE into the firing line). Then came glory, the D.C.M. and a portrait of some one else with the Funk's name attached in *The Daily Snap*. However, novelty was needed. I concluded by leaving the Funk hiding in a dug-out when the British charged and eating the regiment's last pot of strawberry jam.

I turned to another romance, entitled "Secret Service," and found to my joy that this needed very little alteration. The hero chanced to be in Germany at the outset of the war. He was imprisoned at Ruhleben, Potsdam, Dantzic, Frankfort and Wilhelmshaven. He escaped from these places by swimming the Rhine (thrice), the Danube, the Meuse, the Elbe, the Vistula, the Bug, the Volga, the Kiel Canal and Lake Geneva. He chloroformed, sandbagged, choked and gagged sentinels throughout the length and breadth of Germany. From under a railway carriage seat he overheard a conversation between ENVER BEY and BERNHARDI. Concealed beneath a pew at a Lutheran church he heard COUNT ZEP. and VON TIRP. exchanging deadly secrets. Finally he emerged from a grandfather's clock as the KAISER was handing the CROWN PRINCE some immensely important documents, snatched them, stole an aeroplane, bombed a Zeppelin or two on his homeward way, and landed exhausted at Lord KITCHENER'S feet. Here came the change. Instead of opening the parcel to discover the plans of the German staff, the WAR SECRETARY found in his hand this document:—

"Sausage Prices in Berlin: Pork Sausage, 3 marks 80 pf.; Horse Sausage, 3 marks 45 pf.; Dog Sausage, 2 marks 95 pf. Gott mit uns.—WILHELM."

I sent the three romances to Clibbers and waited his reply with anxiety. It came promptly and as follows:—"Are you mad?—CLIBBERS."

Instantly I sent him the first versions of these magnificent fictions. He phoned me at once, "That's the kind of novelty I want. Send me some more."

You will see "Retrieved," "The Funk," and "Secret Service" in the magazines shortly. Don't trouble if the titles differ. After all, there are only three genuine War story plots.

More Stories of Old London.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Evening News."*)

Mr. George Washington Turpin, Islington, writes:—

"I wonder if Mr. G. R. Sims remembers a curious horsey character known as John Gilpin, who rode in state one day from his home in the City to the Bell at Edmonton. I shall never forget the crowd that assembled to see him pass through Islington. It's quite a while ago and my memory is not so clear as it might be, but being a bit of a road-hog he missed the Bell and went on to York or somewhere."



DUAL CONTROL.

"A KIND OF A GIDDY HARUMFRODITE—SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

["Sir PERCY SCOTT has not quite left the Admiralty and has not quite joined the War Office."—*Mr. ELLIS GRIFFITH, in the House.* Since this remark Lord KITCHENER has announced that the Admiral is to act as expert adviser to Field-Marshal Lord FRENCH, who is taking over the responsibility for home defence against aircraft.]

THE SIMMERERS.

"I SHALL never shake it off," said Francesca. It was six o'clock and she had just come in from having tea with some friends.

"Shake what off?" I said.

"My Cimmerian gloom," she said. "Haven't you noticed it?"

"No," I said, "I can't say I have. Perhaps if you stood with your back to the light—yes, there's just a *soupçon* of it now, but nothing that I could honestly call Cimmerian."

"Of course you'd be sure to say that. I can never get you to believe in my headaches, and now you won't notice my Cimmerian gloom."

"Francesca," I said, "I do not like to hear you speak lightly of your headaches. To me they are sacred institutions, and I should never dare to tamper with them. Don't I always walk on tiptoe and speak in a whisper when you have a headache? You know I do, even when you don't happen to be in the room. If your gloom is the same sort of thing as your headache——"

"It's much worse."

"If it's only as bad I'm prepared to give it a most respectful welcome. But what is it all about?"

"It's about the War."

"God bless my soul, you don't say so. You're generally so cheerful about it and so hopeful about our winning. What *has* happened to give you the hump? We've blown up any amount of mines and occupied the craters, and we've driven down several German aeroplanes."

"Yes, I know," she said, "I admit all that; but I've just met Mrs. Rowley."

"And a very cheery little party she is, too."

"That," said Francesca, "is just it."

"What's just what?" I said.

"Don't be so flippant."

"And don't you be so cryptic. What's Mrs. Rowley's cheerfulness done to you?"

"I'll tell you how it happened," she said. "We met; 'twas at a tea, and first of all we talked about committees."

"Committees!" I said. "How glorious! Are there many?"

"Yes," she said. "There's the old Relief Committee, and the Belgian Committee, and the Soldiers' Comforts' Committee, and the Hospital Visitors' Committee, and the Children's Meals' Committee, and the Entertainments' Committee and the——"

"Enough," I said. "I will take the rest for granted. But isn't there a danger that with all these committees——"

"I know," she said; "you're going to say something about overlapping."

"Your insight," I said, "is wonderful. How did you know?"

"I've noticed," she said, "that when men form committees they always declare that there sha'n't be any overlapping, and then, according to their own account, they get to work and all overlap like mad. Now we women don't worry about overlapping. Most of us don't know what it means—I don't myself—but we appoint presidents and treasurers and secretaries, and then we go ahead and do things. If we were only left to ourselves we should never call a meeting of any committee after we'd once started it. It's the men who insist on committees meeting."

"Yes, and on keeping them from breaking their rules."

"What's the use of having committees if you can't break their silly old rules?"

"Amiable anarchist," I said, "let us abandon committees and return to Mrs. Rowley."

"Well," she said, "we soon got on to the War."

"You might easily do that," I said. "The subject has its importance. What does Mrs. Rowley think of it?"

"Mrs. Rowley thinks it's all perfectly splendid. She hasn't the least doubt about anything. She knows the uncle of a man whose cousin is in the War Office and often sees Lord KITCHENER in the corridors, and he's quite certain——"

"Who? Lord KITCHENER?"

"No, the uncle of the man whose cousin—he's quite certain the War will be over in our favour before next June, because there'll be a revolution in Potsdam and thousands of Germans are being killed in bread-riots every day, and lots of stuff of that sort."

"I understand," I said. "You began to react against it."

"Something of that kind. She was so terribly serene and so dreadfully over-confident that I got contradictious and had to argue with her—simply couldn't restrain myself—and then she said she was sorry I was such a pessimist, and I said I wasn't, and here I am."

"Yes," I said, "you are, and in a state of Cimmerian gloom, naturally enough. But you've come to the right place — no, by Jove, now that I think of it you've come to the wrong place, the very wrongest place in the world."

"How's that?"

"Because I met old Captain Burstall out walking, and he was miserable about everything. According to him we haven't got a dog's chance anywhere. The Government's rotten, the Army's rotten, the Navy's worse and the British Empire's going to be smashed up before Easter."

"Captain Burstall's the man for my money. If I'd only met him I should have been as cheerful as a lark."

"And that," I said, "is exactly what I am, entirely owing to a natural spirit of contradiction. I just pulled myself together and countered him on every point."

"I daresay you did it very well," she said; "but if you're as cock-a-hoop as you make out I don't see how I'm ever to get rid of my depression. I shall be starting to contradict *you* next."

"Which," I said, "will be an entirely novel experience for both of us. But I'll tell you a better way; let's keep silent for ten minutes and simmer back to our usual condition of reasonable hopefulness."

"I can't promise silence," she said, "but I'll back myself against the world as a simmerer." R. C. L.



Jarge (*on a visit to London*). "LET'S GO OOP PAST TH' WAR OFFICE, MARIA. WE MIGHT SEE KITCHENER."

Maria. "WE'LL DO NOTHIN' O' TH' SORT. MORE'N LIKELY YOU TWO'D GET TALKIN' AN' WE'D MISS OUR TRAIN."

SHAKSPEARE to the Slackers:—

"Dishonour not your mothers; now attest." *HENRY V., Act III., Scene I.*



Joan (*reading*). "IT SAYS HERE THAT THIS WAR IS ARMAGIDEON, AND THE END OF THE WORLD IS FIXED FOR THE BEGINNING OF APRIL."

Darby. "THERE, NOW! I ALWAYS SAID THE KAISER WOULD WRIGGLE OUT OF IT SOMEHOW!"

ANOTHER AIR SCANDAL.

IF ever I write a Hymn of Hate, or, at any rate, of resentment, it will not be about the Germans, but about a certain type of Englishman whom I encounter far too often and shall never understand. The Germans are now beyond any hymning, however fervent; they are, it is reassuring to think, a class by themselves. But my man should be hymned, not because it will do him any good, but because it relieves my feelings.

It is really rather a curious case, for he might be quite a nice fellow and, I have little doubt, often is; but he boasts and flaunts an inhuman insensibility that excites one's worst passions.

What would you say was the quality or characteristic most to be desired in every member of our social commonwealth? Obviously there is only one reply to this question: that he should be decently susceptible to draughts. If society is to go on, either we must all be so pachydermatous as to be able to disregard draughts, or we must feel them and act accordingly. There should not be here and there a strange Ishmaelite creature whose delight it is to be played upon by boreal blasts. But there is. I meet him in the train, and the other day I hymned him.

O thou (my hymn of dislike, of annoyance, of remonstrance began):—

O thou, the foe of comfort, heat,
O thou who hast the corner seat,
Facing the engine, as we say
(Although it is so far away,
And in between
So many coaches intervene,
The phrase partakes of foolishness);—
O thou who sittest there no less,
Keeping the window down
Though all the carriage frown,
Why dost thou so rejoice in air?
Not air that nourishes and braces,
Such as one finds in watering-places,
But air to chill a polar bear—
Malignant air at sixty miles an hour
That rakes the carriage fore and aft,
Wherein we cower;
Not air at all, but sheer revengeful draught!
How canst thou like it? Say! How canst thou do it?
Thou even read'st a paper through it!
Know'st thou no pain?
Sciatica or rheumatism
Leading to balm or sinapism?
Doth influenza pass thee by?
Hast never cold or bloodshot eye
Like ordinary Christian folk
Who sit in draughts against their will
And pray they 'll not be ill?
Even in tunnels (this is past a joke)
Thou car'st no rap
Nor, as a decent man would, pull'st the strap,
But lett'st the carriage fill with smoke
Till all but thou must choke.

Why art thou anti-social thus,
Why dost thou differ so from us?
Thou pig! thou hippopotamus!

I don't pretend to be satisfied with these lines. They are not strong, not complete. Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS would have done it more fittingly. Still they might do a little good somewhere, and every little helps.

Overtime.

"The evidence was that defendants employed six young persons for more than seven days a week."—*Provincial Paper.*

"The organist played as opening voluntaries the 'Bridal March' from 'Lohengrin,' Barnaby's 'Bridal March' from 'Lohengrin,' and Barnaby's 'Bridal March.'
Provincial Paper.

It was evidently BARNABY'S. Still, we think WAGNER might have been mentioned as his collaborator.

"In the current number of the *Commonwealth* Canon Scott Holland in his own inimical manner endorses all that Mr. Carey has been writing in our columns recently."
Clerical Paper.

The Canon appears to be one of those jolly people who slap you on the back as if they would knock you down.

AT THE FRONT.

OF recent days we have almost stopped pretending to be soldiers and owned up to being civilian labourers lodged in the War zone. This is felt so acutely that several leading privates have quite discarded that absolute attribute of the infantryman, the rifle. They return from working parties completely unarmed, discover the fact with a mild and but half-regretful astonishment and report the circumstance to section-commanders as if they had lost one round of small arms ammunition or the last cube from an iron ration.

The hobby of the civilian labourer is obstacle-racing. To do this you require a dark night, the assistance of some Royal Engineers, an appointment just behind the front line with some supervisor of labour whom you don't know and don't specially want to, and a four-mile stretch across country to the rendezvous.

You start out at nightfall and do good time over the first hundred yards. The field consists of forty to eighty labourers, and one of the idle rich (formerly styled officers). At the hundred yards' mark the Royal Engineers begin to come in. Obstacle 1 is a model trench, built for instructional purposes and now being turned to obstructional account. There's one place where you can get on to the parados without swimming, and if we started by daylight we might strike it. We do not start by daylight.

Beyond the trench is a wire entanglement, also a fine specimen of early 1915 R.E. work. We may note in passing the trip wire eight yards beyond. We're getting pretty good with it now, but in our early days the R.E. used to get a lot of marks for it.

You go on towards a couple of moated hedges, whimsically barbed in odd spots, and emerge into a park or open space leading into an unhealthy-looking road. It seems all plain sailing to the road—unless you know the R.E., in which case you will not be surprised to find your neck nearly bisected by a horizontal wire designed to encourage telephonic communication.

Eventually you all reach an area known for some obscure reason—if for any at all—as "The Brigade." Here the R.E. have a new game waiting for you. We call it "Hunt the Shovels." You have been instructed to draw shovels from the Brigade. The term covers a space of some thousand square metres intersected with hedges, bridges, rivers, dugouts, horseponds (natural and adventitious), any square metre of which may contain your shovels.

If you are not behind time so far this is where you drop a quarter of an hour. Of course you may just get fed up and go home. But in that case you aren't allowed to play again, and as a matter of fact the game is rather *de rigueur* out here. So you hide your party behind a sign-post, which tells you—if it were not too dark to read—INFANTRY MUST NOT HALT HERE, and then a lance-corporal with a good nose for shovels looks through the more likely hiding-places. The search is rendered pleasant as well as interesting by the fact that all the Brigade has been trodden into a morass by months of shovel-hunting.

Beyond the Brigade the obstacles really begin. But if you use a revolver freely for wire-cutting and rope your party together—this prevents anyone sitting down by the wayside to take his boots off "because they draws that bad"—you will reach the rendezvous assigned to you within an hour of the time assigned to you. At this point you will learn that no guide has been seen or heard of there, and, subsequently, that the guide was warned for another square that certainly looks very similar on the map. But again, if you know guides, you will guess that he went straight to the spot where the job was to be done without bothering about anything so intricate or superfluous as a rendezvous. Anyhow you will probably end by getting some sort of casual labour somewhere, some time or other, and no questions asked so long as you don't inadvertently dig through from a main drain into a C.O.'s dugout.

There is a new joke too, a Red Book, out of which we are gradually becoming millionaires. It is full of comfortable claims and allowances for gentlemen serving the KING overseas. The only thing is it takes a bit of working out. There are so many channels of enrichment. Thus in June—I forget the exact date—I spent a night in the train. Although I had a bed and beer in bottles all the way from England, not to mention usual meals and part use of doctor, I became entitled to one franc ten centimes in lieu of something which I have now forgotten. (Authority, W. O. Letter 2719 / x p $\frac{4.5}{2}$ 19 $\surd$ 2·15). Then a broken revolver is worth no less than seventy-two shillings, but I have to collect autographs to get that. Unclaimed groom's allowance—I don't think my groom has claimed it—comes to nearly four-and-sixpence; and I find I have been quite needlessly getting my hair cut at my own expense these many months.

And yet I am afraid that when I have made it all out and got a chartered accountant to account for it—that ought to mean a few pounds Chartered Accountant allowance—my application will be returned to me because the envelope is not that shade of mauve officially ordained for the enclosure of Overseas Officers' Claims.

TO "LIFE" OF NEW YORK.

(*In acknowledgment of its "John Bull Number."*)

IN earlier peaceful days your attitude
Was witty and satirical and shrewd,
But, whether you were serious or skittish,
Always a candid critic of things British,
Though, when you were unable to admire us,
Life's "little ironies" were free from virus.
But since the War began your English readers
Have welcomed MARTIN'S admirable leaders*—
Which prove that all that's honest, clean and wise
In the United States is pro-Allies—
And learned to recognise in *Life* a friend
On whom to reckon to the bitter end.
But these good services you now have crowned
By something finer, braver, more profound—
Your "John Bull Number," where we gladly trace
Pride in the common glories of our race,
Goodwill, good fellowship, kind words of cheer,
So frank, so unmistakably sincere,
That we can find (in ARTEMUS'S phrase)
No "slopping over" of the pap of praise,
But just the sort of message that one brother
Would send in time of trial to another.
And thus, whatever comes of WILSON'S Notes,
Of Neutral claims or of the tug for votes,
Nothing that happens henceforth can detract
From your fraternal and endearing act,
Which fills your cup of kindness brimming full,
And signals *Sursum corda* to John Bull.

* *The War Week by Week, as seen from New York. Being Observations from "Life."* By E. S. MARTIN.

"The Chairman said he should like to appeal to the good sense of the inhabitants of Duffield, through the Press, to do all they could to darken their windows not only at the front of the houses, but also at the back.

The Clerk said the Council had no power to take action in this matter only by persuasion, and it was decided that 500 leaflets should be distributed by the lamplighters to each house."—*Derbyshire Advertiser.*

And with pulp so expensive, too!

MR. PUNCH'S POTTED FILMS. THE PLAY WITH A MORAL.

THE LURE OF LONDON.



Characters in the Play.

NANCY PRIMROSE. RICHARD GRENFIELD. VERA VAVASOUR.



RICHARD GRENFIELD, LEAVING HIS NATIVE VILLAGE TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE IN LONDON, BIDS ADIEU TO NANCY PRIMROSE, HIS RUSTIC SWEETHEART. HE SWEARS TO BE TRUE TO HER.



ARRIVED IN LONDON, RICHARD SPEEDILY PLUNGES INTO THE GAY LIFE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS. HE MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF VERA VAVASOUR, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS AND LEADER OF THE SMART SET. HE ENTERTAINS HER TO TEA AT THE FITZ HOTEL.



IN THE MEANTIME, ALL NANCY'S RELATIONS HAVING DIED, SHE IS THROWN UPON HER OWN RESOURCES, AND OBTAINS A SITUATION AS KITCHENMAID AT THE FITZ. FROM A PLACE OF CONCEALMENT SHE WATCHES, WITH DISMAY, THE FALSE BEHAVIOUR OF HER FORMER LOVER.



RICHARD, WHOSE PREVIOUS INCURSIONS INTO SOCIETY HAD NOT LED HIM HIGHER THAN A.B.C. SHOPS, IS UNABLE TO MEET THE BILL. VERA REVEALS HERSELF IN HER TRUE COLOURS AND REFUSES TO OFFER MONETARY ASSISTANCE. THE IRATE MANAGER THREATENS TO CALL IN THE POLICE. NANCY TO THE RESCUE!



NANCY, HAVING WITH HER HARD-EARNED SAVINGS DISCHARGED THE BILL, IS CLASPED TO HIS BREAST BY RICHARD, WHO THEN AND THERE ABJURES THE SMART SET AND MAKES STERN RESOLVE NEVER AGAIN TO FALL A VICTIM TO "THE LURE OF LONDON."



Lieutenant. "NOBODY HURT? THEN WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU KICKING UP SUCH A ROW FOR?"
Tommy. "WELL, SIR, LOOK AT THE MESS THEY BLOOMIN' 'UNS 'AVE MADE IN THE TRENCH JUST AFTER I'VE SWEP' IT UP!"

MUSICAL JUMBOMANIA.

"The piano with a thirty-foot keyboard, forty-five octaves, and five hundred and twenty-two keys, which Mr. Alfred Butt will 'present' in 'Follow the Crowd' at the Empire Theatre, is now in course of construction. Six pianists will play it, and Mr. Irving Berlin, the composer of 'Watch Your Step,' is composing some special melodies for them."—*Sunday Paper.*

THE new Bombastophone which the Titanola Company are constructing for Mr. Boomer, the famous War lecturer, is approaching completion. This remarkable instrument, which roughly resembles a double-bassoon, stands about 45 feet high, and has a compass of 500 octaves, from the low B flat *in profundissimo* to the high G on the Doncaster St. Leger line. The use that Mr. Boomer makes of the Bombastophone is very original and effective. Whenever he sees that the attention of his audience is flagging he introduces an interlude of "bombination," which renders lethargy impossible and exercises an indescribably stimulating effect on the tympanum. The current of air is supplied by a bellows operated by an eight-cylinder Brome engine, but Mr. Boomer works the keys himself, climbing up and down them with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

Another instrument which is expected to work a revolution in the realm of sonority is the Clumbungo Drum, on which Mr. Wackford Bumpus will shortly give a recital at the Albert Hall. The drum, which is made of teak and rhinoceros hide, is three hundred feet in circumference, but only twenty feet high, and the drumsticks are of proportionate length. As Dr. Blamphin, the eminent aurist, remarks, "The merit of the notes of this momentous instrument is their profound sincerity. They cannot be disregarded even by the most absent-minded auditor."

HINTS FOR AIR RAIDS.

THE War Office have issued a notice reminding the public that they are greatly inconvenienced by persons who telephone for information during the progress of an air raid. To avoid a repetition of the trouble the attention of the public is called to the following information:—

(1) Elderly ladies may deposit their lap dogs in the bomb-proof shelter erected for that purpose in the basement of the War Office buildings at Whitehall, a charge of one penny per dog per raid being made.

(2) Persons removed from the interior of motor omnibuses by the explosion of bombs dropped by airships cannot claim from the Government a refund of the fares paid by them.

(3) Persons having reason to believe that an air raid is in progress are requested to put on their hats before leaving the house, as it has been ascertained that a hard hat is a substantial protection against falling Zeppelins.

(4) For the benefit of editors and others who are dissatisfied with the precautions taken to cope with the Zeppelin peril, Messrs. Selfgrove & Co. announce that their new Strafing Room will shortly be open to the public.

(5) As the force of a bomb explosion is largely in an upward direction, those in the immediate vicinity of a dropping bomb are advised to assume a recumbent position, in which they will enjoy the added advantage of being indistinguishable from the pavement.

(6) As theatre audiences are notoriously subject to panic, actor-managers are earnestly requested to prepare beforehand some suitable jest with which, in the event of a bomb entering the theatre, the attention of the audience may be distracted.



A BLOW FOR THE CRESCENT.

SULTAN OF TURKEY. "ALL-HIGHEST, ERZERUM HAS FALLEN!"

KAISER. "GOTT—I SHOULD SAY, *ALLAH*—STRAFE RUSSLAND!"

UNDERGROUND GAME.

IT was four o'clock on a wet wintry morning.

Captain Blank executed an inadvertent double-shuffle on a greasy trench plank and wondered vaguely why the rain should *always* come from the north-east. Presently a figure squelched up to him and halted.

"'Tis Sergeant O'Hagan, Sorr," it whispered hoarsely.

"Well, Sergeant, what is it?"

"'Tis the sintry at Fosse 19, Sorr. He's reported quare noises in that inimy sap beyant."

"Been dreaming, I expect," muttered the Captain, and then added briskly, "I think I'll have a listen myself. Go ahead, Sergeant."

They made their way slowly along the uneven trench, past silent figures reclining in various attitudes of ease or discomfort; past emplacements where machine-guns and trench-mortars were innocently sleeping (with one eye always open) or being overhauled by an expert night-nurse. Eventually, by that instinct common to trench-dwellers and professional poachers, they found themselves at Fosse 19, and with superlative caution crept up to the sentry.

"What's wrong?" whispered the Captain tersely.

"Well, Sir," replied Private Blobbs, "I was standin' 'ere on listenin' duty, when I 'ears somethink movin' very contagious, so I pops up me 'ead to 'ave a peep. Didn't see nothink, but I 'ears a pecooliar noise like—— There y'are, Sir."

He broke off abruptly, and, borne upon the wind, came a series of guttural murmurs.

"Now wouldn't ut give one a quare shtart, that?" remarked Sergeant O'Hagan, *sotto voce*.

"Um-m," said the Captain thoughtfully. "I think Mr. Hamilton had better have a look round."

A few minutes later, having invaded the privacy of "Whortleberry Villa," he was relentlessly prodding a bundle of waterproofs.

"Come on, young fella!" he exclaimed when the bundle showed signs of life; "bombin' party forward. Brother Bosch is playin' the piccolo just outside Fosse 19."

The Subaltern scrambled out of his wraps and, with incredible dispatch, gathered together the Davids of his section. "All guaranteed," so he boasted, "to hit the cocoanut every time."

Accoutred with their infernal machines, the little band of hope passed along the trench as silently as a party of FENIMORE COOPER'S North-American Indians.

* * * * *

"Yes, they're at home right enough," muttered the Subaltern, after a cramped interval of breathless attention, "and fairly asking for it."

He proceeded to make his dispositions with the skill and assurance of an old hand. He was nearly nineteen.

"We're going to stalk 'em this time," he whispered to the men; "you keep on crawling till I say 'Go!' Then drop it on them quick."

He slid over the parapet like an eel and disappeared into the night. In a few moments the sentry was alone in the trench. His state of mind was, from sheer excitement, almost insupportable.

After what seemed interminable hours, at last he heard the clear word of command, the clatter of things falling and the immediate roar of the explosions. In reply, rifle fire began to break out along the German first trenches, whilst, overhead, a star-shell burst into blossom; then the stutter of machine-guns joined in the chorus. The sentry flattened himself like a poultice against the side of the trench. Fosse 19 had, among other disadvantages, the reputation of being open to enfilading by machine-gun fire.

The disturbance died away as quickly as it had arisen, but there were no indications that the bombing party was returning. Private Blobbs danced with futile impatience and bent his head to the approved angle of the expert listener. Suddenly a heavy body took him in the nape of the neck.

"Ow!" he exclaimed, floundering in mud and water with an unseen and inconceivable presence. He clutched the nightmare of an ear and kicked violently.

"Look aht, Percy," enjoined a hollow but reassuring voice, "'ere comes another!"

Private Blobbs removed himself with remarkable agility. . . . .

"Good!" exclaimed the Subaltern when he finally slid into the trench. "This expedition hasn't quite come up to expectations, but it's the nicest family of pigs I've seen for some time."

He flashed an electric torch on to the disordered carcasses.

"Corporal Leary," he added incisively, "will you kindly see that the officers' mess is served with fresh pork?"

He snapped out the torch and, complete master of the situation, started on the return journey to "Whortleberry Villa."

BRINGING THE WAR HOME TO US.

HOUSEHOLD ORDERS.

By Mrs. EMMA PIPP, Commanding 3rd (Home Service) Battalion, The Fire Guards. February 21st, 1916.

Detail. Orderly Officer . . . *Mary Ann.*
Next for duty . . . . *Sarah Jane.*
Charwoman of the day . . . *Mrs. Susanna Sudds.*

Parade. 9.30 Shopping march under the Commanding Officer. Haversacks (for rations) will be carried.

Inspection. 12.0 O.C. Pantry will inspect all beetle-traps in her charge, and report if No. 13 (Kitchener pattern) has been found.

Decrease Strength. No. 4 Master T. Pipp, attached to Sea View House School, Boyton, for discipline.

Promotion. The Commanding Officer is pleased to approve of the following promotions:—Under-housemaid Mary Jane, to be Acting-Sergeant Housemaid; Miss Jones, Lady Nurse, to be Nursery Governess.

Leave. No. 1 Father Pipp granted six days' leave, inclusive of two days for travelling. Credit with six days' ration allowance at 1*s.* 9*d.* per diem.

Baths. Baths will be available for the nursery on Saturday evening from 6 to 7. O.C. Nursery will report that they have been taken.

Signalling. The Commanding Officer is pleased to announce that at the Fortnightly Course of Glad Eye Signalling, No. 2 Gertie Pipp gained a Flapper's Certificate.

Enquiry. A Court of Enquiry will assemble on the 25th inst. for the purpose of enquiring into the circumstances whereby the wheel of No. 3 Perambulator became buckled on the 12th inst.

O.C. Nursery will arrange for the presence of the necessary witnesses, with the exception of No. 9 Baby Pipp, now teething.

General Inspection. On the 1st prox., Uncle-General Towzer, L.S.D., will hold an inspection of nephews and nieces at 5 o'clock on the front parade lawn.

Dress: Best bibs and tuckers, with smiles.

A Hint for Slackers.

"Drilling versus Broad-Casting Oats."
Scotsman.

"The British Tropical Committee for War Films exhibited a further series of pictures of the British Army in France at the West-end Cinema House, Coventry-street, yesterday."
The Times.

Very hot stuff, no doubt!

From a description of Sir SAMUEL EVANS' "*lit de justice*":—

"Sir Samuel first heard one summons in camera, and then took two months of a formal nature, the time occupied being less than half an hour."—*Morning Paper.*

How time does fly when one's happy.

"WANTED, Rehearse March 20, Comedian and Chambermaid. Light Comedy (Refined Part, capable Good Drunken Scene)."
The Stage.

This is what is meant, no doubt, when people talk of "elevating" the drama.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FIRST STEPS TO VICTORY: A LEAD FROM OUR LEADERS.

STRIKING EXAMPLE OF WAR-TIME ECONOMY: MR. ASQUITH AND MR. MCKENNA SPLIT A CIGAR.

Tuesday, February 15th.—To the regret of all loyal citizens, the curtain rang up at Westminster to-day without the now customary Royal Overture. In the absence of HIS MAJESTY, the LORD CHANCELLOR delivered the brief Speech from the Throne, expressing the unalterable determination of the British people and their Allies to defeat the Power (name not given but possibly conjecturable) "which mistakes force for right and expediency for honour." To emphasise the unity of the nation the Address was moved by the Unionist Earl of CLARENDON and seconded by the Liberal Lord MUIR-MACKENZIE. It was agreed to in good time for dinner.

The Commons are not so economical of time. Mr. IAN MACPHERSON, who moved the Address, made quite a long speech. Like *Hamlet*, it was chiefly composed of quotations, but they were all quite apt, and as they ranged from THUCYDIDES to BURKE, with BOLINGBROKE'S *Patriot King* thrown in, they pleased the House, which likes these tributes to its erudition. The seconder, in khaki, was Col. F. S. JACKSON, a new Member, who, like the still-lamented ALFRED LYTTELTON, had made a reputation at Lord's ere ever he essayed the Commons. "Jacker" found the new wicket not quite to his liking at first, but afterwards scored freely. In congratulating the outgoing batsman the PRIME MINISTER discovered unexpected knowledge of cricket. "The Hon. Member," he said, "was making his maiden speech; but I doubt if he has ever encountered a maiden over—except, perhaps, when he was bowling."

In the regretted absence of the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. STUART-WORTLEY as Acting-CHAPLIN referred to the disintegration of parties under the stress of war. Now they had only groups, some designed to help the Government, some to "ginger" them. Mr. ASQUITH dwelt upon the growing unity of control among the Allies, which would counteract the advantage in this respect hitherto enjoyed by our foes; and noted the amazing growth of the once "contemptible little" British Army. He further reminded us that we had already incurred liabilities which it would take us a generation to wipe out; and it was the first duty of every patriotic citizen to practise rigid economy.

All very well, said, in effect, Mr. WARDLE, the new leader of the Labour Party; but, if the working classes are to save, the other classes must set them the example. All very well, said Sir MARK SYKES, but if we are going to win the war we must co-ordinate at home as well as abroad, and abandon the idea of "muddling through." With experience of G. H. Q. and four public departments, he asserted that the men were all right, but the system all wrong; and that the proper thing was to adopt SULTAN OMAR'S plan, and give the supreme control of the War to a Cabinet of not more than four members, who with no administrative details to distract them might be able to "teach the doubtful battle where to rage."

The PRIME MINISTER listened with interest but without enthusiasm to this suggestion. Probably he remembered that an essential part of OMAR'S scheme was that if the Four failed to agree they were to be promptly hanged, and had himself no ambition to take part in a String Quartett.

Wednesday, February 16th.—The Trustees of the British Museum are for the most part grave and reverend seniors. But they harbour at least one humourist among them, in Captain HARRY GRAHAM. I suspect him of having conceived the notion of choosing this moment, of all others, to frame a petition to the House of Commons praying for more money to enable



HIGHLANDER AND ZOUAVE (*simultaneously*): "!!!"

them to fulfil their trust, and of getting Mr. LULU HARCOURT, himself a member of the Government which is closing their galleries, to present it.

Sir HENRY DALZIEL is the leader of one of the "ginger groups" above referred to. His first exploit in this capacity was to resist the proposal of the Government to take all the time of the House. In his demand that private Members should still be allowed the privilege of introducing Bills and having them printed at the public expense, he had the support of Mr. HOGGE, Mr. KING, Mr. PRINGLE, Mr. BOOTH, Sir WILLIAM BYLES, and other statesmen of similar eminence; but the PRIME MINISTER was obdurate. He accused the malcontents of lacking a sense of perspective—and expressed the poorest opinion of their efforts at legislation.

Some of the private Members got their own back when the first amendment to the Address was moved by Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS. The Member for Brentford, who knows the alphabet of aviation from Aeroplane to Zeppelin, complained that the air-service, like his own constituency in legendary times, was under Dual Control, and urged that it should be placed under a single competent chief.

Neither the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR nor the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY was at all happy in reply. They resembled a couple of flying pilots who, having gone up to attack a hostile airship in the dark, search in vain for an adequate landing-place. Heckled as to the exact status of Sir PERCY SCOTT, for example, Mr. TENNANT could only say that he "is still in the position he *was* in." When Mr. ELLIS GRIFFITH ventured the remark that a personal knowledge of flying would be a useful qualification for officers advising the Government on this subject, Mr. BALFOUR was as painfully surprised as if he himself had been called upon to navigate a t. b. d. in heavy weather.

In the absence of any definite sign of repentance the critics of the Government threatened a division, which would have been awkward and might have been disastrous. In similar circumstances Mr. GLADSTONE used to "send for the sledge-hammer"—meaning Mr. ASQUITH. The present PRIME MINISTER, when hard pressed, sends for BONAR. Thus summoned to ride the whirlwind the COLONIAL SECRETARY executed a graceful volplane. In a few frank sentences he admitted that the Government were very far from being satisfied with the Air Service, though it had achieved great things. Further, they were willing to give another day for its discussion when they had got through their financial business. With this confession and promise the critics were for the time being appeased.

Thursday, February 17th. — This being the first day for which Questions could be put down, Members took full advantage of the opportunity, and propounded ninety-nine of them. Ministers displayed less enthusiasm, and some of them were so late in arriving that the SPEAKER had to dodge about all over the paper before the list was disposed of. Mr. GINNELL was, as usual, well to the fore with silly rumours. There is perhaps a subtle connection between cattle-driving and hunting for mare's-nests.

The pleasantest feature of Question time was the tribute paid (with hint of more substantial rewards to come after the War) to the gallantry and self-sacrifice of the officers and men of our mercantile marine. This furnished an appropriate prelude to the subject of the ensuing debate. Mr. PETO and others sought to press upon the Government the more economical use of our merchant shipping. Here they were forcing an open door. Steps have already been taken to restrict the imports of luxuries. Ministers are unanimous, I believe, in regarding "ginger," for instance, as an article whose importation might profitably be curtailed.

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY.

IT happened in Scotland—it couldn't have happened anywhere else.

I had been visiting the MacNeils. They sympathised over my wound; they rallied round with tea and toast; they provided Scotch whisky. My one objection to the family was their supreme confidence in these new-fledged lads of the Home Defence, whom I—as a Subaltern of the old school who had done my time at Sandhurst before the War—scorned with a dogged contempt which no degree of argument could kill.

It was when I reached the street that I realised that fervid fire in the soul of Scotch hospitality—a fire which brands it as unique in our island story. In my coat pocket reposed a bottle of Heather Dew.

The convalescent home where I was being wooed back to brisk health was situated along the sea-front. Chuckling at the MacNeils' efforts to modify my views of our Home Defenders and their inefficiency, and brooding on the folks' kind hearts, I paused to light a cigarette. The wind blew out the fluttering flame. It also set me sneezing, for I had a bad cold in the head. I struck another match.

"Hey!" said a voice suddenly behind me. I swerved, choking back a sneeze. "Hey, hey, hey!" some broad Doric tongue continued.

A heavy hand came plump on my shoulder; a large Highland face was pushed into mine; a kilt flapped round long bare shanks. I sneezed again.

"Got ye this time, lad!" announced the son of the North, who now appeared to be a brawny lance-corporal. "Signallin' ye are. Oot to sea. Ah saw ye blinkin' wi' a licht."

I sneezed again. "I was'd!" I declared as well as the cold in my head would allow. "It was a batch. I've dever sigdalled id by life. You're wrog—quite wrog!"

He gripped me firmly by the arm.

"Dinna tell me!" he announced in conclusive tones. "Ah ken better! Ye're the second spy Ah've cotched. Come along, ma freend Fritz! Ye'll hae the job o' explainin' to the Colonel whaur ye got that second-lootenant's uniform."

Hunching his rifle over his shoulder, he marched me back the way I had come.

"Where are you takig be to?" I enquired thickly. "Take be to your Cobbadig Officer at wudce. I wad to egsplaid!"

"Ah'll hae nane o' your clavers," he said shortly. "Ye're for the gaird-room. Dinna tell me ye're no a German wi' a tongue like yon!"



ECONOMY AT THE CINEMA DE LUXE.

Mrs. Jones (completing her fourth hour). "I USED TO STAY ONLY TWO HOURS; BUT ONE 'AS TO MAKE THREEPENCE GO FURTHER THESE DAYS."

"I've god a gold id by head!" I shouted at him. "I'b dot a Gerbud! I'b Lieutedad Dobsod——"

"Haud yer tongue. Ye're a Chooton. An' ye're cotched. That's flat."

I was bundled into a draughty cattle-shed. The door was slammed. I sneezed. It was a bright prospect. I changed my views on the inefficiency of our Home Defenders. They now appealed to me as violently efficient. A night in a tumble-down cow-house! Desolation! Then I brightened up: the MacNeils' whisky. The cork popped in the silence of the night.

The door opened. A sentry's head was poked round. Disregarding him, I raised the bottle to my chattering teeth. Then the lance-corporal appeared. With a sudden thought I offered him the bottle. A strange look crept across his face. Gingerly he took the bottle. Then there was a comfortable sound. He drew a hand across his mouth.

"That's grrand," he said. "Beg pardon, Sir. It's been ma mistake. Jock, the prisoner is a Scottish officer. Let him gang. . . . Thank ye, Sir; thank ye for the whisky."

"The Germans . . . a whole company being decimated, the only survivors, a captain and seventy men, surrendering."
Pall Mall Gazette.

This indication that the normal strength of a German company is now only 79 is welcome news.

"The air defence of London is now practically under the control of the home forces, of which Lord French is Commander-in-Chief, and Admiral Lord French is Commander-in Chief, and Admiral the gunnery defences of London."—*Provincial Paper.*

So now we're all right.

"The spectacle of the snow-clad trees on the London Road, and in other suburban districts, was pleasant to the eye, although it made walking a trifle difficult."—*Leicester Mail.*

It is our habit to discourage the dangerous practice of tree-gazing while in motion.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE MIRACLE.

ONCE upon a time there was one Herbert. The doctor being unwilling to pass him so that there was no chance that he, in the words of the great joke, would "march too," he had taken a situation as a waiter.

Englishmen (it is an axiom) do not make good waiters; nor was he an exception. But he was conscientious and painstaking, although clumsy and of short memory. Still, this was war-time, and Hans had gone to Germany and might now be dead, and Fritz very properly was interned, and Josef had sought Vienna once more, and Pasquale and Giuseppe had rejoined the Italian flag, and the only foreigners left were a few nondescripts, very volubly, indeed almost passionately, of Swiss nationality. In fact, if this War has done nothing else it has at least established the fact that the male population of Switzerland is far greater than any one had supposed. Gallant little Switzerland!

So you see this was Herbert's chance, and the manager was glad to get him; and Herbert, who, owing to the slump in games, had lost his job at an athletic sports factory and had certain financial liabilities which he had long since abandoned any hope of meeting, was glad to come. Only by infinite self-denial and sacrifice did he get together the necessary capital for his clothes and the deposit demanded from waiters against breakages, theft and so forth.

On his first day as one in charge of three or four tables Herbert made some very serious mistakes. He was complained of for slowness, he turned over a sauce-boat, he broke a glass, and he forgot to charge for the cigar which the portly gentleman in the corner had taken after his lunch. And this cigar was a half-crown Corona, for the portly gentleman either had not yet grasped the full meaning of War economy or was enjoying one of those periodical orgies to which even rigid economists think themselves to be entitled.

Already Herbert had, like *Alnaschar* in the Eastern tale, spent in imagination far more than he could make all the week, and this blow, with the manager's abuse to serve as salt in the wound, sent him home in misery. Nor was it as if the portly gentleman was a regular customer who could be reminded of the error (little as such reminding is to the taste of regular customers); on the contrary, he had never been known to visit the restaurant before. You see, then, how unhappily Herbert viewed life as he lay awake in his attic that night, and very heavy were his feet on his way to work the next day, with an overcoat buttoned up to his neck to hide his evening dress.

It was a cold rainy morning; the wind raged; and the very indifferent soles of Herbert's boots absorbed moisture like blotting-paper. Everything was against him. There was not a gleam of hope in the future, not a ray of light. His companions were surly, the manager was venomous, the bitter rain fell on. He was in debt and would get the sack.

It was then that the miracle happened. Suddenly Herbert, who was gazing forlornly through the window at this disconsolate world, waiting, napkin on his arm, to begin to wait, heard a voice saying, "I'm afraid you forgot to charge me for my cigar yesterday." It was the portly gentleman. Life was not utterly hopeless any more.



Old Lady. "AH, IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN *PREACHING* TO MAKE THEM ZEPPELINS REPENT!"

THE BEST AIR "MINISTER."

WHO shall be Lord of the Air,
Now N. has seen fit to declare,
To his followers' deep despair,
That he can't conscientiously sit
In a Cabinet void of grit?
For CHURCHILL is tied to the Front,
And MARKHAM is out of the hunt,
And eloquent BERNARD VAUGHAN
From his pulpit can't be withdrawn.

Who shall be Lord of the Air
And take us all under his care?
Why, ROBERTSON NICOLL, of course—
A man of colossal force,
With a perfectly splendid gift
For soaring and moral uplift.
For, though nobody so uniquely
Can hearten *The British Weekly*,
His readers will cheerfully spare
Him to go and remain in the air,
Careering along the inane
In a Nicoll-plated plane
With, to lend him additional fervour,
Mr. G★RV★N as his "Observer."

The Mule's Parentage.

"THE BEST THING YET SAID OF THE 22.

Mr. Gibson Bowles, at the City blockade meeting, on the Coalition: "The Government did not swop horses. They made an alliance with another animal; and the result is a mule without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."—*Evening News.*

Incidentally the unkindest thing that has yet been said of the Unionists who joined the late Ministry.

"There were further indications at the meeting of the Salop County Council on Saturday of the Council's desire to economise where possible. Dr. McCarthy drew attention to figures given in the report of the County Medical Officer of Health showing a diminution in the birth-rate of the county for the quarter to the extent of 14 per cent."

Wellington Journal.

Economy of any kind is praiseworthy, but we think they might have begun with one of the other rates.

"The domestic income of a more or less typical three-roomed cottage near the docks is at present £17 per week. Among the recent purchases of the family, a pianoforte, costing £50, may be enumerated, although no one in the house can play a note. This looks more wasteful than the common outlay on gramophones, which at least give pleasure. The idea of sound investment is slow in penetration among the suddenly affluent in wages."

Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.

We dislike carping, but surely a piano is always a sound investment.



AFTER THE CONCERT.

"WELL, BILL, I'VE HEARD A BETTER SING-SONG THAN THAT BY THE GERMANS IN THE TRENCHES—AND WE SHOT 'EM FOR IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN fiction it is certainly true that nothing succeeds like success. There is a sure and very understandable charm in a story of climbing fortunes. Therefore it may be that part of my pleasure in *Tasker Jevons* (HUTCHINSON) was due to sympathy with the upward progress of its hero. But much more was certainly due to the art with which Miss MAY SINCLAIR has written about it. *Tasker Jevons* is a book, and a character, that will linger pleasantly in my memory. He was a little man with a great personality, or rather I will say a great purpose, and that was to approve himself in the eyes of the wife whom he worshipped, and her perplexed, slightly contemptuous family. The trouble was that *Tasker* was in the beginning a hack journalist, socially and personally impossible; and that *Viola Thesiger*, whom he married, belonged by birth to the rigidest circle of Cathedral society (Miss SINCLAIR, scorning subterfuge, calls it quite openly Canterbury). So you see the difficulties that beset the *Jevons* pair. Their story is told here, very effectively, through the mouth of a third person, a fellow-journalist and admirer of *Jevons*—but quite respectable—the rejected suitor of *Viola*, and eventually the husband of her sister. Through his clever and observant eyes we watch the progress of *Jevons*, see him prospering materially, becoming famous and rich and vulgarized. It is an unusually close and rather subtle study of the development of such a man. Eventually there happens that for which the date, Midsummer 1914, will have prepared you, even if you had forgotten that Miss SINCLAIR had herself served in Belgium with a field ambulance. So the end of the book gives us some vivid War pictures. Taking it all round, I am inclined to consider *Tasker Jevons* the best of the 1916 novels that has yet come my way.

When, in the first chapter of *Moll Davis* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), you find the heroine having a very pretty dispute with the landlord of the Mischief Inn, and a gallant blade of a fellow coming to her rescue, you will guess what fare is to follow. And, provided that your taste is for diet of the lightest, you will not be disappointed, for no one is more capable than Mr. BERNARD CAPES of making it palatable. Here we are then back in the year 1661, and in a maze of intrigue. Wit, if we are to believe the novelist, was as plentiful in those days as morals were scarce, and Mr. CAPES is not the man to spoil tradition for lack of colour. He calls his book a comedy, but he should have called it a comedy with an interlude; and the part I like best is the interlude. Possibly because he was weary of plots and counterplots he suddenly breaks loose, and with a warning to those who have "an unconquerable repugnance to sentiment" tells a moving tale that has nothing to do with the main narrative. I can thank him unreservedly for this, and for the crop of words which he has added to my vocabulary. "Bingawast," "gingumbobs," and "fubbs" have the right ring, and after a little training I hope to use them with telling effect on my platoon.

Edith Ottley cherished a passion for *Aylmer Ross;* to such an extent indeed that she came within an ace of eloping with him. However, the ace wasn't played; and in due course *Aylmer* went to the War and became a captain. Unfortunately he also became much more interesting by reason of a wound; and, when this brought him back to England, the passion also returned, stronger than ever. This, of course, is why their story is called *Love at Second Sight* (GRANT RICHARDS). I have now a small surprise for you, namely that *Edith* was already married, and owned a charming house, a valetudinarian husband and two pleasant children. So I quite expected that *Aylmer*, in the fulness of time, would either (1) be removed by the enemy, or (2) marry a delightful little Red-Cross nurse who adored him. But the author, Mrs. LEVERSON, had other views. Instead therefore of ending her heroine in the expected mood of conventional reconciliation she sends the objectionable husband off with somebody else, and leaves us to a prospect of wedding-bells with the divorce court as a preliminary. Which is at least original. But throughout I had the feeling that a great deal of bright and clever writing was being wasted on a poor theme. The characters are brilliantly suggested, but — with perhaps one exception, forgetful *Lady Conroy*, who is an entire delight — they seem altogether unworthy of it. In fact I came away from the book with the impression of having attended a gathering of somewhat shoddily smart people, and sat next to a clever woman who had been witty about them. The worst of the matter is that they are all so real. This is a tribute to the author, but a most unpleasant reflection for everyone else.

My attention was first attracted to *The New Dawn* (LONG) by the fact that the plot starts at Euston Station. That interesting, not to say romantic, line, the L. & N. W. R., is usually shunned by our novelists. But although "GEORGE WOVIL" takes his characters to the furthest North, even beyond Glasgow, their sympathies, like, I think, those of their creator, remain behind in fair and false and fickle Wimbledon. This at least was where *Halvey Brown* wished himself as the train glided over the best laid track in Europe towards dour Bartocher. And *Brown*, though he knew the natural drabness of his destination already, had at that time no information as to all the unpleasing events that were to happen there; that, for example, the minister's new wife would turn out to be a lady with a past that he himself had shared, or that the fair-haired young man in the same compartment was the assistant minister, who would fall in love with the said wife and eventually slay her, the minister, and himself. I find I have been led into betraying for you the outline of the story. Perhaps, however, this does not greatly matter. The value of the book lies in its very natural and human characters. All four of them—there are only four who really matter—are admirably drawn, so that the tragedy of their lives holds and convinces you. My complaints against the author are, first, the excess of emphasis that he gives to the physical unpleasantness of his background; secondly, the loose construction that allows the tale to be continually turning back to look behind it. He would keep a lover in the act of embracing the lady of his heart while he explains what the parents of each died of, and all that has happened since. Still, *The New Dawn* remains an unconventional and strongly written story, which will certainly interest though perhaps hardly enliven you.



The Rector. "WELL, WILLIAM, YOU OUGHT TO BE PROUD AND HAPPY TO KNOW YOU HAVE FOUR SONS SERVING THEIR COUNTRY WITH HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES."

William. "I *AM* PROUD AND HAPPY, SIR, BUT THE OLD WOMAN SHE DO FRET SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE BECAUSE NONE OF 'EM AIN'T GOT NO VICTORIA CROSS YET."

There is something very soothing in the peeps into dusty family papers and the faint echoes of departed gossip which Mrs. STIRLING provides in *A Painter of Dreams* (LANE). These pleasantly amateurish historical studies go back a century and a half. A commonplace book from which are quoted many diverting and incredible things; a chapter in which those queer Radicals, HORNE TOOKE, COBBETT, Sir FRANCIS BURDETT and bluff Squire BOSVILLE, are chiefly concerned; a sketch of the fourth Earl of ALBEMARLE, keen farmer and friend of COKE of Norfolk, Master of the Horse to WILLIAM IV. and QUEEN VICTORIA (it is to ALBEMARLE in this capacity that the IRON DUKE said: "The Queen can make you go inside the coach, or outside the coach, or run behind it like a d——d tinker's dog"), winner of the Ascot Gold Cup three years running and stiff-backed autocrat; an account of the beautiful Misses CATON of Baltimore and their matrimonial adventures—the American invasion of brides bringing money and beauty in exchange for titles thus dating back to 1816; some details of the lives of two artists, JOHN HERRING, animal painter, and RODDAM SPENCER STANHOPE, one of the lesser pre-Raphaelites and the painter of dreams referred to in the title—these all make up an agreeable pot-pourri with an old-world fragrance which ought to be able to charm you out of the preposterous nightmare of the present. But it makes one feel old to see that the conscientious author thinks that DICKY DOYLE now needs a footnote to let the present generation know who he was.

From the Catalogue of a V.T.C. Tailor.

"'I am,' a V.T.C. Secretary writes, 'in correspondence with the undertaker, and hope at last to induce the War Office to recognise us by sending a representative to attend our funeral rites.' "

"One man of four who escaped the bombs."—*Morning Paper.*

A little too old for the baby-killers.

"LORD SUMNER ON THE NEED FOR SELF-SACRIFICE.

'If the House of Lords and the House of Commons could be taken and thrown into a volcano every day the loss represented would be less than the daily cost of the campaign.' "—*The Times.*

It sounds a drastic remedy, but might be worth trying.

"Lemons, used largely for making demonade, have a medicinal value."—*Daily Paper.*

We know nothing of the drinks popular in the lower regions, but have always heard that the nectarines used for making nectar have a strong tonic effect.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Volunteers have at last been recognised. There has been nothing like it since the great recognition-scene in *Electra*.

* * *

The case has been reported of a Stepney child which has developed a disease of the brain, as the result of an air raid. Similar cases are said to have been observed in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street.

* * *

It now transpires that the music of St. Paul's Cathedral emanates from an organ of German construction. There seems to be some doubt as to whether an explanation is due from *The Westminster Gazette* or *The Times*.

* * *

The mysterious shortage of butter in Germany, which has resulted in measures being drafted limiting the consumption to 4 ozs. per week per adult, is now explained. Count VON BERNSTORFF has used up all the available supplies on Congress.

* * *

The General Omnibus Company has made the announcement that it will not employ any women drivers for its omnibuses. The company's officers fear that if women were so employed there would be an absence of that racy repartee which alone prevents traffic from reaching a condition of indescribable congestion.

* * *

The demand for second-hand pianos now for the first time in the history of the trade far exceeds the supply. It is not only in Germany that War and frightfulness go hand-in-hand.

* * *

The capture of Mush by the Russian army of the Caucasus is an event the importance of which has not been fully recognized. It is undoubtedly the place from which the Turkish official reports of victory have been issued.

* * *

The Marconi Company have announced that "deferred plain language telegrams" will again be received. More truckling to the Tory Press!

* * *

A traveller returning from East Africa reports that, notwithstanding the military operations that are taking place in various parts of the country, rhinoceroses appear to be increasing in numbers. It is explained that the falling-off in the European demand for potted reed birds is responsible for the phenomenon.

* * *

It is announced that the Cabinet are to take a portion of their salaries in Exchequer Bonds. Not to be outdone the members of the Reichstag are said to have agreed to soil their fingers with dirty British gold rather than hinder the German Government's operations for correcting the depreciation of the mark.

* * *

The suggestion has been put forward that, as a timely War economy, well-to-do people should give up their hot-houses. There seems to be a division of opinion, however, as to whether the hot-house plants should be given their liberty, or (as economy would seem to dictate) be killed for the table.

* * *

Australia has suspended the trade-marks of 450 German articles. It would be interesting to know if the most historic German trade-mark, "MADE IN THE UNITED STATES," is among these.

"Mr. Julian Kimball (of Covent Garden and the London Opera House)," says the Musical critic of *The Daily Mail*, "is a singer you can watch as well as listen to." The desirability of concealing the faces of some of our principal singers in the past is undoubtedly one of the reasons why England has lagged behind in the musical art.

* * *

A well-known candidate for the East Herts Division is said to be urgently in need of motor cars. His opponents however point out that the need to economise in petrol was never more urgent than at present.

* * *

Speaking on the question of the shortage of freights Mr. RUNCIMAN stated, a few days ago, that he did not know that ostrich feathers took up much room. Has he never been to a matinée?

* * *

In the same connection a member of the Ladies' Kennel Club writes: "I let them take my husband for their horrid old War without grumbling, but when they tell me that poor little Nanki-Poo can't have his ostrich-feather pillow to lie on I think it is too much!"



Midget (as he comes to). "I EXPECT THE WAR'S BEEN A BIT BAD FOR YOUR REGULAR BUSINESS, MISTER?"

Second. "NOT IT. THE BOOT-MAKIN' TRADE 'S AS GOOD AS EVER."

Midget. "OH, YOU 'RE A BOOT-MAKER, ARE YOU? FUNNY—I MADE CERTAIN YOU WAS A CAB-WASHER."

"The profits of the Bradford Dyers' Association exceed the most sanguinary expectations."
Morning Paper.

The influence of the War, again.

S.P.C.A., please note.

"Dogs are generally from 9 to 18 inches long and the teeth from 3 to 8 inches long; the service pattern are from 12 to 15 inches long with 6 inch teeth. For straight dogs the ends of the teeth should be slightly further apart than at their root. Dogs when heated red-hot can be twisted till their teeth make any required angle with each other, generally a right angle; they are then known as skew dogs."
Military Engineering.

"The offensive eggs were first placed in a mangle, and the slow, crude, and obnoxious process was gone through of crushing them. The pugnacity of the smell arising from this progress became appalling."—*Grocers' Journal.*

Fit to knock one down, in fact.

"LADY, 45, domesticated, Protestant, furniture, wishes Correspondence with Respectable Widower and Bachelor; view matrimony."—*Southport Visitor.*

One of the two gentlemen will have to be content with the furniture.

A CURE FOR DEPRESSION.

MOMENTS there are of transient gloom
When life for me appears to lose
Its rosy aspect and assume
The turnip's pessimistic hues;
As when o' mornings, gazing out
Across my patch of fog-grey river,
I feel a twinge of poor man's gout
Or else a touch of liver;

Or when, forgetting WATTS's rhymes
On puppy-dogs that bark and bite,
The Westminster attacks *The Times*,
Starting a most unseemly fight;
Or when I find some Labour sheet
Still left at large to boom rebellion,
Or hear the thin pacific bleat
Of "my hon. friend" TREVELYAN;

When enemy craft career above,
Unchallenged (till they've had their fling);
Or LITTLE WILLIE's vernal shove
Anticipates the dawn of Spring;
When Neutrals want an open door
Kept wide for their commercial dealings,
And we must risk to lose the War
Rather than hurt their feelings.

Such moments, making Hope look bleak,
And Courage turn a little blue,
Even with hearts as tough as teak
May well occur; but, when they do,
This thought will readjust your bile
And prove the best of appetisers:—
Would I exchange (here's where you smile)
Our chances with the KAISER's? O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXV.

(*From ENVER PASHA.*)

SIRE,—Surely the course of human affairs is often strange and perplexing. When we formed the Committee of Union and Progress and deposed the wretched ABDUL from the Sultanate no sane man can have thought that you and I should ever be friends. ABDUL was your friend; you and yours had lavished upon him and his creatures all your arts for the purpose of obtaining influence and promoting the interest—forgive me for saying it—not so much of Turkey as of the German Empire. When therefore we emerged, and ABDUL with his system retired, all your beautiful schemes seemed to be shattered into pieces so small that no human ingenuity could avail to pick them up and fit them together again. Yet lo and behold, the impossible has happened. ABDUL remains in darkness, I and my colleagues are in power, and you and I are even more closely knit together than is altogether desirable for me and those whom (indirectly, perhaps, but not the less effectively) I help to govern. I am entitled therefore to have a heart-to-heart talk with my bosom-friend, and, anyhow, whether I am entitled or not, that is what I propose to have. You may tell me in your genial way that I am only an upstart, but I answer that I occupy my position not because my father and my grandfather were big men, but because I myself, through my own plans and by my own strength, did certain things which in my judgment had to be done.

What I now feel, O my friend, is this: I am beginning to doubt whether in all this tremendous confusion of fighting I have made the right choice. It wasn't *necessary* for us Turks to fight at all; it wasn't even desirable. We had suffered a severe set-back in the first Balkan War, and in the second we were only just able, owing to the consummate folly of that silly knave, your friend, TSAR FERDINAND, to snatch a brand or two from the burning. What we wanted was rest, and had it not been for you we might have had it—yes, and our wounds might have been healed and our finances restored, while others endured privation and loss.

All that, as I say, we might have had; but from the day when the *Goeben* arrived off Constantinople we were doomed. That, indeed, was a master-stroke on your part, but for us it has meant misery on an ever-increasing scale. What were your promises? We were to have Egypt, but you were to be there too, and you were to hold the Bagdad railway and the regions through which it ran. We were to help you in conquering India, but you were to keep it for yourself when once it was conquered. We were to have a free hand with the Armenians. Well, we have had it, and the Armenians are fewer by half-a-million than they were. Pleasant as it is to contemplate the destruction of those restless and disloyal infidels, it cannot be said that we have gained any advantage from it, for the Russians have taken Erzerum and are sweeping through Armenia in a mighty and irresistible torrent, while our Turkish armies are scattered to the winds of heaven. Strong as you are and prodigal of promises, here you have failed to make good your pledges of help, and nowhere else do you seem able to achieve anything, except the crushing of little nations.

I look back with loathing upon the day when I was mad enough to listen to you and to become a partner in your schemes. You flattered us, nay, you even fawned upon us in order to secure your ends, and, now that our forces have been joined with yours, ruin menaces my country and my race. You, forsooth, allow yourself to be held up as a great prophet of Islam and a Heaven-sent protector of its faith; but we who see our nation crumbling into dust owing to your selfish ambition may be pardoned if at last we look to ourselves and attempt to save what still remains to us. To work, as they say, for the King of PRUSSIA has never been a profitable undertaking.

Yours, ENVER.

"Fireworks were thrown from the gallery and the audience rushed on the platform, pelting the Pacifists with red ochre. The meeting ended with the sinking of Rule Britannia."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

The Pacifists appear to have had the last word, after all.

"MILL MANAGER HONOURED.—Mr. —— has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society for the encouragement of fits."—*Times of India.*

We do not recognise the Society, but imagine it may be the Taylorian Institute.

"It will take about 12 days for goods traffic to become normal again, although of course passenger traffic is not interfered with in the slightest. In the meantime the booking of elephants and other perishables has been stopped."—*Rangoon Times.*

Unless, of course, they leave their trunks behind them.

We observe that Mr. WATERS BUTLER has been appointed a member of the Liquor Control Board, with the hearty approval of the Birmingham Beer, Spirit and Wine Trade Association. If there is anything in a name no one should be better able to hold the balance between them and the teetotalers.



THE MILITARY REASON.

"FOR MILITARY REASONS OUR ARMY HAS WITHDRAWN FROM ERZERUM."
Turkish official communiqué (nearly a week after the event).



Coster (to parish visitor, who has been commiserating with him on the loss of his father). "YES, MUM, 'E WERE A SPLENDID FATHER TO US AND NO MISTAKE. YER SEE, MUM, THERE WAS ELEVEN OF US, AND I NEVER KNOWED 'IM RAISE 'IS 'AND TO ONE OF US—'CEPT AS IT MIGHT BE IN SELF-DEFENCE."

AT THE FRONT.

SOME officers like putting up barbed wire, not so much, I think, from any real deep-seated affection for the stuff itself, or from any confidence in the protection it affords—its disintegration being one of the assumed preliminaries of an attack—as for the satisfaction of writing in the Weekly Work Report, "In front of X276 we put up 97 rolls of barbed wire; in front of S279, 342 rolls; in front of X276a, 3,692 rolls . . ." and so on.

An officer who overdoes this sport of kings gets a trench a bad name; it becomes a trench with a great wiring tradition to be maintained. One of us took over a legacy from one of these barbarians last trip. H.Q. had got wind of his zeal and was determined that we for our part should not be idle. It was murmured in billets, it was whispered upon the *pavé*, that for the officer taking over B116 there was a great wiring toward. The officer taking over B116 hated wiring worse than bully beef. He said you either die of pneumonia through standing still pretending to supervise, or tire yourself to bits and earn the undying contempt of your party by pretending to take an active share in the game.

Howbeit he took over B116 and was told by the Next Man Up to wire to his heart's content. He asked the Next Man Up just where he wanted the wiring to be performed. The Next Man Up waved an airy arm in the direction of the Hun, and observed, "Out there, of course. Think we wanted you to wire Hampstead Heath?" Then the B116 officer took the N.M.U. to the parapet and showed him waving acres of high wire, low wire, loose wire, tight wire, thick wire, thin wire, two ply, three ply, and four ply, plain and barbed, running out and out into the dusk.

The N.M.U. gave it all a dispassionate sort of look, and merely said, "Oh, go out in front of all that. The Bosch is miles off just here."

Now B116 is a front line trench in a re-entrant. The Hun trench facing it is also in a re-entrant, the original front lines on both sides having been crumpled and flooded out of existence. So when night fell the officer of B116 took his party and set out, and he went on and on, and then on, and there was still wire. And he went on and on and on. And there were bits of old trenches and saps and listening posts, but still wire. And he went on and on and there were more bits of trench and more wire. And he went on and on—and I know this is true because he told me—and on and on until (no, he did not come back to our own trench, he had a compass) an exceptionally good lot of fireworks went up, and he was fired at and bombed by Germans behind and Germans in front and Germans on either side, and, mind you, he was still in the wire. So he waited until all the Germans appeared to have killed each other or gone to sleep, and brought his party laboriously back to B116, from which he sent to the Next Man Up a message which ran: "If you want me to wire Bosch third line, kindly arrange for artillery preparation."

It is some days now since they put up any wire in front of B116.

It is a fact well known to all our most widely-circulated photographic dailies that these German gunners



OUR BOYS.

Outraged Elder Brother (*who has been asked for a light*). "YOU 'RE A NICE EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG 'ERB. 'OW DARE YOU 'AVE CIGARETTES?"

Brother Bill. "THEY AIN'T MINE—THEY 'RE 'ERB'S."

waste a power of ammunition. The only criticism I have to make is that I wish they would waste it more carefully. The way they go strewing the stuff about round us is such that they're bound to hit someone or something before long. Still we have only two more days in, and they seldom give us more than ten thousand shells a day.

* * * * *

We are in billets now, and frankly, I am beginning to be very exercised about my boots. When I say "my boots" I mean rather the boots concerning me than "the boots that are mine." I wanted, some couple of months ago, a new pair of boots. I told the Quartermaster, and he looked at my then boots superciliously and said he could quite believe it.

I rashly left it at that, imagining something would happen. A man like a quartermaster, who rolls in boots, would, I felt, think nothing of sending along a dozen pairs before breakfast, with a chit telling me to give away what I couldn't use. But no. It seems every boot in his store was numbered. I approached him again, and demanded boots, soberly, seriously and strenuously. I even offered to pay for them. This appeared to cheer him a little, and he murmured something about Army Form 247 x^3b, not at present in stock, but indispensable to the issue of the most negligible boot on payment. My further efforts were, owing to exigencies of my military situation, conducted through emissaries. My servant would demand of his company agent nightly, what about them boots? And the company agent would reply — also nightly—that, if the officer would send his size down, the matter would be put through at once. For five nights running my size in boots went down with the empty water tins. On the last night I added a sketch of my feet and of my present boots, with scale of kilometres subjoined, a brief history of footgear in Flanders from pre-Cæsarian times to the present day, one piece of broken lace from the old boots, and anything else that struck me as likely to put the matter a little further through.

The lace appeared to put quite a new idea into their heads. The advance booting agent now seemed to think that if I had some boots already I might get the new pair by a process known as exchange, which takes less time and has the additional advantage of not costing anything. This struck them as an excellent new game for several days while they were deciding which was the right army form for an officer desirous of exchanging boots. At last all appeared fixed up. I came back into billets with every confidence of finding a couple of boots waiting for me on the mat. Of course I didn't really *believe* they would be there; I only had every confidence. Anyhow they were not.

This morning the Quartermaster called in person. He wanted to know what size I took in boots.

I expect now that the matter will be put through almost at once.

An Impending Apology.

"CHAPLAIN would appreciate portable Gramophone for clearing station."—*The Times.*

HARD CASES.

AMONG other applications which were recently heard for exemption from the new Compulsory Service Act for unmarried men we extract the following:—

Mr. Isaac Goldstein claimed exemption for his clerk, a stalwart youth of twenty-two, on the ground that he was indispensable to him in his business.

Asked what his business was the applicant said he was a bookmaker.

The Chairman. I thought there was no racing now.

Mr. Goldstein. Oh, yes. Steeplechasing every week.

The Chairman. Do people still go to races and bet?

Mr. Goldstein. Of course they do. Why not?

The Chairman. I fancied they might have found other things to do. Also I fancied that money might be short.

The applicant said that there was plenty of money about if you knew where to look for it.

The Chairman. And who ride the horses?

Mr. Goldstein. The jockeys, of course.

The Chairman. They prefer that to doing anything more serious for their country?

Mr. Goldstein. They are doing something very serious for their country. They're preserving the breed of horses. Where would old England's horseflesh be without races and steeplechases?

The Chairman. You say this young man is indispensable to you. How?

Mr. Goldstein. He is my clerk. He writes down the bets. I haven't got time to write down bets myself; I'm too busy taking them. He's one of the quickest clerks in England. I should go broke if I hadn't got him.

Application refused.

Mr. Joe Tummilee applied for the exemption of a comedian playing in his revue, "Never mind the War." This young man, he said, who was twenty-nine, was the life and soul of the piece, and if he joined the Army the applicant would be put both to inconvenience and loss.

The Chairman. Are there not older or married actors that you could employ for this great work?

Mr. Tummilee. They're not so good. The comedian in question was a very agile dancer and was also good-looking. Other men might not attract the public.

The Chairman. Is the attraction of the public essential?

Mr. Tummilee (surprised). Naturally. How should we managers live otherwise? Besides, when a great war is going on it's a national duty to try and make people forget. My theatre, you perhaps are not aware, is a favourite resort for wounded soldiers, who are never so happy as when they are there.

The Chairman. Surely all that happiness will not disappear because this one performer is missing?

Mr. Tummilee. Most of it. He's the great draw.

The Chairman. Has it not occurred to you that the country ought to come first?

Mr. Tummilee. I consider I'm doing a great deal for the country, and he too, by making it laugh.

The Chairman. You must find an older funny man or soon we may all be weeping.

Application refused.

Mr. Samuel Bland claimed exemption on the ground that he disapproved of war and physical force.

The Chairman. What would you do if you caught a burglar in your house?

Applicant. I should lock him in and call for the police.

The Chairman. Then you don't mind relying on the physical force of others for your own protection?

Applicant. That is part of the machinery of civilisation.

The Chairman. So, I fear, is an army. Do you pay your taxes?

Applicant. Yes.

The Chairman. Why?

The Applicant. Because there is Scriptural warrant for it.

The Chairman. But you know that a large part of them goes to maintain our fighting men. Without money we should have to give in.

Applicant. I obey the law. I don't necessarily know where the money is going.

The Chairman. Your position is very illogical. Either you should take your part in defending your country or obey your conscience and either go to prison for refusing to pay taxes for the carrying-on of the War, or emigrate to some place more like Utopia than this is. As it is you take advantage of other men's readiness to fight and even to die for you, and actually pay them to do so, but raise conscientious objections to doing either for yourself. A conscience that is so adaptable is not worth considering.

Application refused.

Harry Cadgsmith, who said he was a picture-palace proprietor, applied for exemption for the commissionaire who stood outside the building and invited people in.

The Chairman. How old is he?

Mr. Cadgsmith. Thirty-four.

The Chairman. Is he strong?

Mr. Cadgsmith. Very. He is also highly trained; he wears uniform and calls out the attractions. The cinema is one of the principal alleviations of modern life and but for this man's powerful voice many people might pass by and never enter.

The Chairman. What kind of pictures do you show?

Mr. Cadgsmith. The best.

The Chairman. Are they English?

Mr. Cadgsmith. Some are. But the public prefer American ones. I always pride myself on giving the public what it has the sense to want.

The Chairman. Might it not be better employed elsewhere? Making munitions, for example?

Mr. Cadgsmith. That is nothing to do with me. My business is to supply a demand.

The Chairman. What is your chief film this week?

Mr. Cadgsmith. It is a very fine story entitled "The Prince of Crooks."

The Chairman. Could not a woman take this man's place?

Mr. Cadgsmith. Not to do it justice.

Application refused.

SUAVE MARI MAGNO.

(*New Style*).

'Tis sweet, so sage LUCRETIUS wrote of yore,
To watch a storm-tossed vessel from the shore,
Or safely placed, when hosts in conflict close,
To view the battle as it ebbs and flows;
But he, poor ancient, never knew the rare
Delight afforded by an easy-chair,
Wherein the slippered critic, at his ease,
His ample writing-pad upon his knees,
Primed with historic and romantic lore,
Indites his weekly comment on the War;
Revises or expands official news
With graphic touches and resplendent hues;
Teaches the doubtful battle where to rage
And sprinkles diagrams on ev'ry page;
Creates new posts or, at his own sweet will,
Proceeds expected vacancies to fill;
Deposes Kings, Prime Ministers, Grand Dukes,
And rival pundits suitably rebukes.
A hundred thousand readers every week
For solace in his commentaries seek,
Swear by his arguments, and swear at those
Which rival quidnuncs artfully oppose.
Matched with an occupation such as this
Philosophy is destitute of bliss;
He only breathes content's untroubled air
Who wages warfare from a snug arm-chair.



R.N. Cadet (during his first term at Osborne—where he has been told always to salute his superior officers of both services—meeting some "temporary" subalterns who disregard his salute). "REALLY, MOTHER, IF THESE TEMPORARY SUBS OF THE JUNIOR SERVICE CANNOT BEHAVE AS GENTLEMEN AND RETURN MY SALUTE, I SHALL CERTAINLY GIVE UP TAKING ANY NOTICE OF THEM."

GOOD OPENINGS FOR M.P.'s.

The Manchester Guardian complains that there is a remarkable monotony about the opening of speeches in the House of Commons.

"On Wednesday forty-five speeches (not counting brief efforts in the way of interjections) were delivered, and in thirty cases the speeches began with the first person singular. Only fifteen members could think of anything more original." It appears that four speeches began with "I beg," four with "I should like," three with "I wish," and three with "I am sure."

It may be a little daring, perhaps, to suggest that some originality should be introduced into the methods of Parliamentary orators (writes a correspondent); but as one whose courage has never failed him in telling other people how to go about their business I venture to suggest a few openings which possibly have never yet been utilised.

As it is half the battle, to the speaker, to grip interest at the very outset, the following might be tried: "Drip, drip drip—the blood fell from the ceiling." This would cause departing Members to drop sharply back into their seats. Only a little ingenuity would be required to make these words the opening of a speech on any timely topic.

Our aristocratic legislators could make certain of arresting attention by beginning, "In the words of a friend of mine, a well-known Peckham butcher——" another gambit that could be made to suit any subject, from the shipping problem to the Zeppelin nuisance.

Or again, "The missis woke me up in the middle of last Tuesday night, and said——" This is the kind of homely touch that would ensure a sympathetic hearing.

Members might also make a good start with "'Twas" and "Methinks," even at the risk of being accused of the use of unparliamentary expressions.

If they would only study the poets they would find plenty of bright and original openings. What better could be desired than BROWNING'S

> "So, at home, the sick tall yellow Duchess
> Was left with the infant in her clutches,"

if occasion should arise in the House for criticism of the heartless action of a Local Tribunal in disallowing a Duke's claim for exemption?

Many a man possesses an undiscovered knack of extempore rhyming, a gift which has seldom or never been exercised in the House of Commons. That will be a bright day for legislators when a Member rises in his place and begins something like this: "Sir, if the House will bear with me one moment, I should like to say that I, for one, cannot agree that we have found the perfect way of dealing with a gross neglect to which all honest men object." Any Member who could keep up that sort of thing for half-an-hour (and some, no doubt, could, if they would only practise) would achieve lasting fame, not only for his originality, but because of the remarkable scenes amid which his concluding lines would almost certainly be uttered.

"The Germans planned to expel the British from South Africa, aided by disinfected Boers."
Englishman (Calcutta).

But, in the end, it was General BOTHA who cleared out the Germs.



Mabel (after Sunday tea, on departure of officers quartered in the neighbourhood). "I'M GLAD CAPTAIN DEVEREUX DIDN'T COME, AS I'M NOT LOOKING MY OLDEST TO-DAY."

MY DUG-OUT.

(A Memory of Gallipoli.)

IT was my home, not ringed with roses blowing,
Nor set in meadows where cool waters croon;
Parched wastes were round it, and no shade was going,
Nor breath of violets nor song-birds' tune;
Only at times from the adjacent dwelling
Came down with Boreas the quaint, compelling
Scent of the Tenth Platoon.

And there not hermit-like alone I brooded,
But ant and lizard and all things that crawl
With great grasshoppers by brigades intruded;
Therein the tortoise had his homely stall;
Green flies and blue slept nightly in their notches,
Save when a serpent, in the middle watches,
Came and disturbed us all.

There, where the sun, the senseless sun, kept pouring,
And dust-clouds smothered one about the chest,
While secret waters filtered through the flooring
(In case the heat should leave one *too* oppressed),
Always I lay in those sad fevered seasons
Which Red-Hat humourists, for mystic reasons,
Regarded as our "rest."

For it was home; and when I was not in it,
But in the trenches, it was home indeed;
When mad foes fired at twenty rounds a minute
(Not, I may say, the regulation speed),
For me far more it harboured my Penates;
I missed my animals; I missed my gay teas
With Alf, the centipede.

And I am shocked to think that that same ceiling
Shields now some Mussulman of lowly strain;
Yet, though he knows me not, I can't help feeling
That something of my spirit must remain,
And if, in that rich air the man should mellow
In mind, in soul, and be a better fellow,
I have not lived in vain.

And it may be, when worlds have ceased to wrestle,
I shall go back across the Midland foam
At special rates in some large tourist vessel
To my late hollow in the SULTAN'S loam,
And there clasp hands with that uplifted warrior,
Compare brief notes and wonder which was sorrier
To have to call it home.

How to treat a Wife.

Extract from lecture by N.C.O.:—

"Your rifle is your best friend, take every care of it; treat it as you would your wife, rub it all over with an oily rag every day."

"The court was crowded by Gaelic Leaguers and the proceedings were marked by some disorderly scenes, until the magistrates ordered their continuance."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

Then, of course, being in Ireland, they ceased.

A Provincial Paper, reporting a speech upon heroes of the present War, represents the speaker as referring to "Bill Adams in Leigh Hunt's poem." This is the first time within our knowledge that our old friend *Abou Ben Adhem* has been confounded with that other popular figure, the fictitious hero of Waterloo!



THE NEW FRIGHTFULNESS.

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ. "PIRACY IS DEAD. STILL, I LIKE TO THINK THAT, UNDER ANOTHER NAME, THE GOOD WORK GOES ON."

[Berlin contends that, piracy being extinct, the arming of liners and merchant vessels is no longer legitimate, and that German submarines are therefore entitled to sink them at sight. The New Frightfulness is due to begin to-day.]

A STRONG SOUTH-EASTER.

I HAVE been having further trouble with my neighbour, Petherton, whose place adjoins mine, being divided from it by a hedge. Beyond the hedge lies Petherton's small paddock, where his poultry amuse themselves, and, beyond that, Petherton's house and garden.

But, however good a fence may be, it will not keep out, or keep in, smells. Therefore when Petherton engaged in apparently chemical operations giving off the most noxious gases I was rapidly forced to the conclusion that he ought to have a different kind of boundary between his property and mine, and also that the air of our neighbourhood no longer rivalled that of Bexhill, especially when the wind blew from the south-east.

Wishing to remedy this state of affairs without recourse to unpleasant measures, I sat down to write to Petherton.

DEAR PETHERTON,—These continual south-easterly winds portend rain, I fear, and so I hope you have wrapped your parsnips up to protect them from the probable excess of moisture which is so injurious to all such plants.

My primary object in writing is not so much anxiety about the health of your vegetables, but to ask whether you have noticed a most unpleasant odour which seems to be heading north-west; at any rate it is more unpleasant if possible when the wind is from the south-east than at any other time.

It does not appear likely that the smell should have come from the German lines, so we must look nearer home for the cause of the trouble. Don't you think we ought to take joint action to get the nuisance ended?

Yours, H. J. FORDYCE.

Petherton's reply was a bulky packet which, being opened, revealed a tin of dog soap. I could only infer that he wished to saddle Togo, our prize-bred Airedale, with the blame. Coward!

However, true to my determination to be friendly if possible, I wrote:—

DEAR FRED,—Thanks for the Camembert. Thomas our cat has not quite completed the Moonlight Sonata which he has spent several nights in composing, but as soon as it is published I will send you a copy of it in return.

My nephew, over from France on short leave, came to see us yesterday but left hurriedly. He said that the air was too reminiscent of a place where he was severely gassed. *Don't you notice anything?*

Yours as ever, H. J. FORDYCE.

Within an hour of the delivery of this letter another parcel arrived from Petherton. It contained three ordinary clothes-pegs and a brief note, which ran:—

SIR,—I thought even you would be able to take the hint contained in my previous parcel. As however it was evidently lost on you, I am writing to suggest to you more plainly that you should wash your dog. I noticed its deplorable condition when I passed it in the road the other morning, and am surprised that the simple explanation of the trouble has not occurred to you before.

Should the course I recommend have no good effect, I can only suggest your shooting, selling or otherwise disposing of the malodorous pest, or else wearing one of the protectors of which I enclose three. They are somewhat archaic in design, but should just suit you and your household.

Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

I replied:—

GOOD OLD FREDDIE,—What a genius you are! Of course the dog is the culprit. I was offered fifteen pounds for him the other day and refused it. No doubt I should have received a better offer but for the defect, which you so readily noticed, in the animal's condition. I have just had him shampooed and when he is dry I will examine him and report to you at once.

Many thanks for the charming nose-protectors, which however I return, as they are all too large. I wonder if you would mind changing them for sevens; these appear to be eight-and-a-halfs.

I am glad the wind has veered to the north-east. Your parsnips will no doubt share my joy. By the way was it you I saw yesterday in your paddock holding your nose just before the wind shifted round? The man, whoever it was, was looking at your poultry, which appear to be drooping.

Yours till the wind changes,
H. J. FORDYCE.

P.S.—If I can get a good stamp-album in town to-day I will send it to you. A change of hobby is often very beneficial.

I followed this up with another letter in the afternoon, couched in more formal terms:—

SIR,—In fulfilment of the promise contained in my previous letter of to-day's date I have the honour to inform you that my dog Togo is not the cause of the trouble. As soon as he was dry I fastened him up in the middle of my drawing-room, and my household, myself included, sniffed at him from all points of the compass. Then, leaving him still chained up, we went into the garden and nearly fainted from the pestilential odours borne on the breeze, which was again south-east.

If you have not suffered it seems clear to me that either (*a*) you have a curious taste in scents, or (*b*) you have no sense of smell. I think you should call in an expert, in the case of (*a*) a brain specialist, or in the case of (*b*) a nose-plumber. In the meantime I intend to consult another sort of expert, the Sanitary Inspector.

Yours obediently, except in such a matter as this, H. J. FORDYCE.

I wrote to the Inspector that night and received the following within twenty-four hours:—

DEAR SIR,—Yours of yesterday's date to hand, and in reply I regret that I am unable to assist you in the matter as your neighbour, Mr. Petherton, is engaged on important experimental work for the Government in connection with the manufacture of asphyxiating gases, thus causing the unpleasant odours about which I have received several complaints recently. I have been in communication with Mr. Petherton on the matter, but he seems unable to abate the nuisance. I am surprised that he has not explained the position to you himself.

I remain, Yours obediently,
M. TARBUTT.
pp. A. C.

On receiving the above I wrote to Petherton:—

DEAR FRED,—Only a few words to say that I have just heard the great news. Heartiest congratters. As a strafe-scent-manufacturer you are IT. *A bas les Boches!*

But why so close about it all this time? If you had only let me know about it sooner I would have dug a trench in my garden and slept in it, instead of complaining. Henceforth I shall turn my nose (well respirated) to the south-east every morning as an act of homage.

Give it 'em hot, old man; don't mind us; we love it now. When you get stuck for any fresh ingredients refer to *Macbeth*, Act 4, Scene 1, though I should be inclined to think you have done this already.

Yours gratefully, H. J. FORDYCE.

So far I have received no reply from Petherton. In the circumstances I excuse his apparent hauteur.

"Ships that pass in the Night."

"A large number of our kinsmen from over the seas were unmarried, and he would like to see for every shipload of them that came over a shipload of women from this country sent out to be mated to them."—*Daily Paper.*

It looks as if it might be stalemate.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 21st.—Although *de minimis non curat lex*, our lawmakers delight in very small jokes. When Mr. Cecil Beck, as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, delivered His Majesty's reply to the Address the House of Commons was chiefly interested in watching how he would accomplish the feat of walking backwards from the Table to the Bar. More than once in past history the task has proved too much for the man who essayed it, and the orderly retreat has degenerated into a shambling rout. But there was no such hitch to-day. Progressive politician though he is, Mr. Beck retraced his steps with graceful ease, and fully deserved the applause that rewarded his effort.

Irreverent opponents of the Prime Minister have sometimes compared him to *Micawber*, on the ground that he was always waiting for something to turn up. I found another link to-day between these celebrated characters. As Mr. Asquith unfolded the details of the two new Votes of Credit, one of 120 millions to clear up the present financial year, the other of 300 millions to start the new one, he reminded me of *Micawber* calculating his indebtedness to *Traddles*. While professing a proper alarm at the colossal amount of the expenditure—nearly two thousand millions already, or twice the cost of the twenty-two years' war against Napoleon—he rolled these gigantic figures off his tongue as if he loved them. You will remember *Copperfield's* remark when the famous I.O.U. had been handed over: "I am persuaded not only that this was quite the same to Mr. Micawber as paying the money, but that Traddles himself hardly knew the difference until he had had time to think about it." The Prime Minister's financial optimism left the House under much the same impression, and Mr. McKenna rather deepened it by the declaration that with prudence and statesmanship our credit would survive the War however long it might last.

Tuesday, February 22nd.—For nearly ten years, without a break, Mr. George Lambert, Yeoman, as the reference-books describe him, sat on the Treasury Bench as Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Then the Coalition came along and his place knew him no more. For eight long months he has yearned to let the new Administration know what he thought of them, and to-day he seized the opportunity furnished by the Vote on Account.

Beginning with a moving tale of how the War Office took several weeks and a traction engine to move a load of hay two miles from a rick to a



FINANCIAL OPTIMISM.
Mr. Micawber Asquith.

railway station in his native Devon, the Yeoman proceeded with other counts of his indictment. The Prime Minister mentioned yesterday a new plan by which an outside Committee, composed of business men and headed by a Cabinet Minister, was checking the expenditure of the Service Departments. (The cost of shells, we were told to-day by Dr. Addison, has been brought down to a figure which means an economy of £400,000 a week on our future production.)

But Mr. Lambert would have none of it. Speaking with all the authority of his long official experience he laid down the dictum that one Cabinet Minister could not supervise another. Next he attacked the new Order in Council, which makes the Chief of the Staff responsible for the orders given to the Army, declaring that it reduced Lord Kitchener to the level of a civilian; and finally he denounced the Government for not making more use of Lord Fisher. Under the stress of these terrific blows the Government ought to have reeled, if it did not fall. But nothing happened, except that the Votes on Account for four hundred and twenty millions were by half-past seven duly passed.

In the Lords meanwhile the Government was sustaining a heavier attack, arising out of their failure to stop all supplies from reaching Germany. Lord Sydenham attributed it to the Declaration of London, which had crippled the Navy; Lord Beresford thought it was the result of trying to run a war with a Cabinet that included twenty-one amateurs. Lord Lansdowne, a master of the quip modest, thereupon stated the Government's intention to add a twenty-second to the twenty-one by appointing a Minister of Blockade.

Wednesday, February 23rd.—At Question-time, Mr. Asquith announced that the new Minister was Lord Robert Cecil. It is close upon fifty years since another Lord Robert Cecil (who had just become Lord Cranborne) entered the Cabinet of Lord Derby.

In consequence of the recent decision that no Member shall in future receive two salaries it had been rumoured that Parliamentary salaries would be abolished altogether. There were signs of heartfelt relief from various quarters of the House when the Premier met the suggestion with an uncompromising "No."



NEW DEPARTURES BY SEA AND AIR.
Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Derby.

Captain J. S. Rankine, the khaki-clad giant who took his seat for East Toxteth to-day, had a warm reception, all the more grateful in view of the blizzard that raged without. The temperature of the House fell rapidly, however, when Mr. Snowden proceeded to outline his views on the subject of peace. In vain he attempted to show that there was a considerable party in Germany ready to come to terms if only they knew what our



Enraged Tommy (bespattered with mud by sniper's bullet aimed a bit too low). "PUT UP YER SIGHT, YER CARELESS BLIGHTER!"

terms were. Members listened in chilly silence. They thawed into laughter when the Hon. Member with some lack of humour quoted the German CHANCELLOR'S declaration, "We do not threaten small nations;" and they cheered when he quoted, with intent to condemn, Lord ROSEBERY'S statement that Germany must be utterly crushed. Nor was the House more impressed by Mr. TREVELYAN'S proposal that as there might be a peace-party in Germany it was our duty to "state our full terms and find out."

The PRIME MINISTER'S reply was, I fear, very painful to the pacificists. The German CHANCELLOR'S statement he found to be one of "colossal and shameless audacity." German Socialists might prate of peace, but only twenty out of five times that number in the Reichstag had the courage to vote against the War Credit. Our terms were already on record in the speech which he made at the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet in 1914. Until Belgium—"and I will add Serbia"—has been fully reinstated, until France is secured against aggression, until the smaller nationalities are safeguarded, until the military domination of Prussia is destroyed, "not until then shall we or any of our gallant Allies abate by one jot our prosecution of this War." The cheers that greeted this declaration lasted almost as long as the speech itself. In the ensuing debate Mr. PONSONBY, Sir W. BYLES, and one or two others emitted what Mr. STANTON picturesquely described as "the croakings and bleatings of the fatted lambs who had besmirched their own country." But they created no effect. Mr SNOWDEN'S early peace had been nipped by the frost.

Thursday, February 24th.—In both Houses the administration of the Military Service Act was again the subject of criticism. From the explanations given by Lord NEWTON and Mr. TENNANT it appears that most of the complaints against the recruiting officers for over-pressure have come from men who were applying for armlets, not for exemption. As Lord NEWTON put it, a man, if he wants to obtain an armlet, must run the risk of being taken for some kind of service. Mr. TENNANT reminded some of his critics, not superfluously, that the object of this Act was to get men to serve.

Lord DERBY, fresh from his triumph as Director of Recruiting, is to act as Chairman of the new Joint Committee which will supervise and co-ordinate naval and military aviation. For him, as for that other *Ariel*, "there's more work." The same is now true of Colonel LOCKWOOD who, since the opening of the Session, has been in a condition of suspended animation. The Kitchen Committee, in the opinion of many Members the most important of all the Committees, had not been set up, and consequently could not elect a Chairman. How Members have lived through more than a week without any visible means of securing subsistence it is not for me to reveal. Suffice it to say that no case of absolute starvation has come to my notice. To-day all is well. The Kitchen Committee is again in being, and "Uncle Mark" has once more been appointed Minister of the Interior (unpaid, except by the gratitude and affection of his fellow-Members). Fresh responsibilities have now been thrust upon him. This afternoon it fell to him, as temporary Leader of the Opposition, to ask the customary question as to next week's business. Having heard the PRIME MINISTER'S reply, he sat for a few moments as if lost in thought, calculating, no doubt, by a rapid process of mental arithmetic what the Consolidated Fund Bill, Supplementary Estimates and the Civil Service Vote would amount to in terms of dinners, teas and other light refreshments.

On a bookseller's stall in Liverpool:—

"*The English Nation.* A really cheap lot."

We find them most expensive to keep up.



Mistress. "ISN'T IT DREADFUL, JANE, ABOUT THESE ZEPPELINS? IT WOULDN'T BE SO WICKED IF THEY ONLY DESTROYED MUNITION WORKS."

Jane. "YES, MUM. BUT THEY 'ADN'T OUGHT TO DO THAT NEITHER. THEY KNOWS PUFFICKLY WELL AS WE WANTS ALL THE AMMUNITIONS AS WE CAN GET."

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

Jimmy says his bloodhound is always very glad to get loose after being tied up all night, and it 's because HARVEY discovered the circulation of the blood. Jimmy says Faithful doesn't know he has got the circulation of the blood, but he always has a little run round when he gets free. It only takes him about five minutes to do his round, and an hour and a-half afterwards you would never believe he had been round at all, things are so quiet again.

Jimmy says the man next door told him he didn't mind so much about the circulation of the blood as the circulation of the bloodhound. Jimmy says it 's because his chickens all begin shouting Hooray! as soon as Faithful starts, and they get up trees to watch him instead of being busy laying eggs at twopence each. Faithful doesn't want them to go up trees, Jimmy says, and tries to make them come down, but they won't—not on any account—and he has to leave them for other things that require his attention.

Jimmy says there 's a charwoman in one of the houses on Faithful's beat, and sometimes you can hear her trying to char him, and then lots of things come out through the front door, with Faithful in the middle of them. Sometimes you don't know which is Faithful and which is a scrubbing-brush, and it 's because of the revolution. Jimmy says if Faithful notices that anything wants doing on his way round he always tries to do it, even though nobody knew that it wanted doing. Faithful got a sparrow out of a greenhouse like that, Jimmy says. It was a cheeky sparrow and kept flying about at Faithful and hiding behind the pots on the stage. Jimmy says bloodhounds don't stand any nonsense of that sort, and the sparrow ought to have known it. But it kept looking round flowerpots at Faithful and chirruping at him sideways, and didn't realise that its life hung by a thread.

Jimmy says the best of well-trained bloodhounds is that they never get flurried; they go about their work systematically. The sparrow didn't seem to know that, Jimmy says, and when Faithful got on the stage and began clearing the decks for action it actually had the face to go and pick up a worm that came out of one of the pots that fell on the ground. Jimmy says whenever a pot rolled off the stage Faithful always looked over the edge to see if it had arrived safely. He is always careful like that.

Jimmy says the sparrow only escaped by the skin of its teeth, because just as Faithful had got everything out of the way and was going to set to work in earnest, the sparrow flew out and went and sat up in a tree chirruping like anything. Faithful was absolutely disgusted with it, Jimmy says.

Jimmy took his bloodhound out to the Hill Farm one morning. The farmer was very glad to see Faithful again, Jimmy says; he told Jimmy that they were going to cut corn and there would be a main of rabbits in them for sure. Jimmy says bloodhounds have to turn their hands to anything these days, even catching rabbits. Faithful didn't seem to mind, Jimmy says, but

it seemed very curious to hear the deep baying of a bloodhound in a peaceful cornfield. Jimmy says it made the men stop work and look at each other, and the man who was driving the reaping-machine got down to see where it wanted oiling. You see he hadn't heard a bloodhound before.

There was another dog there, Jimmy says, in case the rabbits came out too quickly for Faithful to catch them all. The first rabbit that came out didn't have any chance, Jimmy says. It bolted out as hard as it could, and there was a splendid race between the rabbit and Faithful. You see the rabbit was making for a burrow in the hedge, but old Faithful got there first and tried to get his head down it, to cut off the rabbit's retreat. Jimmy says the rabbit was nonplussed, and the other dog caught it easily. It is beautiful to see two dogs work together like that, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says Faithful didn't require the help of the other dog with the next rabbit that came his way, but the other dog was very impulsive. You see Faithful was lying down with his mouth open trying to look like a rabbit hole, and he did it so well that the rabbit came straight at him. Jimmy says Faithful swerved about ten yards to one side in order to hurl himself bodily at the rabbit, and he would have done it if the other dog hadn't poked his nose in.

Jimmy says the other dog killed the rabbit, but Faithful went up and smelt at it like anything. Faithful is a splendid smeller, Jimmy says. He can retrieve rabbits almost as well as he can catch them.

The farmer was surprised to see how quickly Faithful got off the mark at the sound of the gun. You see the farmer was standing close by Faithful and he had no sooner shot at a rabbit than away went Faithful right across two fields, retrieving as hard as he could. Jimmy had to fetch him back from doing it.

Jimmy says it was a new experience for the men to have a trained bloodhound in the harvest field, and they could talk of nothing else whilst they were having their dinners. You see two of the men had mislaid their dinners somehow, and every time they looked at Faithful they kept wondering. One man said his dinner was in a pudding-basin, and he looked everywhere. Faithful did his best to help him, Jimmy says, and kept just two yards ahead of him, twisting in and out.

The man noticed something was the matter with Faithful and advised Jimmy to have his neck wrung: he offered to do it himself.

Jimmy says the man seemed very suspicious because Faithful looked so T.B. (you know: Totally Bulged); but Jimmy took up Faithful and shook him for the man to hear, and there wasn't any sound of broken crockery at all.

The other man who had lost his dinner didn't bother to look for it; he was busy cutting a stick out of the hedge, and when he had done it he borrowed a piece of bacon from another man to present to Faithful. Jimmy says you do it by saying, "Dear little doggie," in a husky voice. Jimmy says bloodhounds don't like husky voices, they get on their nerves. So Faithful refused the bacon as hard as he could.

Jimmy says he knew Faithful would follow him, and sure enough, when he had got a mile on his way home, there was Faithful waiting for him, holding the pudding-basin in his mouth by the cloth.

Jimmy says when he got home there was quite a crowd round the house where Faithful had removed the greenhouse from off the sparrow. A policeman told Jimmy all about it. It appeared, so the policeman said, that some person or persons unknown had got to know that the people in the house were harbouring a German governess and had smashed up the greenhouse in revenge. The greenhouse looked as if it had been struck by a bomb, the policeman said, and when the people saw it they knew their secret was out and went and confessed to the police. The policeman told Jimmy that they had just taken the German governess away to the police-station.

Jimmy says that when he got home he sat down and looked at Faithful for half-an-hour—just looked at him. To think that Faithful had been on the Spy Trail all the time and Jimmy never knew it!



Youthful Patriot. "TAKE AWAY THE NIGHT-LIGHT, MARY. I'D RATHER RISK THE DARK THAN ATTRACT A ZEPPELIN."

An Incisive Beginning.

"Mr. Gordon Hewart, opening the president of the London Chamber of Commerce . . ."
The Star.

The Hebdomadal Council of Oxford University have suspended for six months the filling of the Professorship of Modern Greek, the view apparently being that there is no one about just now who understands the modern Greek.

"*The Rivista Marittima* publishes details of a new German ironclad, which is claimed to be totally unsinkable. . . . It is said to be a Dreadnought-cruiser, fitted with triple skins of armour, stuffed with non-resisting material."—*Times.*

It sounds like one of our conscientious objectors.

"The albatross—its docility was charming—soon occupied a splendid isolation on the tarpaulined covered hatchway platform . . . . I shall in future read Keats' 'Ancient Mariner' with an accentuated interest."
Natal Witness.

COLERIDGE'S "Ode to a Nightingale" was rejected as dealing with the wrong bird.

"YOUNG Lady-Attendant for Allies' Rifle Range, to replace one getting married; the 3rd in 12 months doing the same; good remuneration, and comfortable job."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

Bow and arrow or ·303, Cupid's marksmanship remains unerring.

"THE MAN WHO DINED AT KRUPP'S AND WORKED WITH THE KAISER."
Morning Paper Heading.

The *menu* at KRUPP'S is not given, but was probably some form of pig.

Another Impending Apology.

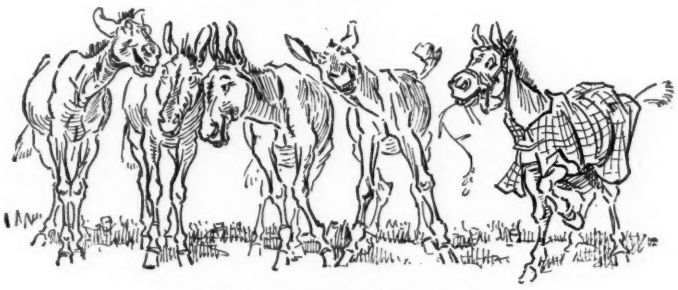
"SCOTCH NURSES IN SERBIA.
GERMAN DOCTOR'S IMPRESSIONS.
'VERY FORBIDDING.'"
Egyptian Gazette.

From a notice of a recent novel:—

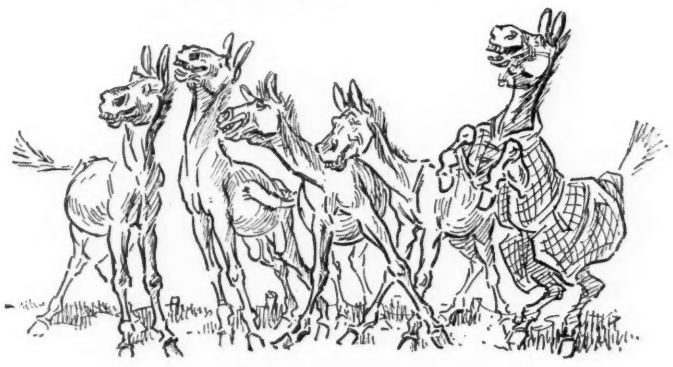
"The present reviewer's pen cleaves to the roof of his mouth when he tries to describe it."—*Evening Standard.*

That should teach him to get rid of the nasty habit of sucking the nib.

MULE HUMOUR.



"He's kicked the Corporal!"



"He's kicked the Vet.!!"



"He's kicked the Transport Officer!!!"

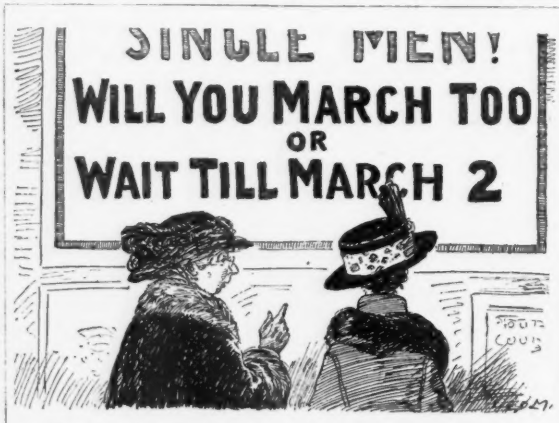


"He's kicked the Colonel!!!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I never read a story that impressed me as more untimely than this to which Mr. IVOR BROWN has given the title of *Security* (SECKER). It is about an Oxford Don, one *John Grant*, who became, as others have become, irked by the placid routine of Senior Common-Room existence, and yearned for adventure. So he came to London, and got his first dose of it as a labour-agitator and backer of strikes. I suppose that the atmosphere of labour-agitating and strike-backing is skilfully conveyed (that of Oxford donship undoubtedly is), but I can't tell you how antique it all seems. These scornful quotations from an imaginary Capitalist press and the fierce denial that industrial strife was ever assisted by foreign agencies—it all sounds like a voice from ancient history. One rubs one's ears at it. Eventually militant Socialism wearies *John* as much as academic torpor had done, and to escape from both he marries a wife. More atmosphere, this time of a dreary little seaside town and its so-called society. But *John* fares no better here; and at last, on his return from a walking holiday, he finds that *Mrs. John*, unable to put up with him any longer, is putting up without him at a London hotel in company with Another. That seems a situation insecure enough to satisfy the most exacting. But even from this nothing results, and husband and wife drift together again. I like to think that nowadays, what with Zeps and other things, poor old *John* may grow really contented. Meanwhile, clever as it is, the tale seems oddly anæmic and unreal. It is like those tragically trivial journals of 1914 that still survive in the dusty waiting-rooms of dentists. I don't suggest that Mr. BROWN, whose previous book I much admired, should write about the War; but I could wish him a little more in tune with the spirit it has produced.



"LOOK, DEAR—ISN'T THAT GOOD? 'WILL YOU MARCH TOO, OR WAIT TILL MARCH THE SECOND'?"

Faith Tresilion (WARD, LOCK) is a book of brave and of some diabolical deeds, but as Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS sees to it that his murderers and wreckers get their due he leaves me with the hopeful feeling that what happened to super-criminals a hundred years or so ago will also be their fate in this year of grace. *Faith* is the type of heroine with whom readers of this amazingly industrious author are familiar—a fearless girl who does a man's work without for a moment becoming unsexed. She was in a difficult position enough, for her brother was a smuggler and she was in love, head to heels, with the local gauger. There are other complications, but this is the chief one, and it is worked out in Mr. PHILLPOTTS' best West-country manner. I accept *Faith* and salute her, but it is before her mother that I completely bow the knee. *Mrs. Tresilion* was paralysed up to her waist, which was just as well, for if her activities had not been limited she would have swamped the whole book. As it was she lay in bed, drank gin, directed various operations with her eye fixed rather upon this world than the next, and told her visitors precisely what she thought of them. I am thankful not to have met this devastating lady in the flesh, because to be called "a hookery-snidy, trundle-trailed king-crab," and then told to kiss her, would have been more than I could bear.

I feel that Miss CONSTANCE HOLME will be the first to agree with me on reflection that as a beginning of a chapter in *The Old Road from Spain* (MILLS) the following will not do: "The long bright day idled interminably to its tryst with night. Luis ate his lonely meals in the silent room," etc. It illustrates a defect of her rather over-intense method. She would readily forgive me this stricture if she could know the eagerness with which I read her picturesque pages to find out exactly what was the matter with the *Huddlestons* of Thorn. From a Spanish ancestor, who had been wrecked with the Armada, they had inherited a CURSE. It was a very original curse, and I dare not deprive you of the pleasure of finding out what it was for yourself. Miss HOLME puts in her background of mystery with skilful touches and handles her characterisation with a good deal more subtlety than your mere mystery-monger can command. She observes both men and things with affection, writes of them with imagination. *Rowly Huddleston*, the committee-ridden squire of Thorn, looks like a careful portrait from life, and probably somebody also sat for that faithful soul, *Crane*, the butler. A book to be commended. Its defects are the defects of exuberance, the sort one only begins to notice after one has said, "Hello! this is pretty good!"

The Greater Glory (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a collection of very short sketches concerned with the War. They are a little unequal, some being better than others, and others (naturally) being worse than some. They all reveal their author, Miss EVELYN ORCHARD, as possessed of a pleasantly unforced style, and perhaps rather more ease than imagination. One of them, my own favourite, the story of a parson who enlisted, is conspicuous as containing so admirable a recruiting speech that I can only hope it is transcribed from life. Having said so much, perhaps I may be forgiven by Miss ORCHARD if I add that I would rather have read her upon some lighter theme. Her tuneful pipe contains some very pleasant notes, both of sentiment and humour, but is altogether too thin for variations upon so tremendous a motive as she has chosen. I express, of course, only my personal feeling; but I am certain that unless a book can rise to the magnitude of the War it had best leave it alone. Still it may well be that others will find interest, and even consolation, in these little papers. They have at least the charm of simplicity, and are obviously the products of a gentle and sympathetic nature. Thus, Miss ORCHARD can still see the pathos of the German private. Well, well.

A PIOUS HOPE.

[Suggested by an interview between M. SAZONOFF and Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE in *The Daily Chronicle*.]

THE Russian statesman, HAROLD BEGBIE thinks,
Is a good egg and not a subtle Sphinx;
Some day perhaps he will a better egg be
And tell us frankly what he thought of BEGBIE.

CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY is declared to have built a submarine that can go to the United States and back. Future insults therefore will be delivered by hand.

* * *

Municipal fishshops are to be established in Germany. They will be closely associated, it is understood, with the Overseas News Agency, and will make a speciality of supplying a fish diet to sailors who are unfortunately prevented by circumstances from visiting the high seas.

* * *

In his lecture before the Royal Institute last week Dr. E. G. RUSSELL told his audience that there are 80,000,000 micro-organisms in a tablespoonful of rich cucumber soil. If we substitute German casualties for micro-organisms and deduct the average monthly wastage as shown by the private lists from the admitted official total of available effectives—but we are treading on Mr. BELLOC's preserves.

* * *

The Government has announced itself as "satisfied with the measures taken to prevent Canadian nickel from reaching the Germans." Except, of course, in oblong pellets of insignificant size.

* * *

Answering a question of Sir ARTHUR MARKHAM in the House of Commons last week, Mr. TENNANT said, "If there was a large force of troops in Egypt, as to which it is undesirable that I should make any statement, it is quite conceivable that the presence of a hundred and seventeen Generals might be necessary." After all, if every one of them were just a Brigadier-General, they wouldn't require more than half-a-million men to keep them occupied.

* * *

Naval inspectors of cookery, it is officially announced, will hereafter wear a narrow stripe of white cloth on their cuff. This is a simplified form of the ancient heraldic emblem of the cook's guild, which was a hair *frizzé naiant* in a dish of soup *maigre*.

* * *

All kinds of cleaning and washing are to be dearer, and a patriotic movement is already on foot among the younger set to do away with these luxuries altogether in the interests of patriotic economy.

* * *

As a reward of its efforts to save the lives of war-horses, the R.S.P.C.A. has now been officially recognized by the A.V.C. Some hindrance to their work is however feared as the result of strong protests lodged by the Westphalian Pie-makers' Association of Rotterdam, which the Government, in its anxiety not to deal harshly with neutrals, is said to be carefully considering.

* * *

The owners of certain proprietary whiskeys have decided to put them up sixpence a bottle. In response to this move the owners of certain proprietary sixpences have decided not to put them down.

* * *

A correspondent of *The Times* states that large numbers of Owls have taken to visiting the trenches in Flanders. The War Office, strangely enough, professes to know nothing of the circumstance.



THE ROYAL GONDOLIERS.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT OUR COURTEOUS ALLIES IN VENICE HAVE OFFERED TO SUPPLY FLOATING FACILITIES FOR OUR TROOPS IN THE FLOODED TRENCHES OF FLANDERS.

For Conscientious Objectors.

"VARICOSE VEINS.—We stock all sizes, in best quality only."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

British Frightfulness.

"A young woman was fried as a spy in London the other day."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

A Leap-Year Reminder.

"February 29, 1916.—Last day for single men."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"We . . . are no haters of peace. We want it more than anything in the world—except the triumph of evil."—*Star.*

"A fallen star," we fear.

"Mr. Lloyd George said that Cabinet Ministers had agreed to take one-fourth of their salaries in Exchequer bombs."
Provincial Paper.

The times call for strong measures, but we think this is going a little too far.

TEUTON OVERTURES.

AS SEEN THROUGH TEUTON EYES.

THESE English—who can know their ways?
When, flushed with triumphs large and many,
We condescend with tactful signs
To hint of peace on generous lines
They answer in a flippant phrase
That they're "not taking any."

When from our conquering High-Seas Ark
(Detained at home by stress of weather)
We loosed the emblematic dove,
Conveying overtures of love,
Back came the bird with that remark,
Minus its best tail feather.

They said they never wanted war;
Yet, when we talk of war's abating,
And name the price for them to pay,
They have the curious nerve to say
That, when they please, and not before,
They'll do their own dictating.

How can you deal with minds so slow,
With men who give no indication
That we by any further shock
Into their heads can hope to knock
Enough intelligence to know
That they're a beaten nation?

Odd that we cannot make it clear
That we have won; and even odder
That other markets seem to jump,
While our exchange is on the slump,
And everything's starvation-dear
(Excepting cannon-fodder). O. S.

RECONSTRUCTION.

IN that dim happy past, the Summer of 1913, I first saw him idly seated in a deck-chair on the firm sands of ——, on the East Coast. A quiet detached figure amid a crowd of joyous children. Hard by a boy and girl were building a moated fortress, but, alas! the swiftly incoming tide eroded its foundations until the frowning battlements tottered to destruction.

Turning, the children faced him. He smiled.

"D' you know this one, Jacky?" he ventured.

"He's Dick," the little maid protested, "and I'm Betty."

"Now we're introduced, do you know this one?" he asked again.

Straightaway he plunged into the new game, moving back to where a smooth stretch of sand lay invitingly. Immediately two minute shapes were etched with his stick on its surface.

"What's those?"

"Hairpins, of course! You *always* start with hairpins. And this," indicating a narrow oblong, "why, this must be that silver tray someone's always leaving her hairpins lying about on. Now for the hair-brushes—two of those—" (unerringly symmetrical)—"then the comb—" (equipped with most effective sand-teeth)—"then a powder-box? Well, a very little one——"

As fast as he thought of them, fresh articles (or their symbols) came into being. There was no pause. "The shoe-horn, the button-hook, oh! and a clothes-brush——"

Immediately following the last hair of the clothes-brush a rectangle put in an appearance around these assorted objects.

"Mummy's dressing-table," asserted Master Dick authoritatively.

"Sound man! What else do we want?"

The children suggested alternately and in chorus the completion of the plan. An armchair with cushions incredibly soft, a fire-place pokered and tonged, a wardrobe (disproportionately enormous), two colossal hat-boxes, and detail after detail, with finally the door, the key-hole and the key.

* * * * * * *

The little hamlet somewhere in France had been shelled spasmodically for months. Possibly there was something faintly familiar in the seated figure of that Captain of Engineers that caught my eye; one did not often come across Captains of Engineers sitting on *débris* in the village street. He squatted on a pile of granular masonry before a rudely prepared space surrounded by three small ragged children gazing round-eyed at something he was drawing with half a Nilgiri cane in the powdered rubble. I paused to look, and there arose before me the picture of a man with a boy and girl on a bygone day in happy England.

"On commence avec le sel," he was explaining as he indicated the shape of a salt-cellar. "Eh b'en, après ça quat' assiettes, des couteaux, des fourchettes——" All the appurtenances of a homely table were quickly put in. "Et puis la table, n'est-ce pas? Et surtout faut pas oublier quelqu'chose à manger, eh, Jeanne?"

"Non, monsieur." But the little girl was busy pointing to where a small brown bird pecked fruitlessly in the dust. "Regardez, donc, le p'tit oiseau; il n'a pas mangé, c'lui là."

"Y a pas grande chose à manger; les Boches, vous savez, ont passé par ici," added one of the two boys quite impersonally.

The Captain of Engineers continued quickly, "Maintenant il faut mettre le—" he paused for the word—"le—table-cloth." The children grasped his meaning from the comprehensive gesture. Rapidly he outlined chairs, a delightful baby's cradle, a clock with cuckoo complete, a fire-place, until at length a complete pictorial inventory had been made of the contents of the living-room of just such a cottage as had obviously been buried beneath the rubbish heap upon which he sat. Those children of the stricken country-side entered with keenness into the spirit of the make-believe. The little girl, searching for an appropriate stone to place on the imaginary table for imaginary bread, thrust her hand down among the *débris* and, withdrawing it, exposed a relic. It was the faded remnant of a baby's shoe, grotesque in the autumn sunshine.

"Oui, par exemple, les Boches ont passé par ici," said the little boy as impersonally as before.

In a Good Cause.

An auction of stamps will be held on the 13th and 14th of March at 47, Leicester Square, in aid of the National Philatelic War Fund, the proceeds to be given to the Societies of the British Red Cross and St. John of Jerusalem. Collectors should seize this chance, as the Allies may shortly be arranging to modify the map of the world.

"The year 1914 showed a drop of 441 million eggs in the year."
Trade Paper.

Taking our population as 46 millions this means 9½ eggs dropped per head in the year. Under the influence of the thrift campaign a great effort is being made to drop only half an egg per head this year, but should there be a General Election there may be a rise in the drop.



WHO PAYS?

THE FATHER. "WE ARE MAKING TERRIBLE SACRIFICES."

THE SON. "YES, FATHER, BUT I AM VERY BRAVE; I CAN BEAR THEM."



Visitor. "AND WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN THE SHELL STRUCK YOU?"
Bored Tommy. "SENT MOTHER A POSTCARD TO HAVE MY BED AIRED."

THE GREAT MAN.

EVERY Saturday, about four P.M., I am to be found worshipping at the Shrine of the Open Mind. Once within its portals I put off the subfusc vestments of J. Watson, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and become simply Uncle James. This alone is a tonic. To-day as I ascended the steps of the temple there floated down to me the voices of the priestesses chanting, evidently in a kind of frenzy, and to the air of a famous Scottish reel, this rhyme—

"Daddy is a Sergeant, a Sergeant, a Sergeant!
Daddy is a Sergeant, a Sergeant of Police."

So I opened the nursery door and went in. An uncle has no honour in his own country, and my two small nieces assaulted me immediately. Phyllis dragged me to a chair, while Lillah shrieked unrelentingly in my ear that Daddy was a sergeant.

"So the special constables have seen that your father is a born policeman?" I said as I sat down.

"The *special* ones," nodded Phyllis with profound pride.

"Magnificent," I murmured. "He has at last justified his choice of the law as a profession."

"Tell us," said Lillah, "with the air with which one speaks of a self-made man who has just appeared in the Honours List—"tell us how Daddy started."

"He went to the Bar," I said.

"Bar?" echoed Lillah.

"Why, yes," I said; "it's a place where people wait."

"Like a station?"

"Only the trains don't always come in. Anyway, on one side of the bar are a lot of young men waiting for something to turn up, and on the other a lot of old men writing autobiographies."

"But aren't there any middling-olders?" This is Phyllistian for men of middle age.

"Not allowed," I said. "At the Bar you are either a junior or a reminiscer."

"What's that?"

"It's an illness that attacks people who aren't really famous."

Phyllis stared. "Like measles?"

I nodded.

"Oh," cried Lillah eagerly, "do the reminiscers go all pink?"

"They ought to," said I.

There was a silence. The round eyes of Phyllis were full of suspicion.

"Daddy said," she remarked slowly, "that he did law."

"So he does," I answered.

"Well, what's that, then?"

Small girls ask questions in two words which wise men must write books to answer.

"The law," I answered warily, "gives reasons for things that are unreasonable."

"Like what?" said Phyllis.

I laughed a little uneasily. This was getting difficult.

"Oh—er—things like getting married," I said, "and refraining from shooting little girls who ask questions."

I admit that this sort of joke is the last infirmity of an uncle's otherwise noble mind. They regarded me sadly.

Then Lillah turned to Phyllis with a detached air. "Uncle James is being grand," she said, "because he doesn't know what law is."

"Don't you?" said Phyllis.

"Perhaps not," I murmured feebly. The nursery makes very small beer of



Mother. "NO, BETTY DARLING, I CAN'T BUTTON YOUR BOOTS FOR YOU. NOW YOU HAVE A LITTLE SISTER YOU MUST LEARN TO DO THINGS FOR YOURSELF."

Betty. "SHALL I *ALWAYS* HAVE TO DO FINGS FOR MYSELF?"

Mother. "YES, DARLING."

Betty. "THEN I DON'T FINK I SHALL LIKE LIFE."

the cynic. There was a moment's silence.

"You 've told us wrong," said Phyllis sternly. "Daddy isn't ever wrong."

"So he 's risen from his bar to be a sergeant," added Lillah, with the air of one finishing a story with a moral.

I'm afraid I chuckled. It was in very bad taste, of course, but I couldn't help it. I suppose George is one of the most egregious Micawbers of the English Bar, whereas I—— why, I remember noticing a brief on the mantelpiece in my chambers only last month.

"Poor Uncle James," said Phyllis in her best drawing-room tones, "perhaps if you tried very hard——"

They had mistaken my laughter for that bitter disappointed kind you get in the theatres.

"I know," said Lillah; "we 'll play Germans, and Uncle James can pretend he 's a sergeant."

Yes, they were sorry for me. The table was pushed into the window and became a waterworks of importance. The invidious part of the alien enemy fell to Lillah. It was admitted that she could glare best. "Besides," said Phyllis, "Lillah can make growly noises come up from her tummy."

The complete Hun, as you perceive.

Phyllis became a "special," while I was her sergeant, the star part of the piece. But the show was a frost, though Lillah gave an excellent imitation, with the aid of a toy spider, of a Hun inserting bacilli into the nation's *aqua pura*. Yes, I'm afraid I was the failure. I couldn't get to grips with my part, and the whole thing was so obviously a charity performance, with Phyllis ordering herself sternly about to try and help me through.

We were halfway through the second house when a well-known step was heard on the stairs.

Lillah turned, her eyes ablaze with worship. Phyllis trembled with excitement. As I sat down I couldn't help thinking that we grown-ups are just a little absurd. There is more than one thinks in the relativity of things. Adoration? George was never going to get anything like it again in this world. My mind mused on ambition. Why, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself——

The door-handle turned and I heard the small voice of Phyllis in my ear.

"Mummie says," she whispered, "we can't all be great."

Nice little maid!

Then we all lined up to receive the Sergeant.

"TURKISH COMMUNIQUÉ.

Constantinople, Saturday.—On the Canadian front there were outpost duels and local fighting at several points. These skirmishes are still going on."—*Evening Paper.*

Forthcoming volume by Sir MAX AITKEN—*Canada in Turkey.*

From a description of a new enemy aeroplane:—

"The whole machine is armoured, and the supper part is shaped like a reversed roof."
Provincial Paper.

Trust the Germans for looking after the commissariat.

AN EMBARGO ON INK.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING.

MR. RUNCIMAN, President of the Board of Trade, having stated that the Government was following up its restrictions on the importation of paper by drastic new rules concerning our supplies of ink, a public meeting of protest was immediately called. Mr. T. P. O'Notor, M.P., took the chair, and he was supported by many of the most illustrious ink-men of the day.

The Chairman, having first read a number of letters apologising for absence, one of which was, of course, from Lord Southbluff, who specialises in this epistolary form, proceeded to pour scorn on the Board of Trade's decision. How can the Board of Trade, he asked pointedly, know its business as well as we do? If it hopes, by curtailing the supplies of ink that come to England, to make room for the more important necessaries of life, it is mistaken. There is nothing more important than ink. (Cheers.) Without ink what are we? (A voice: "Not much.") Without ink, how can advertisements be written? (Cries of "Shame!") Among all forms of human endeavour none was nobler than putting one word after another. (Applause.) That is what SHAKSPEARE did. (Hear, hear.) Always with the assistance of ink. (Cheers.) And what would England be like without SHAKSPEARE? (Renewed cheers.) Had Mr. RUNCIMAN thought of that? He (the speaker) would venture to say he had not. In any case ink must be saved. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Harry Austinson, Editor of *The English Revue*, rose to protest against the Board of Trade action. To put an embargo upon ink was, he held, nothing less than an outrage. Ink was the life-blood of British liberty, and he for one would never hesitate to spill the last drop, either in his own select periodical or in a Sunday paper for the masses. The mere fact that the feeling against ink was inaugurated by a Member of the Government automatically proved it wrong. No good could come from such a corrupt agglomeration of salary-seekers as the Coalition Ministry. Speaking as one who knew Germany from within, he would say that to put any obstacle in the way of the public expression of opinion in England was to help the foe. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Bernold Pennit said that the Government's action paralysed him. For years he had been in the habit of writing his ten thousand words a day. It did not much matter what they were about; the point was that they were written. Otherwise he could not keep in good health. Where another man might do Swedish exercises, ride, walk, eat or play golf, he, Mr. Pennit, wrote. (Hear, hear.) It might be an attack on British stupidity; it might be a eulogy of Mr. ASQUITH; it might be a description of the arrival of a ton of coal at an auctioneer's private residence in Handley and its transference to the cellar and the discovery that there was one hundredweight one stone short. Whatever the theme, there were ten thousand words in any case, and unless he could write them daily he was lost. The tragic thing was that he could write only in ink and with his own hand. (Sensation.) Before meddling with ink there were all sorts of things for the Government to forbid. Golf balls, for one. He wished to express his complete dissatisfaction with Mr. RUNCIMAN'S insane proposal. (Cheers.)

Mr. Bolaire Hillock thought that a great deal too much fuss was being made about ink. The Board of Trade was, of course, an ass; that goes without saying (*ça va sans dire*); but it is childish of literary men to come there and pretend to be nonplussed. Let them rather show themselves superior to such trumpery legislation. As an old campaigner he could tell them what to do. When he was an artilleryman in France, and writing a series of articles on the Reformation at the same time, he mixed an excellent substitute for ink out of the ashes of his pipe and claret. There were countless things that could be utilised, including blacking, seethed mushrooms, boiled ash-buds, and the juice of the pickled walnut. With such resources as these we intended to go on writing and drawing diagrams long after Mr. RUNCIMAN was forgotten. (Loud cheers.)

Lord Penge said that one of the purest pleasures of life was writing to *The Times*, and how could that be done if there was no ink? Some people doubtless could use pencil; but he personally could not. Others had typewriters or dictated to typists, but that was beyond him. To him there were few delights more complete than to dip his pen in the forbidden fluid and begin, "Sir." (Applause.)

The Rev. R. Trampbell said that not during his whole career as a clergyman of the Church of England could he remember a more monstrous proposal than this one to reduce the supply of ink. To him ink was more precious than radium, for it enabled him to express his thoughts and thus come into intimate relationship with his fellow-beings. It might be within the knowledge of the meeting that he was in the habit of contributing every week an article on the War to the Sunday papers. It was not on tactics, but on some subject of spiritual interest connected with the War, and he had reason to believe that thousands, he might say millions, of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen found it helpful. Was that to cease? England had too few inspired teachers for this article to be lightly disposed of. He felt sure that he had the great weight of his beloved Church of England at the back of him when he uttered this protest.

Mr. Chester Gilbertson said that neither the restriction on ink or paper would worry him. There was nothing he couldn't write *with*, and nothing he couldn't write *on*. He had written many of his best articles with a piece of chalk on one of his black coats, and many of his worst on cab and railway-carriage windows with a diamond ring which he had compelled a commercial traveller to relinquish. (Cheers.) Rather than not express an opinion on whatever was forward, he would carve his views on a rock and himself carry the rock to the printing office. (Loud cheers.) The Runcimen of this world were created purely in order to be defied.

Mr. Bernard Jaw said that of course for the Government to pretend that the cargo space now occupied by ink was needed for something else was rubbish. The Government's real reason was that they were terrified of the critics and thought to muzzle them in this way. But he for one—and he knew for a fact that the Government dreaded his genius acutely and would give much if they could still the blistering accuracy of his pen—he for one would not be daunted.

At this point a special messenger arrived bearing a letter for the Chairman, who, after reading it, asked leave to put the meeting in possession of its terms, as it somewhat altered the situation. It was, in fact, from the Board of Trade, and stated that, owing to a misprint, the recent decision concerning ink had been misunderstood. It was not ink that was to be restricted, but zinc. (Cheers.) In the circumstances perhaps they might adjourn.

The meeting then broke up peaceably, although Mr. Bernard Jaw did his best to collect an audience for a new speech on the monstrosity of interfering with zinc.

"Count Bernstorff finds that the Washington Government has left him in the air. Seemingly he is at sea."—*Morning Post.*

As was said of a nobler character, "the elements are so mixed up in him."



Jones (left at home to mind the children). "IF THE PAPER'S ANYTHING TO GO BY, WE MARRIED MEN WILL ALL BE IN THE ARMY BY JULY. IT SEEMS A LONG TIME TO WAIT."

THE EXPERT ADVISER.

I MET him near the entrance of the Institute, where I was waiting to see the Superintendent. He approached with light, nervous steps, and his haggard eyes met mine questioningly.

"A fine morning," I remarked.

"It is," he agreed; "and if you would be good enough to tell me the day of the week——"

"It 's Saturday," I said, wondering a little.

"I—I feared so," he said and clutched me by the arm. "Listen. This is the day when I have to make up my five columns—seven hundred lines, brevier type. It is my destiny to give advice, and you can have it without the asking. Take, for example, the Rhode Island Rabbit—a noble strain and rich in phosphates. Plant out at the beginning of April in a mixture consisting of two parts road-grit, two parts table-scraps, and a deed of assignment, and by the end of October they will be throwing up magnificent clusters of yellow blossom. The Magellan Lop-eared is also hardy and prolific, though pugnacious if reared under glass. In the absence of a specified agreement a dose of tartaric acid that has been well stewed with the mutton left over from Sunday will usually put matters straight. Snip off shoots that show signs of becoming broody, and give a mash of middlings at quarter-day.

"We now come to the Light Sussex Long-furred Goatlings. These can be kept in hutches, which may be obtained at any oil-shop at about fivepence per pint. Grasp firmly by the wings when lifting, and explain the matter to your solicitor. Short-haired Pouters should be housed in kennels which have been thoroughly disinfected with peat-moss, cod-liver-oil emulsion and a good face-powder. A little boracic ointment rubbed well into the roots before breakfast is also to be commended. With regard to the Squirrel-tailed Borzois, during the period of weaning try bicarbonate of soda, one scruple; sal volatile, one drachm; to be taken every calendar month from date of contract."

A large, genial man, with an official manner—he was, I discovered, the under-superintendent — approached, and the haggard man moved rapidly away.

"A painful case," I observed.

"Very," said the large man. "Journalist of the name of Criddle—Jabez Wilberforce Criddle. He used to run the Gardening section of *The Sunday Helio*. Then the chap that was responsible for the 'Legal Advice' was called up, and Criddle got his column as well as his own. Next, the 'Poultry Gossip' man went, and they gave Criddle that, and when a week later the 'Cookery Notes' woman took up V.A.D. work he got her share too. He struggled along gamely enough until 'Auntie Gladys,' who ran 'Our Baby' column, became a tram-conductress; but, when they passed him that, his mind went, and the proprietors sent him here."

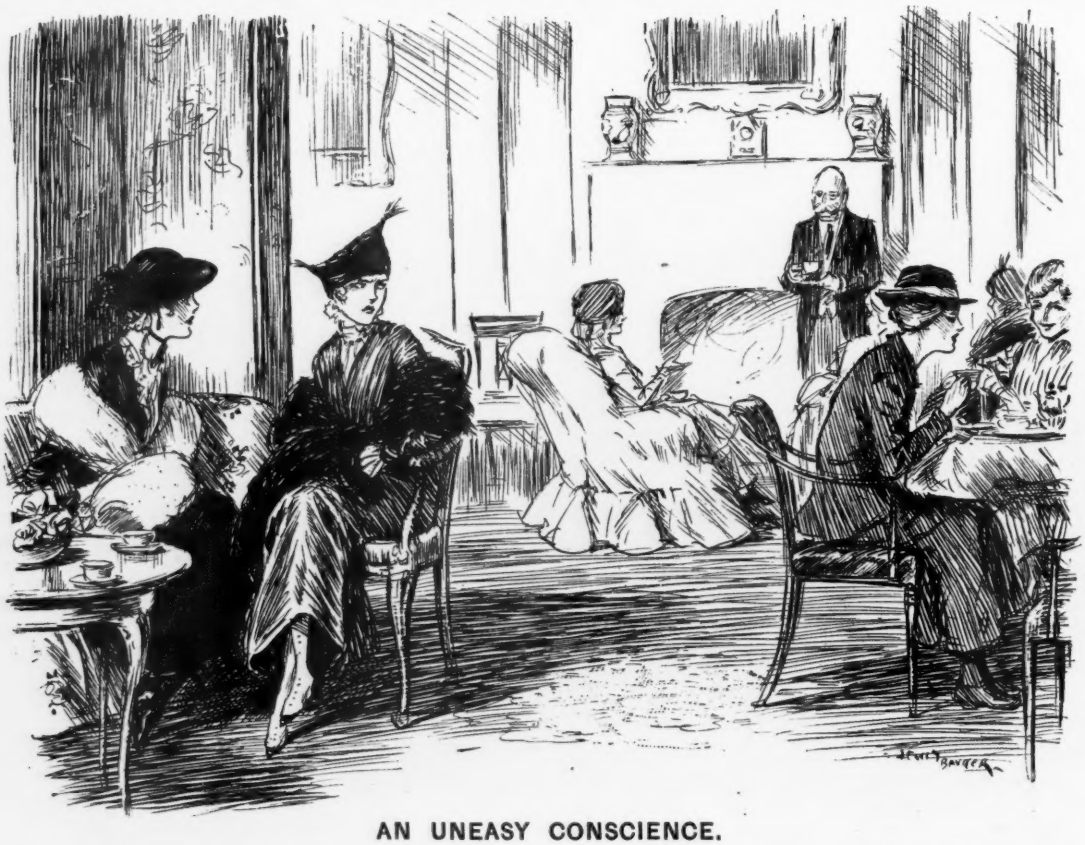
I inquired as to the possibilities of recovery.

"There is hope," said the large man, "that the trouble may not last beyond the duration of the War. But we shan't feel that we've made a fair start until we've cured him of getting up in the night and tapping his artificial teeth with a button-hook. He fancies he's dictating 'Answers to Correspondents.'"

Clerical Candour.

"In order to satisfy my mind I spent over two hours in a certain cinema . . . Frankly I was disappointed. I saw nothing which could in any way be called indecent."

The Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM, in "The Weekly Dispatch."



AN UNEASY CONSCIENCE.

"WELL, I'M OFF TO MY DRESSMAKER'S. I CAN'T SIT HERE ANY LONGER BEING ECONOMISED AT BY THAT GIRL'S CLOTHES."

THE WORLD SET FREE.

(An awful prospect.)

LONG, long ago, when I had not attested,
I prized the liberties of this proud race,
The right of speech, from haughty rulers wrested,
The right to put one's neighbours in their place;
I liked to argue and I loved to pass
Slighting remarks on Robert, who 's an ass,
To hint that Henry's manners were no class,
Or simply say I did not like his face.

But things are changed. To-day I had a tussle
With some low scion of an upstart line;
Meagre his intellect, absurd his muscle,
I should have strafed him in the days long syne;
I took a First, and he could hardly parse;
I have more eloquence but he more stars;
Yet (so insane the ordinance of Mars)
I must say "Yessir," and salute the swine.

And it was hard when that abrupt Staff-Major
Up to the firing-line one evening came
(Unknown his motive, probably a wager),
And said quite rudely, "You are much to blame;
Those beggars yonder you should enfilade."
I fingered longingly a nice grenade;
I said those beggars were our First Brigade,
But might not call him any kind of name.

Yet not for ever shall the bard be muted
By stars and stripes, but freely, as of yore,
When swords are sheathed and I 'm civilian-suited,
I shall have speech with certain of my corps,
Speak them the insults which I now but brood:
"Pompous," "incompetent," "too fond of food,"
And fiercely taste the bliss of being rude
And unrestrained by Articles of War.

That will be great; but what if such intentions
Are likewise present in the Tenth Platoon?
What if some labourer of huge dimensions
Meet me defenceless in a Tube saloon,
And hiss his catalogue of unpaid scores,
How oft I criticised his forming fours,
Or prisoned him behind the Depôt doors,
Or kept him digging on the Fourth of June?

Painful. And then, when all these armèd millions
Unknot with zest the military noose,
Will the whole world be full of wroth civilians,
Each one exulting in a tongue let loose?
And who shall picture or what bard shall pen
The crowning horror which awaits us then—
That civil warfare of uncivil men
In one great Armageddon of abuse?

A Pluralist.

The writer of a letter appearing in *The Daily Mail* signs herself "Wife of Group 41."



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

John Bull (*to himself*). "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, MY FRIEND—YOU'VE BEEN DOING YOURSELF TOO WELL. IF YOU MEAN TO WIN THIS WAR YOU'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT."

FRANK.

In my first formal introduction to Frank he appeared, together with his clothing and various belongings, as an item in a list of things to be taken over. I knew him already by reputation, and I remembered some of the occasions when he had appeared on parade. Also I knew that two successive Company Commanders had managed in turn to exchange him with some unsuspecting newly appointed O.C. Company for something more tractable. This last process, indeed, accounted for my having to take him over instead of the mild creature with the duck-waddle action which my predecessor had ridden or, let me say, sat.

It became then my lot to take over Frank, or, to put it more correctly, I was issued with him. That is part of the military principle of fixing responsibility. Things are not issued to you; you are issued with them, and you alone are accountable. I was issued with Frank and all his harness and appointments and, incidentally, his parlour tricks. This was the formal introduction. I didn't meet him at close range until later. When I was issued with him I didn't even know his name. No previous owner had ever thought of asking it, and had they asked they would not have believed that a horse could be called Frank. On general principles it seems wrong, but on nearer acquaintance I found that Frank was exactly the name for him. The great thing about him was that if he thought a thing he said it.

For example, when I first mounted him he thought he would prefer to remain in the stable where he had been for the best part of a week. He said so quite candidly. I am nothing very great as a handler of wild animals, and he gave me three minutes made up of every action in his *repertoire*—no limited one. At the end of it I very kindly dismounted. I didn't want him to think I was not intelligent enough to understand what he meant, and moreover I hated the idea of marring our first meeting by refusing so unmistakable a request. So he was led back to his quarters and the incident closed, if not with mutual goodwill at least with some degree of satisfaction fairly evenly distributed among the parties.

It was, I remember, on the next morning that the Mess Sergeant noticed a shortage of lump sugar in one of the basins. I mention this merely because it fixes in my mind the first day on which I had a comfortable ride. Frank started out in a good temper and came home at his best pace, hoping to get some more sugar. That, at least, is how I read his meaning, and I pursued my policy of not misunderstanding him. After this he developed a parlour trick which made me quite fond of him. When I went to the stable he would put his nose round to the side pocket where I kept the sugar. He always got some, and he knew there would always be some more when he got home.

Thus it became necessary to instruct him in topography. He quickly learned that certain turnings led to the camp, and I was reduced to subterfuges to prove to him that they did not. It was essential to go over every road at various times in opposite directions. That confused him, and though I disliked the deception I had to resort to it, with the result that Frank finally accepted me at my own fictitious valuation as a person who did not properly know his own mind.

But it took him some time to get into my ways. Once we spent twenty minutes on a small stretch of road leading from the parade ground to a railway bridge. I wanted to cross the bridge and Frank did not. I took him towards the bridge and he took me back towards the camp. This happened thirteen times. At the fourteenth there was a variation; he changed his mind and we crossed the bridge. During the twenty minutes, I remember, we had a further slight disagreement about a stick. I was glad I had brought it, and he was not. But on the other side of the bridge we let bygones be bygones. Frank had his moods, but he was always a gentleman.

He was also a soldier. His strong point really was that he was excellent on parade. He would look round, grasp the formation at a glance, and drop into his place. He was never more happy than when route-marching; never more unhappy than when compelled to break out of the line. Indeed, so much did he enjoy column of route that when off duty with two or three other horses he would play at route-marching, taking up a position in Indian file and avoiding any sort of arrangement which brought him abreast of his companions.

At last we had to part. I don't know the right way to express this. Possibly I was reissued without him; I am not sure what the process was. At any rate we separated, he remaining at the camp and I proceeding on duty to the Depôt. I said good-bye to him and he nuzzled for the last time at my side pocket. Having munched the sugar, he turned to the more serious business of his manger. I think this must have been his way of concealing his emotion.

RAG-TIME IN THE TRENCHES.

Roll up, rally up!
Stroll up, sally up!
Take a tupp'ny ticket out, and help to tote the tally up!
Come and see the Raggers in their "Mud and Slush" revoo.
(Haven't got no money? Well, a cigarette 'll do).
Come and hear O'Leary in his great tin-whistle stunt;
See our beauty chorus with the Sergeant in the front;
Come and hear our gaggers
In their "Lonely Tommy" song;
Come and see the Raggers,
We're the bongest of the bong.

Roll up, rally up!
Stroll up, sally up!
Show is just commencing and we've got to ring the ballet up.
Hear our swell orchestra keeping all the fun alive,
Tooting on his whistle while they dance the Dug-out Dive.
Come and see Spud Murphy with his double-ration smile,
('Tisn't much for beauty, but it's Phyllis Dare for style);
Come and see our *scena*,
"How the section got C.B.;"
Bring a concertina
And we'll let you come in free.

Roll up, rally up!
Stroll up, sally up!
First and last performance. If you want to see it, *allez* up!
Come and sit where "Archibalds" won't get you in the neck
(If it's getting sultry you can take a pass-out check).
Come and hear the Corporal recite his only joke;
See the leading lady slipping out to have a smoke;
Sappers, cooks, flag-waggers,
Dhooly-wallahs too;
Come and hear the Raggers
In their "Mud and Slush" revoo.

Commercial Candour.

"The perfume *par excellence* . . . unapproached and unapproachable."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"GERMAN FOOD CRISIS.
Attempt to congeal the truth as to shortage."—*Buenos Ayres Standard.*

The Huns are so economical that they put even Truth into cold storage.

"Cheery messages come through from General Townshend. He is sewing vegetable seeds and has asked for gramophone needles."
Lloyd's Weekly News.

The ordinary kind being unsuited for such delicate stitchery.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 29th.—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE announced to-day that the Members of the Cabinet had decided to take one-fourth of their salaries in Exchequer Bonds. Murmurs of applause followed, and before they had died away Mr. HOGGE launched his great joke. Leading up to it with the remark that Exchequer Bonds can be sold the next day, he asked, "Would it not be a good idea to call them the Laughing Stock?" Mr. HOGGE is not one of the chartered jesters of the House so his *jeu d'esprit* just caused "a laugh," as the reporters say, and nothing more.

On the Third Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill Sir JOHN SIMON renewed his attack upon the Military Service Bill. The tribunals, he declared, were disregarding the appeal of the widow's only son; the Yellow Form, of which the late Home Secretary takes the same jaundiced view as he did of the Yellow Press, was being sent out indiscriminately to all whom it did not concern: the War Office had issued a misleading poster; and everywhere men were being "bluffed" into the Army. He himself would have been inundated with correspondence if he had not had the happy inspiration of diverting the flood into Mr. TENNANT'S letter-box. Passionately he called upon the Government not to imitate Germany's brutality.

Mr. LONG, suave as usual, deprecated Sir JOHN SIMON'S ferocity, reminded him that all cases of hardship could be considered by the Appeal Tribunals, and promised to investigate the cases that had been mentioned. "May I send in my list too?" asked Mr. WATT. But Mr. LONG, unwilling to share the fate of Mr. TENNANT, suggested that the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND would form a more appropriate dumping-ground for Mr. WATT'S *dossier*.

After Mr. SNOWDEN, Sir THOMAS WHITTAKER and Mr. LOUGH had reinforced Sir JOHN SIMON'S case with added instances the Government found an unexpected champion in Mr. HEALY. He was amazed to hear the late Home Secretary—"one of the Ministers who made the War"—gloating over the inefficiency of the War Office at a moment when round Verdun was raging a battle in which the fate of Paris, and perhaps of London, was involved. Why had he not imitated the monumental silence of Mr. BURNS? Instead, he, the suppressor of obscure Irish newspapers, had done more to injure recruiting than any Connemara editor.

I never expected to live to hear the Bank of England described in the House of Commons as a useless institution. In Mr. HEALY'S opinion, "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," like the other who lived in a shoe, has too many children, and her attempt to get 190 of them exempted from military service moved him in a moment of "vituperative irrelevance," as Mr. PRINGLE subsequently described it, to say the rudest things about her financial capacity.



IN HAPPY DAYS TO COME.

The Coalition Owners (*Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. BONAR LAW*) LEADING IN A WINNER.

Wednesday, March 1st.—Sir OWEN PHILIPPS, once Liberal Member for Pembroke, returned to the House to-day as Unionist Member for Chester. To signalise the capture of so gigantic a prize—he is 6ft. 6in. in his stockinged feet—Lord EDMUND TALBOT and Sir G. YOUNGER, Unionist Whips, conducted him to the Table; and as they are both of moderate height the procession gave the effect of a *Mauretania* going to her moorings in charge of a couple of tugs.

When Dr. MACNAMARA moved a Supplementary Estimate of £10 for the Navy, I was reminded of PRAED'S lines "On seeing the SPEAKER asleep in his chair":—

> "Hume, no doubt, will be taking the sense
> Of the House on a saving of thirteen pence."

But there were differences. The £10 was not an ordinary "ten-pun' note" but was a "token" representing something like four and a half millions received by the Fleet for services rendered to Foreign Powers and others; and Mr. WHITLEY, who was in the Chair, so far from being asleep, was intensely wide-awake. Members who sought to discuss Naval policy generally were promptly pulled up, and the SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY, when in his third or fourth attempt to explain the Vote he remarked hypothetically, "Suppose we were to sell a battleship——" was himself called to order, Mr. WHITLEY evidently regarding such a reduction of the Fleet as unpatriotic even in imagination.

A vote for £37,000 to extend the British Consulate buildings at Cairo united both sides of the House in criticism. Mr. ASHLEY thought what was good enough for Lord CROMER should be good enough for his successor. Mr. HOGGE, by a somewhat obscure process of reasoning, now understood why the Germans were so anxious to get to Egypt. In vain Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, usually so persuasive, explained that they were now buying for £3 10*s.* a metre land for which the owner wanted £12 a metre not long ago. Sir F. BANBURY, shaking his *pince-nez* at the Treasury Bench, retorted that he might ask £5 for this pair of glasses, for which he had paid half-a-crown (more war economy), but he would not expect to get it.

A vote for £50,000, to complete the purchase of the estate of Colonel HALL-WALKER, who has presented his racing stud to the Government, evoked some opposition and much facetiousness. Mr. ACLAND, who proposed it, did not help his case by remarking that personally he regarded racing as a low form of sport. The fact that some of the horses have been leased by the War Department to Lord LONSDALE for racing purposes "on sharing terms"

caused Mr. MCNEILL to inquire whether Mr. TENNANT would act as the Ministerial tipster; and Mr. HOGGE, who displayed a knowledge of racing which will, I fear, shock the unco' guid of East Edinburgh, thought it ridiculous that Ministers should preach economy in the City and start a racing stud at Westminster.

Thursday, March 2nd.—*Ariel*, Earl of DERBY, has not entirely left the Earth for the Air. His head, at any rate, is not in the clouds, for his speech on the working of his own scheme was full of practical wisdom. He was not afraid of the exemptions that the tribunals might give if left to themselves, but he was a little concerned about SIMON and his scratch crew of pro-shirkers who seemed to be doing their little best to prevent the country from getting men.

THE ELUSIVE ONES.

A LARGE number of claims for exemption from military service were made before the Bouverie Street Tribunal at its sittings last week.

Ike Feldmann (23) asked for exemption on the ground that he was an agriculturalist and therefore excused under the Act. Questioned further, he stated that at the present time he was employed in making artificial onions for a firm of Bond Street milliners, but his uncle, who was wealthy, had promised to buy him a farm as soon as the weather got warmer. His application was rejected.

William Smith (31) stated that he was the President, Treasurer and Secretary of the Anglo-Chinese Industries Association, Limited, and urged that unless he was exempted the company must inevitably go into liquidation, there being no one else familiar with its business. Answering a question by the Chairman, applicant stated that the company was formed to do a general mercantile business, but that at the present time its activities were confined to manicuring Pekingese pugs. Asked whether this work could not be done by women, applicant stated that it had been tried, but that women seemed to get on the nerves of the dogs, causing their hair to fall out. The application was refused.

An appeal was made on behalf of George W. Hopper (18), an employee of the West End Delicacy Company, a concern engaged in the business of supplying steak-and-kidney puddings to the large hotels. These delicacies, the Secretary of the company explained, weighed about a ton each, and Hopper was the only man who was strong enough to lift them out of the ovens into the delivery wagon.

A Member of the Board. That is just the kind of man they want in the army.

The Secretary of the company stated as an additional ground for exemption that Hopper had a wooden leg and bronchitis. He was put back one group to give time for medical treatment of leg.

James Ponks (19), who appeared somewhat dazed at his surroundings, explained in a confidential whisper that he was the caretaker of the municipal macaroni beds in Regent's Park. Asked if he would not like to fight for his country, he replied that he would, only MARTIN LUTHER had appeared to him in a dream and ordered him to go into the dressed poultry business. Referred to the Medical authorities.

Jim Bounce (30) stated that he had a conscientious objection to fighting. He didn't like the Germans, but recognised that they were his spiritual brothers.

A Member of the Board. Where did you get that cauliflower ear?

Owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the applicant's reply his appeal was refused.

Arthur Small (35), proprietor of a fish and chips emporium, stated that he was a widower and the sole support of his mother-in-law, two married sisters-in-law, their husbands and their thirteen small children.

The Chairman. It seems a clear case for exemption.

Applicant hastened to explain that he did not ask for exemption as he felt that his first duty was to his country. He would like, however, a week in which to say good-bye to his relations by marriage. The request was granted, the Chairman stating that the attitude of Small, who was sacrificing everything for duty, did him the greatest credit.



HAVEN.

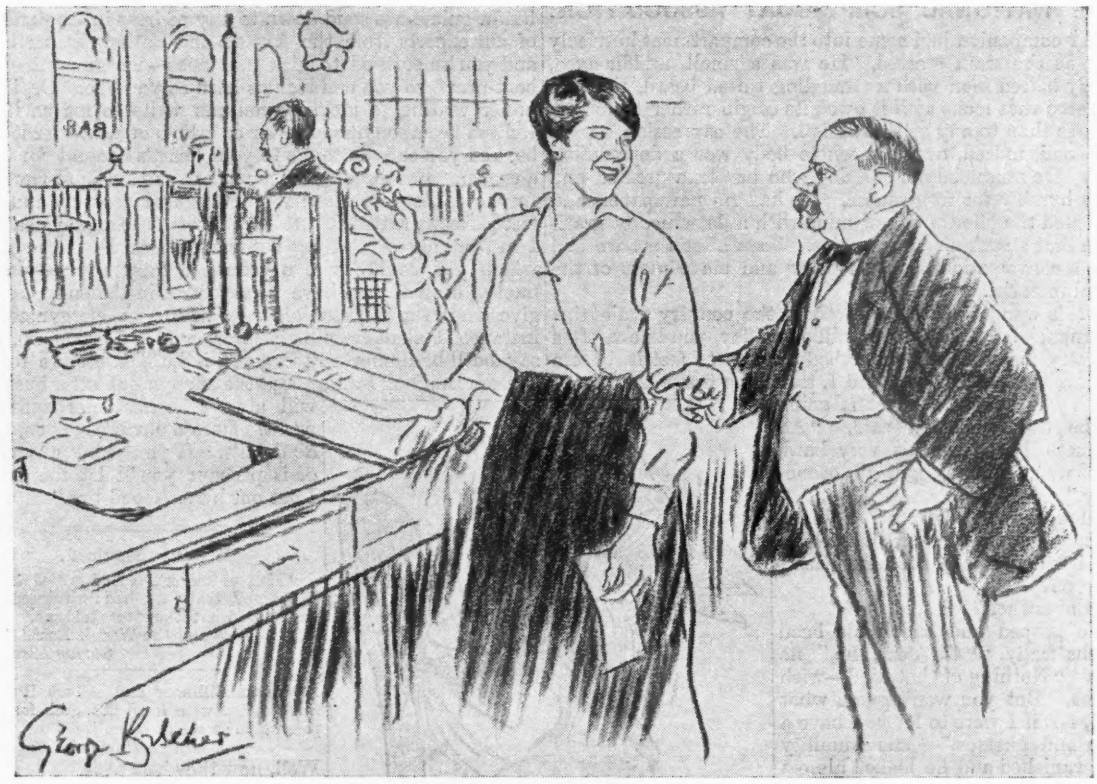
On the famous site of The Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond Hill, a Home is to be built for Soldiers and Sailors totally disabled by the War. The work has been undertaken by the British Women's Hospital, and, on its completion, Her Majesty the Queen will present the building to the British Red Cross Society, by whom it will be maintained. The cost of construction will be £50,000. Mr. Punch can think of no cause which should appeal more strongly to the gratitude of the nation and he begs his generous readers to send gifts in aid of it to The Hon. Treasurer, "Star and Garter" Building Fund, 21, Old Bond Street, W.

A Smooth Passage.

"In the Lords Viscount French took his sea but it was a quiet affair."—*Morning Paper.*

"EMPLOYMENT as odd man offered to a disabled soldier in a very good gentleman's household."—*Morning Paper.*

As the above advertisement appeared several times we are afraid the gentleman must have been regarded as almost too good to be true.



Bank Manager. "NOW PLEASE UNDERSTAND, MISS JONES, YOU *MUST* MAKE THE BOOKS BALANCE."
Miss Jones. "OH, MR. BROWN, HOW FUSSY YOU ARE!"

THE DUG-OUT DOMINIE.

SOME thirty years ago or more
He tried his hand at gerund-grinding,
But very speedily forswore
The *rôle* before its ties grew binding;
He earned a living by his pen,
Paid court to Clio and Melpomene,
Until the War broke out, and then
Enlisted—as a dug-out dominie.

Shortsighted, undersized and weak,
Intolerant yet self-distrusting,
There could not well have been a "beak"
Less fitted for the nice adjusting
Of his peculiar point of view
To that of forty-odd years later,
Less eager to acclaim the New,
Less apt for Georgian tastes to cater.

He strove, 'tis true, to keep abreast
Of MASEFIELD'S grim poetic frenzy,
Sought Truth in WELLS, and did his best
To like the Oxford of MACKENZIE;
With YEATS he wandered in the Void,
Tasted of SHAW'S dramatic jalap,
Then turned with rapture unalloyed
To DICKENS, THACKERAY and TROLLOPE.

Thus handicapped, thus fortified,
Behold him perilously faring
Into a world where all are tried
By boyhood's scrutiny unsparing;
Where ev'ry trick of gait or speech
Is most inexorably noted,
And masters, more than what they teach,
Are studied, criticised and quoted.

His idols mostly left them cold—
BAGEHOT, MATT. ARNOLD, SCOTT and MILTON;
But they were quick in taking hold
Of PRAED and J. K. S. and HILTON;
And once undoubtedly he scored
When, on a day of happy omen,
He introduced them to A. WARD,
The wisest of the tribe of showmen.

But still his fervours left them calm—
Emotion they considered freakish;—
He felt with many an inward qualm
That he was thoroughly un-beakish;
His mood perplexed them; he was half
Provocative, half deferential,
Too anxious to provoke a laugh,
Too vague where logic was essential.

So, struggling on to bridge the gaps
That seventeen from sixty sunder,
And causing at his best, perhaps,
A mild and intermittent wonder,
At least he recognised the truth
That there are other ways of earning
The sympathy of clear-eyed youth
Than by a mere parade of learning.

And yet I think his pupils may
In after years, at camp or college,
Admit that in his rambling way
He added to their stock of knowledge;
And, as they ruefully recall
His "jaws" on CLAUSEWITZ and JOMINI,
On BALZAC, HEINE and JEAN PAUL,
Think kindly of their dug-out dominie.

"Hide-bound red tape rules the day."
Sir F. MILNER'S Letter to "The Times."

It is much more effective than the ordinary unreinforced variety.

A Happy Family.

"A milk deliverer 31 years of age, who applied for exemption, said his father was an Atheist, his mother was 'all the other way about,' and his brother was a Socialist, and if he went away there would be war at home. He considered that he should stay at home to keep the peace."—*Western Evening Herald.*

But a merciful tribunal, thinking that he was more likely to find it in the trenches, only exempted him for a month.

THE NATIONAL SCAPE-GOAT ASSOCIATION.

MY companion had come into the compartment hurriedly just as the train started. He was a small, middle-aged, sandy-haired man with a straggling tufted beard, the sort of beard that looks as if it owed its origin rather to forgetfulness than to any settled design. The expression on his face and, indeed, over his whole body was a deprecating one. He reminded me of a dog who has transgressed and begs humbly for forgiveness. He had no newspaper, and accepted the offer of one of mine with a deference of gratitude that struck me as excessive. Soon after that we slid into a conversation about the War and made most of the usual remarks.

"It 's wonderful," he said, "how the country maintains its financial stability. Five millions a day, you know. It 's a pretty big sum, and yet nobody seems to feel it. Here we are, for instance, you and I, travelling first-class."

"My next season-ticket is going to be third-class," I said. "All business has been hit very hard, and we 've simply got to economise."

"I daresay, I daresay," he said. "It may be so with some businesses. All I know is my business hasn't gone off."

"Shipowner?" I said.

He gasped and shook his head emphatically. "Oh dear, no," he said. "Nothing of that kind—wish I was. But you won't guess what I do, not if I were to let you have a thousand guesses." His humility had vanished and he looked almost triumphant.

"I give it up at once," I said. "What are you?"

"I," he said, "am the National Scape-Goat Association."

"The *what*?" I said.

He repeated his words. "I see you don't understand," he went on, "so perhaps I 'd better explain."

"Yes," I said, "much better."

"Well, it 's this way," he said. "Have you ever written a book or been a Candidate for a seat in the House of Commons?"

I said I hadn't.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "You 'll understand what I mean. Take the politician first. He issues an Address and makes speeches; in fact, does things which make him known to thousands of people whom he doesn't know. Do you follow me?"

I said I did.

"Well, then, somebody posts back his Election Address with 'This is pitiful balderdash and most ungrammatical' written plainly at the bottom of it. What would be your feelings if you got a thing like that?"

"I shouldn't like it," I said.

"Of course you wouldn't. You 'd want to kick the writer, or at the very least you 'd want to write back to him and tell him what you thought of him. But you can't do it, because of course he hasn't signed his name or given any hint of his address. It 's the same way with anonymous letters of abuse. You can't answer them. So you 're done. You feel as if you 'd tried to walk up a step where there wasn't a step, and your temper suffers. That 's where the Association comes in. All you 've got to do is to write to us, enclosing fee. For half-a-guinea we send down to any address in England one of our experts from the Assault-and-Battery Department, and you 're entitled to kick him once—we guarantee him boot-proof, so you can kick as hard as you like. Or, if you prefer writing to kicking, you can write to me as if I 'd written the anonymous letter or article or whatever it may be, and you can abuse me to your heart's content for half-a-crown. For three shillings you can call me a pro-German. Anyhow, the result is that your temper recovers and you feel perfectly satisfied. It 's well worth the money, isn't it? I 'm thinking of starting a Subscriptions' Department, to which you could write a refusal of any application for money, even if you have to subscribe in the end. It will give a man a pleasant glow to write to a clergyman, for instance (I shall keep a dozen or so on the premises), and say he 'll be immortally jiggered if he 'll subscribe to the Church Building Fund. But the anonymous letter business will always be my chief source of profit. Here 's our prospectus, with all details. If you think any more of it perhaps you 'll let me know. I get out here. Good-bye."



KAISER (reading English news of wood-pulp restrictions). "HIMMEL! THEY 'LL THINK MORE THAN EVER OF THEIR PRECIOUS 'SCRAPS OF PAPER'!"

Kipling Revised.

"Men of all castes had rallied to the Flag, and truly we had witnessed the truth of what the poet told us. 'The East is West and the West is East.'"
Surrey Mirror.

"Alfred Billinger and Albert Robson, miners . . . were fined 20s. each for trespassing in search of fame."
Provincial Paper.

Well, now they 've got it.

"In the Metropolitan Police District the employment of special constables has resulted in a saving of five-eighths of a penny."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Very disappointing! Not even a whole copper.

From the report of a Dairyman's Association:—

"It further aims at insuring that the milk-supply for the city and district shall, like Cæsar's wife, be beyond suspicion, and it therefore enjoins on its members the necessity for taking every possible care that the sanitary conditions prevailing at the farms, in the dairies and during the transit of the milk to the public shall leave nothing to be desired. In short, its motto is, in these respects, '*Nilus secundus.*'"—*Hampshire Chronicle.*

If they must use water in their milk we are glad to think that the Nile is only their second choice.

"The Sunday schools must try to 'wangle'—that was, a project their in-to 'wangle'—that was, to project their in-enlarged task, and attempt to do what seemed impossible."—*Provincial Paper.*

We would not go so far as to say impossible, but they certainly seem to have difficulties ahead.

"Good fish, fruit, and rabbit business for sale. No opposition fish or rabbits."—*Bolton Journal.*

It looks rather as if the fruit might disagree with you.

Under the heading, "Musical Instruments, etc.":—

"AMERICAN mammoth bronze turkey cockerels, strong, healthy, grand stock birds; 20s. each."—*Glasgow Herald.*

You should hear these musical instruments throw off "Yankee-doodle."



Servant. "I CAN'T GET THIS 'ERE TAIL LIGHT TO BURN, SIR."
Country Doctor. "OH, NEVER MIND. WE'RE ONLY GOING HOME, AND I'VE GOT THE CONSTABLE SAFE IN BED WITH LUMBAGO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT's latest volume, *Frey and His Wife* (WARD, LOCK), suffers from the defect of being in reality a long short story puffed out to the dimensions of a short novel; and in consequence, even with large type—most grateful to the reviewing eye; Heaven forbid I should complain of that!—and a blank page between each chapter, it has considerable difficulty in filling its volume. It is a tale of antique Iceland and Norway. The first part, which is really padding and has nothing whatever to do with *Frey* or his matrimonial affairs, treats of one *Ogmund*, who was called *Ogmund Dint*, for the very good reason that he had been literally dinted as to the skull. It was done by a gentleman named *Halward*. Everybody naturally expected *Ogmund* to dint back; but he was something of a conscientious objector in the matter of face-to-face dinting, and being too proud for vulgar conflict he bided his time till he could cut *Halward's* throat with the minimum of personal inconvenience. End of padding and appearance of *Frey*. There is a picture of *Frey* on the cover by Mr. MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. You know already what the GREIFFENHAGEN vikings are like—high-coloured, well developed and (if I dare say it) sometimes a trifle wooden. *Frey* indeed looked so very wooden that in my foolish ignorance I was tempted to protest. But the astonishing fact is that *Frey* was not only wooden in appearance, but in actuality. How then could he have for wife a slip of a sixteen-year-old maid that you may have met before in MR HEWLETT's romances? This however is the real story, which (pardon me) I do not mean to tell. If it is no tremendous matter, it will at least please an idle hour, which will be almost time enough for you to enjoy every word of it.

These Lynnekers (CASSELL) is yet another example of the "family" novel whose increasing popularity I have lately noticed. It is a clever and interesting story—the name of Mr. J. D. BERESFORD assured me in advance that it would be—and, when it is finished, the characters go on living and speaking in one's mind, which is, I suppose, a sound proof of their vitality. Yet in a sense vitality was just what most of the *Lynneker* tribe chiefly lacked. They were an ancient and honourable house, country-born to the third and fourth generation, and all of them far too conventional and apathetic and fuss-hating ever to follow any but the line of least resistance. All of them, that is, except *Dickie*, who was the youngest of his father's numerous progeny, and in more senses than one a sport. How *Dickie* released himself from the shackles of family tradition, how he grew up and bustled things about, and generally made a real instead of a conventional success—this is the matter of the tale. All the characters are well-drawn, and about *Dickie* himself there is a compelling virility that rushes you along in his rather tempestuous wake. I am not sure that I altogether believe in his attitude towards the question of sex. He appeared to think generally too little, and on occasions remarkably too much, about it. Also the painful detail with which the author lingers over the death of old *Canon Lynneker* (that attractive and human figure of ecclesiastical gentility) roused me to resentment. When will our novelists learn that, as regards the physical side of mortality, reticence is by far the better part of realism? This marred a little my pleasure in a story for whose quality and workmanship I should else have nothing but praise.

In *To Ruhleben—and Back* (CONSTABLE), Mr. GEOFFREY PYKE has such a fine yarn to spin of his foolhardy proceed-

ing in walking right into the eagle's beak as correspondent for an English newspaper, at the end of September, 1914, and (after some months' solitary confinement in Berlin and his transfer to the civilian prisoners' miserable internment camp at Ruhleben) walking right out of it again, that one can forgive him for spreading his elbows for a piece of expansive writing when he was safe home. To tell the truth he writes extraordinarily well; one's only feeling is that the simplest idiom would be best for such an amazing narrative, and Mr. PYKE is too young and too clever (both charmingly venial faults) to write simply. When I tell you that this persistent youngster, hardly out of his teens, patiently worked out a plan of escape which depended for its efficacy on an optical illusion (the precise secret of which he does not give away), and with his friend, Mr. EDWARD FALK, a District Commissioner from Nigeria, part tramped, part *bummel-zugged* the two hundred and fifty miles or so from Ruhleben to the Dutch frontier, disguised as tourists, with a kit openly bought at WERTHEIM'S, living, when marketing became too dangerous, on potatoes and other roots burglariously digged from the fields at dark, you will gather that this is some adventure. But I am afraid the publication will not assist any other prisoners at Ruhleben to escape. It is pleasant to note that the Commandant of the Camp, VON TAUBE, was a sportsman and none too thickly tarred with the brush of Prussian efficiency; and that the Governor, GRAF SCHWERIN, threatened resignation if a no-smoking order, sent from headquarters, were insisted on. Indeed, the fact that our young friend was not shot out of hand must stand as a small entry on the credit side, not inconveniently crowded, of Prussia's account in the recording angel's ledger.



A PEACE WEDDING.

UNIQUE SOCIAL FUNCTION WHICH TOOK PLACE AT LITTLE PUDDLETHORPE, HERTS, LAST WEEK.

In *A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War* (CONSTABLE) Mademoiselle CLAIRE DE PRATZ discourses pleasantly and patriotically of sundry effects of the War on French life and character. She is excusably proud of the part which her fellow-countrywomen have played. The women of France seem to have accomplished to admiration what we in England are only beginning to understand. Quietly, almost automatically, Frenchwomen have slipped into the men's vacant places and carried on the work of the country. The industry and resourcefulness of the average Frenchwoman are proverbial, but the author ascribes the peculiar readiness they have displayed at the present time largely to compulsory military service, as well as to the Frenchman's habit of discussing his work with his wife and daughters and awakening their interest in it. Thus, when the local paperhanger was called to the colours his wife repapered the author's country cottage "quite as efficiently"; and thrilling indeed is the account of the gallantry of one intrepid woman who, when the German Staff entered an important town (from which the Mayor and Municipal Council had fled), resisted their demand for a large war ransom. Widow of a former Senator of the Department, she "alone remained, the sole representative of officialdom." "We want to see the Mayor," said the invaders. "*Le Maire? C'est moi!*" was the reply. "Then kindly direct us to some members of the Municipal Council." "*Le Conseil Municipal? C'est moi!*" We are told that the Teutonic officials were amazed—and no wonder. But in the end they were forced to go without the money, and the town and its defender were left in peace. I commend *A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War* as a most inspiriting record of what women can do; though the author magnanimously admits that, "for the callings of the coal-heaver and the furniture-remover," men, even in France, are still indispensable.

For novels which require a guide to conduct me through them I confess weariness, but in *That Woman from Java* (HURST AND BLACKETT) I found the glossary less fatiguing than the hero. Things were going badly for *Mrs. Hamilton* in the divorce case, "*Hamilton* v. *Hamilton*, co-respondent *King*," when the judge broke down. That might have happened to any judge, but, although I can follow the judicial *Bruce* quite easily to his sick bed, I cannot believe that he would, on his recovery, have refrained from finding out how the case ended. Apparently being in love with *Mrs. Hamilton*, he did not dare to enquire what happened; but a more plausible explanation of his unenterprising conduct seems to be that he had only to act like an ordinary man and the rather sandy foundations on which E. HARDINGHAM QUINN'S story are built would have collapsed. Here in fact we have a tale in which the main complications are caused by the characters behaving with a total lack of what the Americans call horse-sense. But if you can get by this difficulty you will admire, as I did, the reticence with which the troubles of the much misunderstood heroine are told, and also admit that the colour of Java has been vividly conveyed.

Save the Mark!

Germany's last word:—

"*Kriegsvermoegenszuwachssteuergesetz.*"

And a very pretty word too. But it does not surprise us to learn from the German Press that the Legislature will probably have to devote at least three weeks to the discussion of the subject which it defines.

From a book catalogue:—

"*The Royal Marriage Market of Europe.* By Princess Radziwill. With eight half-ton illustrations."

It is thought that these must be portraits of German princesses taken before the War had deprived them of their usual supply of butter.

"ARTIST, Academy Exhibitor, paints gentlemen's residences."
Sunday Paper.

Another result, no doubt, of the exigencies of War, but rather hard on the ordinary house-decorator.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Zeppelin which was "winged" while flying over Kent last week has not yet been found, and is believed to be still in hiding in the densely wooded country between Maidstone and Ashford. Confirmation of this report is supplied by a local farmer, who states that on three successive nights the cat's supper has been stolen from his scullery steps. This strange circumstance, considered in the light of the Germans' inordinate passion for cats' meat, has gone far to satisfy the authorities that the capture of the crippled monster is only a question of time.

* * *

Mr. WILLIAM AIRD, in a lecture upon "Health, Disease and Economical Living," insisted that we should all be much healthier if we lived on "rabbit food." Possibly; but the vital question is—would not this diet induce in us a tendency to become conscientious objectors?

* * *

"It is most necessary," stated a Manchester economics expert last week, "that the Government should release more beef for civilian needs." Yet a cursory view of the work done by the military tribunals seems to indicate that they are releasing altogether too much.

* * *

A Chertsey pig-breeder has been granted total exemption. The pen, it seems, is still mightier than the sword.

* * *

Some slight irritation has been caused by the announcement of Sir ALFRED KEOGH that Naval men engaged on the home service cannot be supplied with false teeth at the expense of the Government. Nevertheless we may rest assured that, come what may, these gallant fellows will uphold the traditions of the Navy and stick to their gums.

* * *

For many days past the condition of our streets has been really lamentable owing to the fact that so many of our crossing-sweepers are serving with the colours; and a painful report is going about that the Government's object in recognizing the V. T. C. is at last becoming apparent.

* * *

A prehistoric elephant has recently been discovered at Chatham and is now mounted in the British Museum. In palæontological circles the report that the monster's death was occasioned by the consumption of too much seed-cake is regarded as going far to prove that our neolithic ancestors were not without their sentimental side.



Mistress. "WELL, JONES, I HOPE WE SHALL GET MORE CUT OF THE GARDEN THIS YEAR. WE HAD NEXT TO NOTHING LAST YEAR."

Jones. "AY—'TWERE THEY PLAGUEY PHEASANTS 'AD MOST ON IT LAST YEAR."

Mistress. "IF YOU ASK ME, I SHOULD SAY IT WAS *TWO-LEGGED* PHEASANTS!"

From a Parliamentary report: "In his reply Mr. Asquith stated that the 'Peace Book' which was being prepared to meet problems which would arise after the War corresponded with the 'War Book' which was compiled years ago in anticipation of the War." This ought to put heart into the enemy.

* * *

The Court of Appeal has decided that infants are liable to pay income tax. It is reported that Sir JOHN SIMON is preparing a stinging remonstrance.

* * *

The Turkish New Year has been officially postponed so as to begin on March 14th, instead of on March 1st, as before. This simple but satisfactory method of prolonging the existence of a moribund empire has proved so successful that ENVER PASHA and a number of other Young Turks have indefinitely postponed their next birthdays.

* * *

Up to the moment of writing there has been no confirmation of the report that Turkey has given her consent to the making of a separate peace by Germany on account of the economic exhaustion of the latter country.

Extract from letter to *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"'M.D.' cannot have studied dietetics, or he would know that far greater strength and endurance are produced by a fruit and herb diet than by what is termed a 'mixed diet,' *e.g.*, the elephant, the horse and the gorilla."

In the circumstances it is fortunate that the scarcity of gorillas puts them out of the reach of all but millionaire *gourmets*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Horse Marine."—You say you are intrigued about *The Evening News* poster, which announced

"Asquith on a moratorium,"

and you are curious to know more about this animal. We have pleasure in informing you that it is distantly related to the megatherium, and, since the extinction of the latter, has been very generally used for hack purposes. The Premier may be seen any morning in the Park taking a canter on one of these superb mammals.

"Winstonian."—The rumour that Colonel the late First Lord of the Admiralty has offered himself the command of a mine-sweeper or, alternatively, of a platoon in the 1/100 battalion of the Chilterns, lacks confirmation.

"Peer of the Realm."—We agree with you in regretting that Lord Fisher was unable to accept Lord Beresford's invitation to come and hear him speak in your House about the Downing Street sandwichmen and other collateral subjects arising out of the Air Service debate. You will be glad however to know that Lord Fisher's absence was not due to indisposition, but to a previous engagement to take tea on the Terrace with Mr. Balfour.

"A Lover of the Antique."—Your idea of making a collection of ante-bellum fetishes is a happy one. Examples of the Little Navy and Voluntary System fetishes are now rather rare, but you should have no difficulty in securing a well-preserved specimen of the Free Trade fetish at the old emporium of antiquities kept by the firm of John Simon and Co.

"A Single Man."—When you say that you are forty years old, that you have practically built up a business which will be ruined if you leave it, that you are the sole support of a step-mother and a family of young half-brothers and sisters, but that you have felt it your duty to attest without appealing for exemption, we applaud your patriotism. But, when you go on to complain that your neighbour, aged twenty-two, living in idleness on an allowance, and married to a chorus-girl still in her teens and childless, should be free to decline service if he chooses (as he does), we cannot but disapprove of your irreverent and almost immoral attitude towards the holy condition of matrimony. If the tie of wedlock is not to take precedence of every other tie, including that of country, where are we?

"A Cry from Macedonia."—In answer to your question as to when we think it likely that the Kaiser will take advantage of his recently-conferred commission in the Bulgarian Army and lead his regiment against Salonika, we are unable to fix a date for this movement. Our private information is that he is detained elsewhere by a previous engagement which is taking up more time than was anticipated.

"Bulgar."—We sympathise with you in your natural desire to have your Tsar Ferdinand home again, and we share your sanguine belief that the tonic air of Sofia (never more bracing than at the present moment) ought speedily to cure him of his malignant catarrh. His Austrian physicians however advise him to remain away, and he himself holds the view, coloured a little by superstition, that his return should be at least postponed till after the Ides of March, a day that was fatal to the health of an earlier Cæsar.

"Young Turk."—Your anxiety about Enver Pasha is groundless. The news that he has been recently seen at the Prophet's Tomb at Medina conveyed no indication that the object of his visit was to select a neighbouring site for his own burial. Indeed, our information is that since his recent assassination (as reported from Athens) he has been going on quite as well as could be expected. O. S.

BUILDING WITHOUT TEARS.

The enthralling correspondence in the columns of our contemporary, *The Spectator*, on the subject of cheap cottages and how to build them, has evoked a vast amount of correspondence addressed directly to us. We select a few specimens which are recommended by their practical and businesslike character:—

The Merits of "Posh."

Dear Sir,—The question of Land Settlement after the War resolves itself in the last resort into the employment of cheaper methods of cottage building. Will you allow me to put in a word for the revival, in the neighbourhood of the sea, of the old Suffolk plan of building with what is locally known as "posh," after the name of the original inventor, who was an ancestor of Fitzgerald's friend. "Posh" is a mixture of old boots—of which a practically unlimited supply can be found on the beaches of seaside resorts—and seaweed, boiled into a jelly, allowed to solidify, and then frozen hard in cold storage. "Posh" is not only (1) impenetrable but also (2) hygienic, the iodine in the seaweed lending it a peculiarly antiseptic quality, and (3) picturesque, the colour of the compound being a dark purple, which is exceedingly pleasing to the eye. Lastly, the cost of production is slight, as the raw material can be obtained for nothing, and the compound can be sawn into blocks or bricks to suit the taste of the tenant. I am convinced that cottages of "posh" could be built for less than a hundred pounds a-piece; and at that figure cheap housing becomes a practical proposition.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Decimus Dexter.

"Stooting" and "Marmash."

Dear Sir,—The choice of material matters little so long as it is properly treated. Any sort of earth will do, or, failing earth, a mixture of ashes with a little mustard and marmalade, the waste of which in most households is prodigious. But it must be properly pounded and allowed to set in a frame. For the former process there is no better implement than the old Gloucestershire stoot, or stooting-mallet, or in the alternative a disused niblick. The earth, or the "marmash" mixture, as I have christened it, should be poured into a bantle-frame—which can be made by any village carpenter—and vigorously pounded for about three hours. Then another bantle-frame is placed on the first, and the process is repeated. No foundation is required for walls erected by the plan of stooting, but a damp-course of mulpin is advisable, and it is always best to pingle the door-jambs, and binge up the rafters with a crumping-block.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
Mungo Stallibrass.

The Beauty of "Bap."

Dear Sir,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol more years ago than I care to remember, I not only took part in the road-making experiment carried out under Ruskin's supervision, but assisted in the erection of a model cottage, the walls of which were made of "bap," a compound which is still used in parts of Worcestershire. The receipt is very simple. You mix clinkers, wampum and spelf in equal quantities and condense the compound by hydraulic pressure. I have a well-trained hydraulic ram who is capable of condensing enough "bap" in twenty-four hours to provide the materials for building six four-roomed cottages. I am sorry to say that the "bap" cottage at Hinksey was washed away by a flood a few years ago, and the spot where it stood is no longer identifiable. But the facts are as I have stated them.

Truly yours, Roland Phibson.



THE JUNIOR PARTNERS.

Ferdie. "THINGS SEEM TO BE AT A STANDSTILL IN MY DEPARTMENT."

Sultan. "I ONLY WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME OF MINE."

AT THE FRONT.

I WONDER if the chap who first thought out this shell business realized the extraordinary inconvenience it would cause to gentlemen at rest during what the Photographic Press alludes to as "a lull in the fighting."

Once upon a time billets were billets. You came into such, and thereafter for a spell of days forgot about the War unless you got an odd shell into the kitchen. But now—well, about noon on the first day's rest, seventy odd batteries of our 12, 16, and 24 inch guns set about their daily task of touching up a selected target, say a sap-head or something new from Unter den Linden in spring barbed-wirings which has been puzzling a patrol. This is all right in its way; but the Hun still owns one or two guns opposite us. And by 12.5 all is unquiet on the Western Front. This is all right in its way; but about 3 P.M. the Hun is roused to the depths of his savage nature, and one wakes up to find Hildebrand and Hoffelbuster, the two guns told off to attend to our liberty area, scattering missiles far and wide, but mostly wide, and a covey of aeroplanes bombing the local cabbageries. This again is all right in its way, but in the meantime the mutual noise further up the line has become so loud that Someone very far back and high up catches the echo of it, and a bare hour later we receive the order to stand-to at once, ready to move off twenty minutes ago.

Within three minutes of our first stand-to I was up with the company, hastily but adequately mobilized with my servant's rifle, five smoke helmets, (I took all I could see; this is *camaraderie*), a biscuit, the Indispensable Military Pocket Book (8 in. by 10 in.), a revolver (disqualified for military uses owing to absence of ammunition), Russian Picture Tales, and a tooth-brush. I find a general opinion prevalent in the company that "if Fritz knew *we* was standing-to 'e 'd pack in." Word must have come through to Fritz somehow, for he shortly packs in—say about 1 A.M.—and we follow suit after the news has spent a couple or hours or so flashing round the wires in search of us. And we go to sleep until to-morrow mid-day, when the day's play begins again.

When we had been thus "rested" for some days we went and took over a nice new line, with lots of funny bits in it. The front line had three bits.

Left sector—Mine (exploded; possibly held by Bosch on far side).

Central sector—Mine? (unexploded; not held by Bosch anywhere).

Right sector—Mine (exploded; possibly held by Bosch on far side).

Our position seemed a little problematical. The left and right we satisfied ourselves about at once, but the centre was in a class by itself. We demanded an investigator, somebody with wide mine-sweeping experience preferred.

About 2 A.M. on our first day in, a figure loomed up through a snow-storm from the back of the central trench and asked forlornly if there might be any mines hereabouts. We admitted there might be, or again there might not. He questioned us precisely where it was suspected, and we told him "underneath." He scratched his head and announced that he was sent to look for it. His qualifications consisted apparently in his having coal-mined. But he seemed confident of detecting the quicker combustion sort, until he asked for necessary impedimenta. It seems that no good collier can detect an H.E. or any sort of mine without a pail of water, and a hole about 2,000 feet deep, and a pulley, and a rope ladder and a bratting-slat.

It's true we had some good holes in parts of the trench, where you probably go down 2,000 feet if you step off the footboards, and the rest of the stuff we might have contrived to improvise. But for the moment we had somehow run clean out of bratting-slats.

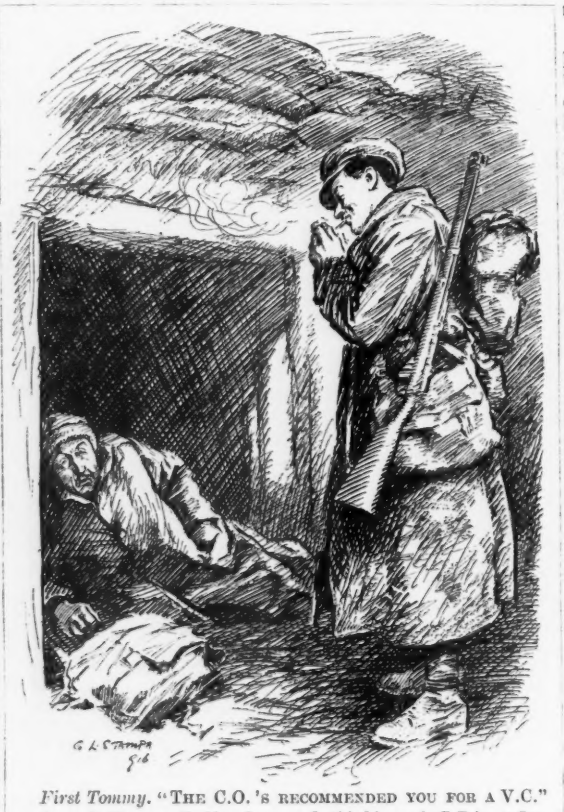
So we had to return the poor fellow with a request that all experts should be completed with bratting-slats before being sent to the front line. This request only produced the senseless interrogation, "What *is* a bratting-slat?" to which we have not yet bothered to reply. In the meantime if we are really sitting on a mine it seems quite a tame one. It hasn't as much as barked yet.

Just in our bit we aren't very well off for dug-outs; it isn't really what you 'd call a representative sector from any point of view. But during a blizzard the other night a messenger who had mislaid himself took us for a serious trench. He made his way along, looking to right and left for some seat of authority until he came to a hole in the parados, two feet by one, where some fortunate fellow had ejected an ammunition box and was attempting to boil water on a night-light. The messenger bent low and asked huskily—

"Is this 'ere comp'ny 'ed-quarters?"

The water-boiler looked up.

"No," he replied, "it ain't. It 's G.H.Q., but DUGGIE 'AIG ain't at 'ome to no one this evenin'."



First Tommy. "THE C.O. 'S RECOMMENDED YOU FOR A V.C."
Second Tommy (half asleep and thinking of C.B.). "OH, LUMME! WHAT 'AVE I DONE NOW?"

"GERMANS' TERRIBLE LOSSES.
WHOLE CORPS WIPED OUT.
BY LORD NORTHCLIFFE."
Belfast News Letter.

Yet, with commendable modesty, his lordship said nothing about this in his recent despatch.

The Daily News reports the case of a conscientious objector at York who said he could not take life—he "would not even eat an egg." We ourselves have conscientious objections to that sort of egg.



OFFICERS' INSTRUCTION CLASS.

First Boy. "I say, your dad seems to be getting it pretty hot."
Second Boy. "Well, you see, this is his first war."

TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

Your Majesty, There is a little village in England nestling among wooded hills. It has sent forth its bravest and best from cottage and farm and manor-house to fight for truth and liberty and justice. The news of grievous wounds and still more grievous deaths, of men missing and captured, comes often to that quiet hamlet, and the roll of honour in the little grey stone church grows longer and longer. In the big house on the hill, at sunrise and at sunset, the young Lady of the Manor stands at the bedside of her little son, and hears him lisp his simple prayers to God, and they always end like this:—

"And God bless Father and Mother and Nurse, and send Father back soon from his howwid prison in Germany. And God bless 'specially the dear King of Spain, who found out about Father. Amen."

The kings of the earth have many priceless possessions; they are able to confer upon each other various glittering orders of merit and distinction; but we doubt if any one of them has a dearer possession or a more genuine order of merit than this simple prayer of faith and gratitude offered at sunrise and at sunset on behalf of Your Majesty by the bedside of a little English child.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

By a "Temporary" Sub.

There are some men—and such is Jones—
Who love to vent their antique spleens
On any subaltern that owns
He 's not a soldier in his bones
(*I*'m not, by any means);
Who fiercely watch us drill our men
And tell us things were different when
(In, I imagine, 1810)
They joined the Blue Marines.

I like them not, yet I affect
That air of awed humility
Which I should certainly expect,
If I were old and medal-deck'd,
From young men under me;
But when they hint their wondrous wit
Is what has made them feel so fit
To do their military bit,
I simply can't agree.

I said to Jones—or should have said
But feared the Articles of War—
"You must not think you have a head
Because you know from A to Z
This military lore,
By years of study slowly gat
(And somewhat out-of-date at that),
When lo, I had the whole thing pat
In six small months—not more."

Maybe the mystic art appals
Unlearned souls of low degrees,
But men to whom the high Muse calls,
Men who are good enough for Smalls,
Imbibe it all with ease;
While where would Jones, I wonder, be
If someone took the man for me
And asked him for some *jeu d'esprit*,
A few bright lines (like these)?

Possibly Jones will one day tire
Of fours and fights and iron shards,
Will seize his pencil and aspire
To court the Muse and match the fire
Of us poetic cards;
Then I shall mock his meagre strain
And gaily make the moral plain,
How barren is the soldier's brain
Compared with any bard's.

A QUESTION OF THE NUDE.

THEY scrambled into the carriage in a tremendous hurry, all talking at once at the tops of their voices, all very excited and very dirty. They had mud on their boots which had evidently come from France, and their overcoats had that rumpled appearance which distinguishes overcoats from the Front from those merely in training.

There seemed to be about ten of them as they got into the train, but when they had deposited various objects on the rack, such as rifles, haversacks, and kit-bags like partially deflated airships, the number resolved itself into three.

The compartment already contained—besides myself—a naval warrant officer, reading *Freckles* with a sentimental expression, and a large leading seaman with hands like small hams and a peaceful smile like a jade Buddha. It said "H.M.S. Hedgehog" round his cap, but when I ventured to remark that I once in peace-time saw and visited that vessel he observed with indifference that "cap-ribbons was nothin' to go by these days; point o' fact, he never see that there ship in his puff." Otherwise they maintained that deep and significant silence which we have learned to associate with our Navy.

The Tommies, however, were in very talkative vein. "Now," I thought, "I shall doubtless hear some real soldiers' stories of the War, even as the newspaper men hear them and reproduce them in the daily prints: the crash of the artillery, the wild excitement of battle—in short, the Real Thing. . . ."

A momentous question had evidently been under discussion when they entered the train, and as soon as they were settled in their seats they resumed it.

"Wot I want to know is," said the largest of the three, a big man with a very square face and blue eyes,—"wot I want to know is—is that there feller to go walkin' about naked?" The last word was pronounced as a monosyllable.

He set his fists squarely on his knees and glared around him with a challenging expression.

"No, it 's agin the law," said a small man with a very hoarse voice.

"Course it is," rejoined the other. "Well, wot 's the feller to do? That 's wot I ast you. If 'e walks about naked, well, 'e gets took up for bein' naked; if 'e doesn't, why, 'e gets 'ad for not returnin' 'is uniform."

He looked round again and decided to take the rest of us into consultation.

"This 'ere 's 'ow it stands—see? 'Ere 's a feller got the mitten along o' not bein' able to march, through gettin' shot in the leg. 'E goes 'ome pendin' 'is *dis*charge, an' o' course 'e walks about in 'is uniform. Then 'e gets 'is *dis*charge, an' they tells 'im to return 'is kar-kee *an'* small kit——"

"An' small kit?" burst out the third member of the party indignantly—a sprightly youth with a very short tunic and a pert expression. "Do they want you to return your small kit when you get the mitten? Watch me returnin' mine, that 's all!"

"You 'll 'ave to," said the voice of Discipline.

"'Ave to, I don't think!" said the rebel ironically; "I couldn't if I 'd lorst it."

"I ain't got no small kit, any 'ow," said the small and husky one; "I put my 'aversack down when we was diggin' one of our chaps out of a Jack Johnson 'ole, and some bloomin' blighter pinched it! Now that 's a thing as I don't 'old with. Rotten, I call it. I wouldn't say nothing about it, mind you, if I was dead; I like to 'ave something as belonged to a comrade, myself, an' I know as 'e 'd feel the same, seein' as 'e couldn't want it 'imself. But, if you take a feller's things w'en 'e 's alive, why, you don't know 'ow bad 'e might want 'em some day."

"Corporal 'e ses to me, las' kit inspection," broke in the fresh-faced youth, disregarding this nice point of ethics, "'W'ere 's your tooth-brush?' 'e ses. 'Where you won't find it,' I ses. ''Oo 're you talkin' to?' 'e ses. 'Dunno,' I ses; 'the ticket 's fell off! . . . Wot d' yer call yourself, any-'ow,' I ses, 'you an' yer stripe?' I ses. 'Funny bundle,' I ses, 'that 's what I call you!'"

"Well, I don't see wot a feller 's got to do," said the propounder of the problem, returning to the charge. "Granted as 'e can't walk about naked; granted as 'e 'asn't got a suit o' civvies of 'is own—wot *is* 'e to do?"

"'Ang on to 'is kar-kee," said the hoarse-voiced man. The setter-down of corporals retired within himself, probably to compose some humorous repartee.

The warrant officer came out of *Freckles* and suggested writing a letter.

"'E 'as done. 'E 's wrote an' told 'em 'as 'e can't send 'is kar-kee back until 'e gets a suit o' Martin 'Enry's or thirty bob in loo of same. An' all as they done was to write again an' demand 'is uniform at once."

The warrant officer sighed and opined that orders were orders.

"Yes, but 'e 'd 'ave to carry 'em to the Post Office naked, wouldn't 'e? An' 'ow about goin' to buy new ones? That 's if 'e 'd drawed 'is pay, which 'e 'asn't. Unreasonable, that 's wot I calls it."

"'Asn't 'e got no civvies at all?" said the small man, beginning to look sceptical. "'Asn't 'e got no one as 'd lend 'im a soot? Anyways, 'e could get some one to post 'em for 'im, an' then stop in bed till 'is others come."

"'E 's a very lonely feller," said the champion of the unclad; "'e lives in lodgin's, an 'e 'asn't got no friends. If 'e 'adn't got no clothes for to fetch 'is pay in, wot then?"

A gloomy silence, a silence fraught with the inevitability of destiny, settled on the party.

The warrant officer, who had been pretending to resume *Freckles*, presently looked up and suggested that he could go in his uniform to a tailor, explain the position and obtain clothes on credit.

The originator of the problem thought hard for a minute.

"'E isn't a man as I 'd care to trust myself," he said rather unexpectedly, "an' I don't think no one else would neither."

It was at this point that the man from H.M.S. *Hedgehog* (or, to be precise, H.M.S. *Something Else*) fell into the conversation suddenly, like a bomb.

"'E wouldn't be naked," he said earnestly; "'e 'd 'ave 'is shirt."

This was a staggerer. One of those great simple truths sometimes overlooked by more abstruse thinkers. But the owner of the problem made one more stand.

"'Oo 'd walk about in a shirt?" he said scornfully.

"Me," said the large seaman. "Last time I was torpedoed . . ."

He didn't say another word; but the problem was irretrievably lost. There had been something magnificently daring about the idea of a man walking about like a lost cherub; partly clothed, nobody cared very much what became of him.

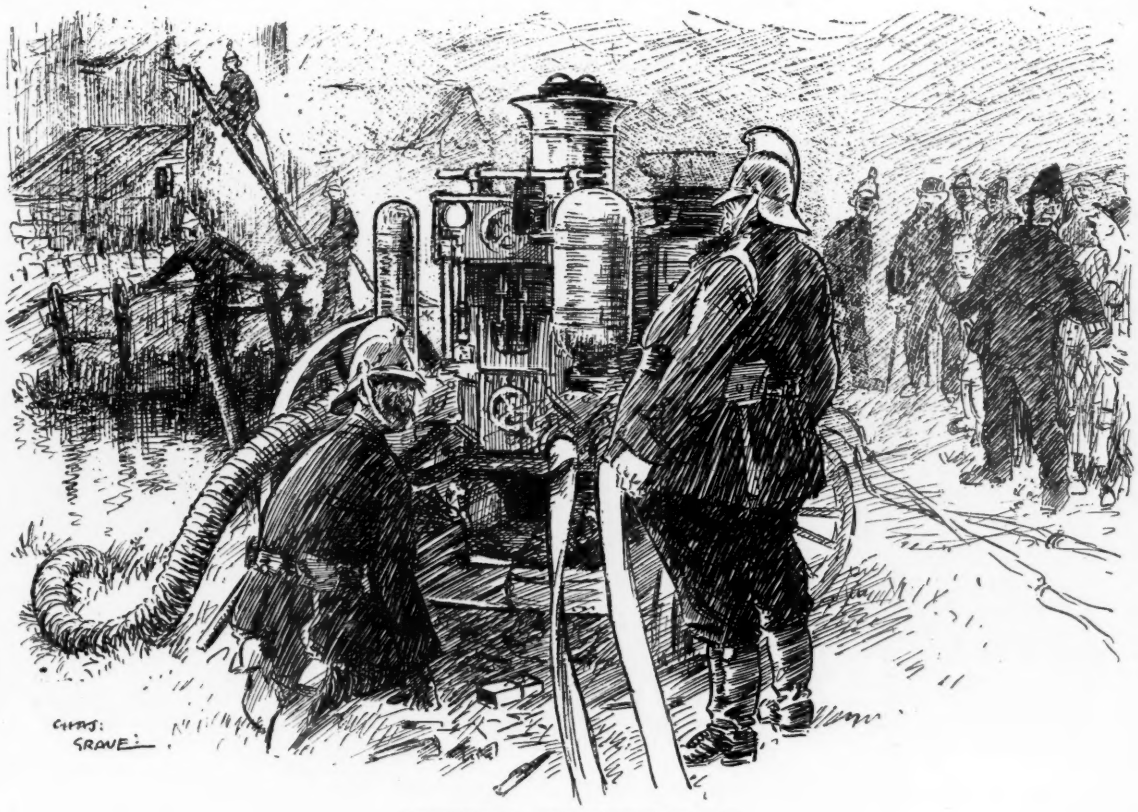
Besides, we all wanted to hear Admiralty secrets. We sat there in respectful silence while the train rattled on its way; but the large seaman only went on smiling peacefully to himself, as if he were ruminating in immense satisfaction upon unprecedented bags of submarines.

"The architect for the new building left nothing out that would at all hamper the comfort of those who make this hotel their stopping place."—*New Zealand Paper.*

We know that architect.

"The Severn was moored in a position 1,000 miles closer to the enemy than on July 6, which made her fire much more effective."
Natal Mercury.

We can well believe this.



ANOTHER INDISPENSABLE.

Chief of Village Fire Brigade. "WE'RE ALL READY. IS STEAM UP?"

Engineer (temporary). "IF YOU WANT STEAM IN THIS ENGINE YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THOMPSON 'OME FROM FRANCE TO SHOW ME 'OW TO LIGHT THE BLOOMIN' FIRE."

TO MY COLD.

LORD of the rheumy eyes and blowing nose,
On whom no fostering sun has ever shone,
What mak'st thou here? Didst thou in sooth believe
Thy presence would be welcome? Hast thou come
Thinking to please me—me who, not at all
Wanting to catch, have caught thee full and fair,
And, loth to get, have got thee none the less?
Why couldst thou not in thine own realms have stayed?
Thou mightst have found—— I can't go on like this;
These second persons singular of verbs
Are far too tricky; once involved in these,
For instance, "lovedst" and "spreadst" and "stillst" and "gapest,"
And thousands more—once, as I say, involved
In these too clinging tendrils one is done;
And so I find I cannot write an ode,
Not even a ten-syllabic blank-verse ode,
In second persons singular of verbs,
In "snifflest" and in "wheezest" and the rest,
For I am sure to trip and spoil the thing,
And bring grammatic censure on my head.
Be, therefore, plural—"you" instead of "thou"—
Which makes things simpler. Now we can get on.
O fain-avoided and most loathsome Cold,
You with the sneezing, teasing, wheezing airs,
What make you here at such a time as this,
Melting my snowy store of handkerchiefs,
Rasping my throat and bringing aches to range
At large within the measure of my head?
Platoon-Commanders of the Volunteers,
Who now are recognised (three cheers!) at last,
And of whose number I who write am one,
Should be immune from colds; they sound absurd
When bidding men to "boove to th' right id Fours,"
Or "order arbs" (or slope) or "stad at ease,"
Or "od the left" (or right) to "forb platood."
Even the most submissive men begin
To lose respect when such commands ring out.
Wherefore, my cold—*atchoo, atchoo*—be off,
Lest I report you and your deeds aright
To Mr. TENNANT at the War Office.

In the cast of *The Real Thing at Last*:—

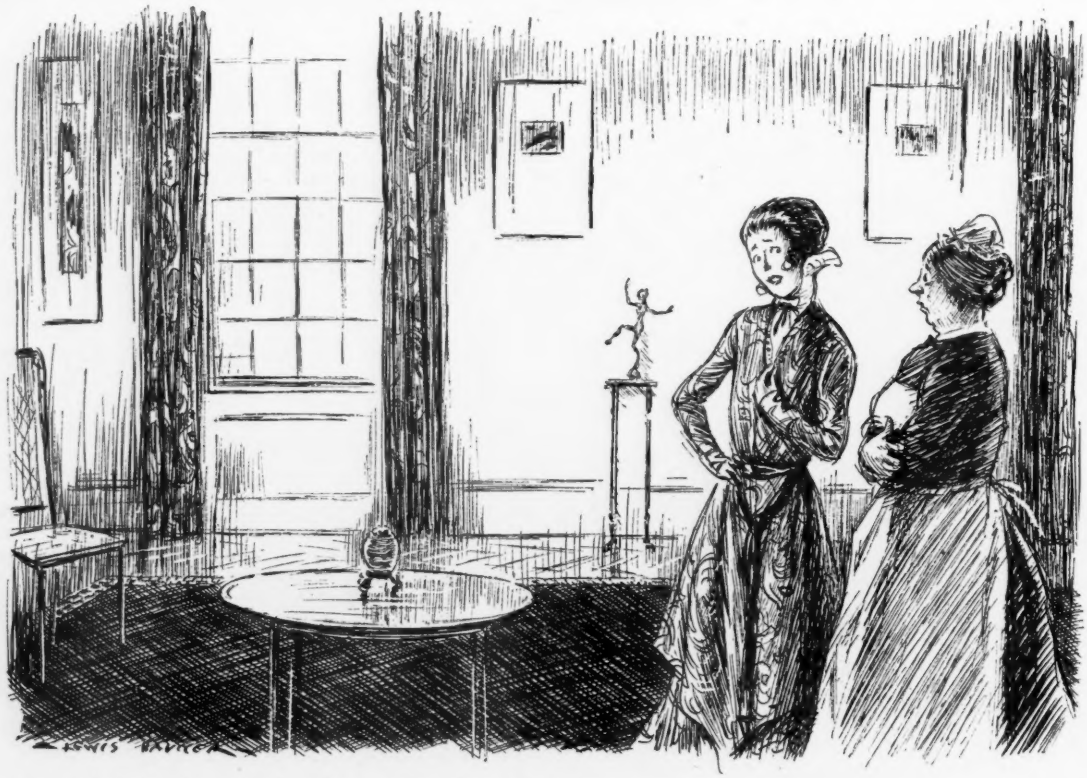
"Nearly murdered . . . Mr. Godfrey Tearle (by permission of the Adelphi Theatre Co.)."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A sorry return for Mr. TEARLE's excellent work.

"THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND.

General Goethals states that he cannot predict a date for reopening the Panama Canal on account of the uncertainty of the movement of the slides."—*North China Daily News.*

It looks like an infringement of the Monroe doctrine.



Artistic Lady (who has just had her drawing-room redecorated). "WELL, COOK, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Cook. "IT'S A BIT BARE-LIKE, ISN'T IT, MUM? I DESSAY I'M OLD-FASHIONED, BUT I NEVER REELY FEEL AN 'OME 'S AN 'OME WITHOUT A HASPIDISTERER."

RECIPROCITY IN FICTION.

FORTHCOMING MASTERPIECES.

"IT is not often," says a writer of what is called "Literary Intelligence," "that a novelist adopts a living fellow-worker as the central figure of his story. This is, however, the case with *My Lady of the Moor*, which Messrs. LONGMANS will shortly publish for Mr. JOHN OXENHAM. While wandering on Dartmoor he stumbled into a living actual romance, of which Miss BEATRICE CHASE, author of several popular books about Dartmoor, was the centre. This book tells the tale, which is named after Miss CHASE, *My Lady of the Moor*, and it has of course been written with her full consent and approval."

But the "Literary Intelligencer" did not know that Mr. OXENHAM is not the dazzling innovator that he might be thought. Why, even at the moment that Mr. OXENHAM was serving up Miss CHASE on toast, but always, of course, with perfect taste, Miss CHASE was performing the same culinary business for him. For her next novel, to be entitled with great charm *My Gentleman of the Cheek*, will present a faithful picture of the gifted JOHN and the figure he cut on Dartymoor all among the thikkies and down-alongs and tors.

Mr. HALL CAINE, having just been pleading in public for more War realism from literary artists, has in preparation a fascinating new romance entitled *Marie of Stratford*, which depicts, with all this master's restraint, power and genius, various phases in the life of a sister-novelist of whose existence he has recently heard. Nothing at once so charming and so arresting has been published for days.

It is announced that Miss MARIE CORELLI, who for too long has vouchsafed nothing fresh to her countless admirers, has just completed the (Isle of) Manuscript of a story which, like all her works, is epoch-making. Connoisseurs of literature, always eager for a new *frisson*, will be fascinated to learn that this novel has for its subject a fellow-novelist of whose retired existence she has but lately become aware. It takes the form of a saga and is entitled *Hall of the Three Legs*. Editions of a size commensurate with the scarcity of paper are being prepared.

Meanwhile we are informed that Mr. TASKER JEVONS is at work upon a trilogy of vast dimensions and meticulous detail, of which the heroine is Miss MAY SINCLAIR.

"The General Manager, in reply, said: Seeing that the privilege of addressing you in annual meeting comes to me once only in every forty-four years of service, and having regard to the vast interests included in this vote of thanks, there might be found some excuse for elaboration of acknowledgment were it not that discursiveness is entirely at variance with the habits of the staff."
Pall Mall Gazette.

After another forty-four years' silence we hope he will really let himself go.

An Exchange of Ivories.

"Wanted, piano; dentist willing to make artificial teeth for same, or part."
Edinburgh Evening Despatch.

A Hint to the Censor.

"To cool hot journals apply a dressing made of 11 lb. blacklead, 23 lb. Epsom salts, 9 lb. sulphur, 2 lb. lampblack and 5 lb. oxalic acid, mixed and ground together."—*Ironmonger.*



HIS BARK IS ON THE SEA.

Mr. Punch. "AND WHAT DID YOU THINK OF COLONEL CHURCHILL'S SPEECH, SIR?"

Admiral Jellicoe. "I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS. I'M NOT A POLITICIAN."

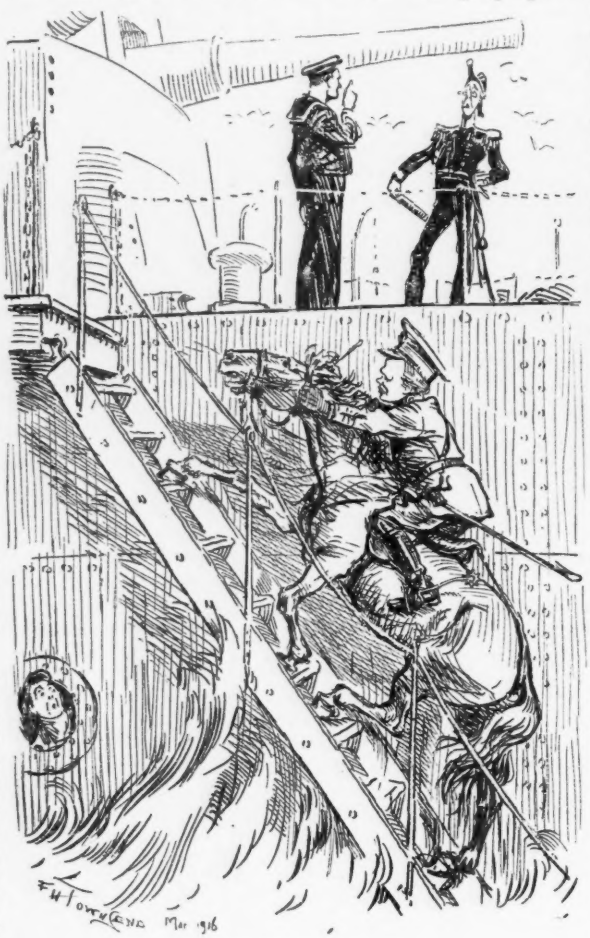
Mr. Punch. "THANK GOD FOR THAT, SIR!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, March 7th.—The House of Commons to-day devoted itself to the process curiously known as "getting the SPEAKER out of the Chair." The phrase suggests reluctance on the part of the occupant to leave his seat; though I cannot recall any occasion when the employment of force has been necessary to persuade Mr. LOWTHER to resign to the Chairman of Committees the duty of listening to dull speeches. But this afternoon I can imagine that the SPEAKER would have been well content to remain. For there was fun brewing. Mr. BALFOUR was to introduce the Naval Estimates, and his dear friend and ex-colleague, Colonel WINSTON CHURCHILL, was announced to follow him. The conjunction of these highly-electrified bodies is always apt to produce sparks. The House was well filled, and over the clock could be seen Lord FISHER, like "a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jacky." The last time Mr. CHURCHILL spoke of Naval affairs in the House he was not quite nice to Lord FISHER. Would he be nicer this time?

I think Mr. BALFOUR must be something of a thought-reader. Intermingled with his narration of the varied and wonderful achievements of the Fleet, past and present, his description of the constant efforts to increase it both in ships and men, and his quietly confident prophecy that with this sure shield we might face the future in cheerful serenity, there were little sidethrusts at an imaginary critic. Some people had been silly enough to suggest that the new Board of Admiralty was so content with what had been done by "my right hon. and learned—I beg his pardon—gallant friend" that it had adopted a policy of "rest and be thankful." But there was no justification for "a certain kind of sub-acid pessimism that sometimes reaches my ears," and he must be a poor-spirited creature who, having been happy about the Navy in August, 1914, could be depressed about it in March, 1916.

Then Colonel CHURCHILL proceeded to put the cap on. He has been studying the problems of sea-power in the trenches of Flanders; and the process has led him to gloomy conclusions. Suppose the Germans have been building more ships than we have; suppose they have put into them bigger guns than we wot of; suppose they were to come out at their selected moment and found us at our average moment . . . The House was beginning to be a little weary of these depressing hypotheses when it was suddenly brought up all standing by the discovery that the orator was delivering a eulogy on Lord FISHER. He was the man who got things done in a hurry. He was the man who had the driving power. They had "parted brass-rags" over Gallipoli, it was true; but by-gones were by-gones. Having been away for some months, his mind was now clear (irreverent laughter), and he had come to recognise that his former foe was the only possible First Sea Lord.



WINSTON ON LEAVE.

Bluejacket. "A PARTY COMING ABOARD, SIR, TO SEE IF THE FLEET'S ALL RIGHT."

Admiral Balfour. "WHAT SORT OF PARTY?"

Bluejacket. "WELL, SIR, HE'S GOT SPURS ON."

It must have been a little embarrassing for Lord FISHER to sit still and hear his praises thus chanted. But it is difficult to escape from the seat over the Clock without treading upon other people's toes, and this Lord FISHER is notoriously averse from doing. The moment, however, that Colonel CHURCHILL had finished he left the Gallery; but before he could wholly emerge he had to suffer the further shock of being cheered by some over-enthusiastic admirers behind him. It was a pity he left so soon, for later Sir HEDWORTH MEUX, fresh from Portsmouth, had some things to say which would not have compelled his blushes.

Wednesday, March 8th.—Members wondered yesterday why no reply to Colonel CHURCHILL was forthcoming from the Treasury Bench. Mr. BALFOUR made ample amends to-day for the omission. There is something in the personality of his critic—memories of Lord RANDOLPH, perhaps — that seems to put an extra polish on Mr. BALFOUR'S rapier when he deals with him. Who that heard it will ever forget his inimitable description of the then HOME SECRETARY superintending—"with a photographer"—the historic Siege of Sidney Street? This afternoon his sword-play was equally brilliant; and there was even more force behind the thrusts. If there had been delay in the progress of the new Dreadnoughts why was it? Because his right hon. predecessor had diverted the guns and gun-mountings intended for them into his new-fangled monitors. He had boasted of his own rapid shipbuilding. It had indeed been rapid—so much so that some of the vessels thus hastily constructed had now to be remodelled. Coming to the proposed "remedy"—the recall of Lord FISHER to the Board of Admiralty—Mr. BALFOUR assumed a sterner tone. He reminded the House that Lord FISHER had been accused by his present champion of not having given him clear guidance or firm support over the Gallipoli Expedition. Colonel CHURCHILL'S present opinion of Lord



Tommy (who is learning every minute about barbed-wire defences). "WHEN I GETS HOME, NO MORE PERISHIN' CATS SHALL EVER GET INTO MY BACK GARDEN."

FISHER was totally inconsistent with that which he had expressed a few months ago: possibly they were both remote from the truth. But it was an amazing proposition that the Government should be asked to dismiss Sir HENRY JACKSON, an officer who was everything that Lord FISHER according to Colonel CHURCHILL was not. He himself would not yield an inch to such a demand.

Spontaneous debate has never been the Colonel's strong point. His oratorical engines are driven by midnight oil. Wisely, therefore, he did not attempt an elaborate *réplique* to Mr. BALFOUR'S "sword-play," but contented himself with a brief restatement of his case.

Thursday, March 9th. — Prophets swarm in both Houses of Parliament, but the House of Lords is unique in possessing one who confines himself to subjects which he has at his fingers' ends and whose prophecies have a habit of coming true. What Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU does not know of the petrol engine, and its use on land or sea or in the air, is not worth knowing. Seven years ago he warned his countrymen of the bomb-dropping possibilities of the new German air-ships. A little later he pointed out that it was very doubtful if dirigible balloons could be successfully attacked by gunfire from the ground, and that the only effective way of opposing them was to meet like with like. Again in 1913 he dwelt upon the inadequacy of our aerial defences.

His object to-day was not to extol his own merits as a prophet, but to get the Government to act on the motto "One Element One Service" and establish a single Ministry of the Air. Lord HALDANE thought we ought to do some "violent thinking" before adopting the proposal, but quite agreed (with a reminiscent glance at the Woolsack) that we had not made sufficient use of lighter-than-air machines. That was Lord BERESFORD'S view, too; we must oppose Zeps to Zeps. Then, having evidently done some violent thinking over the recent debate in the Commons he launched out into a wholly irrelevant attack upon Colonel CHURCHILL for trying to create anxiety about the Fleet, and appealed to Lord FISHER (who was not present though Lord BERESFORD had particularly invited him) to repudiate the agitation conducted by the honourable Member for DUNDEE, a few newspapers and twenty sandwichmen. Lord LANSDOWNE subsequently noted that this most irregular digression appeared to be "not wholly distasteful" to the peers assembled. Turning to Lord MONTAGU'S proposal he pointed out that the Government had gone some way to meet it by setting up Lord DERBY'S Committee, But, though prepared to see the Cabinet increased to a round couple of dozen, he was not convinced that the only way to remove imperfections was to appoint a new Minister to deal with them.

It seems probable therefore that there is no truth in the report that Colonel CHURCHILL has been asked to join the Government as Minister of Admonitions.

Painful Accident to a Clergyman.

"While the Rev. Mr. Stulting was camping out one of his calves was attacked and stung to death by a passing swarm of bees."
Cape Argus.

Sir THOMAS MACKENZIE, as reported by *The East Anglian Daily Times*:—

"I now think it is time you intermingled with your affairs a little of the wisdom of the sergent instead of the dove-like kindness which you have showed to the Germans in the past."

There is a strong feeling among our N.C.O.'s that this is sound advice.

"Lord Strachie asked in the House of Lords yesterday whether the Government proposed to restrict the importation of hope."
Evening Paper.

We understand that the answer was in the negative, as, owing to the activity of pessimists, there is still some shortage in the home-grown supplies.

THE RECONCILIATION.

[*It is thought that the following story may have been intended for the "Organ of Organs" (R.A.M.C.)*].

Charles, the young Army Medical, went down on one patella. His heart (a hollow muscular pump) was driving blood from its ventricles as it had never yet driven it in all its twenty-five years of incessant labour. Further, by flattening the arch of his diaphragm and elevating his ribs and sternum, Charles was increasing the cavity of his thorax and taking in air. Immediately the diaphragm and the sternum and costal cartilages relaxed again the air escaped. The lungs of Charles were doing their work. Fast and yet faster became his breathing.

"Mabel," he murmured, "Mabel!"

The girl made no movement. Her respiration continued, but no impulse to action reached her nerve-centres. Yet, without an effort on her part, her tissues in one minute produced enough heat to boil one twenty-fourth of a pint of water.

"Wonderful!" he whispered hoarsely, probably thinking of this, "you are wonderful."

You will not marvel that his voice was gruff when I tell you that the membrane of the larynx was inflamed. Greater men than Charles have become hoarse in such circumstances.

Immediately the blood rushed to the capillaries of Mabel's cheeks and her colour deepened. She trembled slightly.

"There, that's it!" he cried, gazing rapturously.

"What?" she gasped, startled by his passion.

"Again that artery below your ear is throbbing, throbbing, and"—his voice rose in despair—"I can never remember the name! Can you?"

"Alas," she moaned, "I do not know it! Oh, Charles, there is something I must tell you at once."

"What is it?" he cried with sudden fear. "What is it?"

"Why, I—I—— Oh, I do not know how to say it. Charles, you will never forgive me!"

"What is it, dearest? Tell me—you can trust me. The medical profession——"

"Well, then, I tried to bandage little Johnny's foot yesterday, and—and——"

"Calm yourself, dear. And——?"

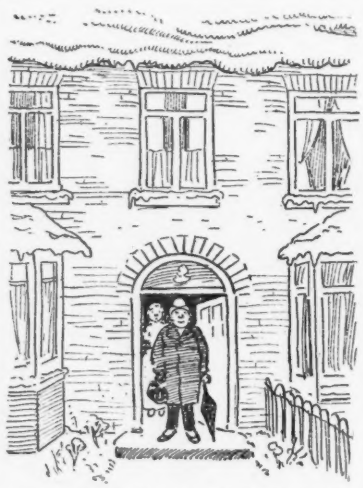
"I tied a 'granny' knot. Oh, Charles, *don't* be angry. I *know* it ought to have been a 'reef'!"

He looked about him dully, like a man stunned.

"Charles," she moaned, "listen! After all, I put it on the wrong foot."

He started violently.

"Mabel," he cried, "you are sure? Then I will not let you go. Had you tied that 'granny' knot on the right foot, I—we—as an R.A.M.C. man, I——"



Householder (with the Zeppelin obsession). "AH, I LIKE THE SNOW. IT REDUCES THE MENACE FROM ABOVE."



!!!!!!

She clung to him sobbingly.

"Charles, oh Charles," she panted, "you have proved it to me. You love me! (Is my heart throbbing now?) You love me and it will break for joy!"

The phalanges and the metacarpal bones of her left hand clicked together as if in sympathy as she flung it to her side.

Again her cerebrum flashed its joyful message, so that she repeated, "My heart!"

At the word Charles, the R.A.M.C. man, rose from his patella and placed his hands firmly on his femur bones.

His whole bearing had changed.

"This," he said slowly and ringingly, "is the end. When I entered this room I loved you—I admit it. But—you have deceived me! Look at that hand! It is covering—what? The floating costae! Your heart is not where you would have me believe. It is fully three inches higher and more to the right. That is not a small matter, or one with which you should trifle as you do. But you have deceived me in a greater than that."

"Oh, what is it? What have I done?" sobbed Mabel hysterically.

"The greater matter," continued Charles in trumpet tones, "is that *the heart is not the seat of the emotions at all.* I can only conclude that your agitation was feigned. I wish you good-day, Madam."

He had reached the door when she cried aloud.

"Charles!"

An urgent message from Charles's cerebellum, delivered to certain motor nerves by way of the spinal cord, disposed him to turn on his heel.

He waited in silence.

"Charles dearest, if it was the wrong place, and I didn't cover my heart after all, why, Charles, remember Johnny's foot and be logical!"

She was there before him, glorious, and Charles stood dazzled.

"You are right!" he cried. "Mabel! If you *had* covered your heart!!"

"Charles!!!"

"Yesterday between Forges and Bethincourt, west of the Meuse, the enemy made use of suffocating gas, but did not attack with infancy."—*Timaru Herald (N.Z.).*

We are glad to have this evidence that the Huns have given up using children to screen their advances.

"Plagues of rates have appeared at Pinsk, and in the British trenches."
Buenos Ayres Herald.

Even at home we have not entirely escaped the epidemic.

"Floating Baby Found Unarmed."
Provincial Paper.

Had the Huns known of its defenceless condition they would never have allowed it to escape.

"'Like a poet, a geographer is born, not mad,' once wrote Sir Clements Markham."
Times of India.

Some poets will be greatly relieved by this doctrine.



Oldest Inhabitant (finally). "I TELL 'EE I BAIN'T GOIN' OUTSIDE THE DOOR. WHY, WHAT'D FOLKS THINK OF ME WITH NO BADGE, NOR HARMLET, NOR NOTHIN'?"

LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND.

[Dr. GEORGE PERNET, in a recent treatise on "The Health of the Skin," discusses the continued decline in the popularity of the tall hat.]

O EMBLEM of British decorum,
Whose vogue, for a century back,
In the Mart, in the House or the Forum
Few dared to impugn or attack;
'Tis sad, though the best of our bankers
Refuse to allow such a lapse,
That our youth irrepressibly hankers
For straws and for caps.

Mr. Seagrave, in *Masterman Ready*,
Is pictured in many a hole,
And in postures however unsteady,
With his chimney-pot hat on his poll;
And our highly respected grand-paters,
When wielding their golf-clubs or bats,
Or proving their prowess as skaters,
Wore cylinder hats.

Worn straight by the priggish or surly
Thou didst not enthuse or beguile;
But tilted a little and curly
Of brim—how seductive thy style!
And never was pride that is proper
Sartorially better expressed
Than when an immaculate topper
Sat light on one's crest.

The cult of the bicycle, tending
To foster a laxer array,
And the motor, its influence lending,
Both seriously threatened thy sway;
But the War, most unfairly combining
The motives of comfort and thrift,
Thy glory, so sleek and so shining,
Has finally biffed.

Yet I cannot observe thy dethroning
Or watch thy effulgence depart
Without unaffectedly owning
A pang of regret in my heart.
I know thou wast stuffy, non-porous,
Unstable, top-heavy and hot;
But O! thou wast grimly decorous;
The bowler is not.

Agreed.

"Original and inspiring as are Mr. Chesterton's writings, the man is very much bigger than his works."—*Everyman.*

"TOWN PLUNGED IN DARKNESS.

POPULATION WARNED BY SYRENS AND BUZZARDS."

Evening Paper.

"*Our* little town," writes the correspondent who sends us the above cutting, "was warned by dryads and wombats." And of course there is the well-known case of the Roman geese and the Capitol.

"Organist (willing to help train choir) wanted for country parish. Might suit clergyman's daughter."—*Church Times.*

He might, no doubt; but it is not safe to count on these affinities.

"The Manchester City Council on Wednesday decided to accept the free use of Professor W. B. Bottomley's patients for the conversion of raw peat by means of bacteria."

Provincial Paper.

If we were the patients we should make a small charge for the loan of the germs.

"There has been a naval skirmish in the Baltic, where the elusive *Goeben* has been engaged by the Russians with the usual result—the escape of the fugitive battle-cruiser behind the mined defences of the Bosphorus."

The Dominion (*Wellington, N.Z.*)

It must have been a fine sight to see this elusive vessel jump right across Russia and back again.

"The *Cologne Gazette*, referring to the simplicity of character displayed by King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, says that frequently when walking about the streets of Sofia he purchases a sausage from a stall and eats it with his fingers as he passes along. Latest advices say he is slowly recovering from his illness."

Daily Express.

It might have been much worse if he had eaten the sausage with his mouth.

A FLAT OVERTURE.

I.

3, Fotheringay Court Mansions, S.W.
March 1st.

Mrs. Sleight-Spender presents her compliments to Mrs. Crichton and would be obliged if she would prevent what is evidently a schoolroom piano being practised late at night, as it is most disturbing when one has friends.

II.

7, Fotheringay Court Mansions, S.W.
March 1st.

Mrs. Crichton presents her compliments to Mrs. Sleight-Spender and would willingly oblige her, but having neither a schoolroom nor a piano in her flat she finds a difficulty in doing so. Possibly if Mrs. Sleight-Spender addressed her remonstrance to No. 12, she would discover the cause of her complaint and might thereby earn the thanks of her neighbours by inducing Mr. Bogloffsksy to practise less for his concerts.

III.

3, Fotheringay Court Mansions, S.W.
March 2nd.

DEAR MR. BOGLOFFSKY,—Please forgive me for writing on the impulse of the moment in this unconventional way, but I have only just discovered that we are neighbours, for the Directory confirms what the unmistakable tones of a certain piano had long led me to suspect.

Will you very kindly waive all ceremony and join us at a friendly little dinner on the 10th, at 7.30?

Yours sincerely,
EDITHA SLEIGHT-SPENDER.

IV.

12, Fotheringay Court Mansions, S.W.
March 2nd.

DEAR MRS. SLEIGHT-SPENDER,—Your amiable letter leaves me nothing but pleasure. My poor company shall be agreeable to join your hospitable family.

With respect, I am, Yours sincere,
SERGE BOGLOFFSKY.

V.

From Miss Isolt Sleight-Spender to Miss Marjorie Browne.

(EXTRACT.)

. . . Oh, my dear, don't reproach me for not having run round. We are simply off our heads. Bogloffsky—*the* Bogloffsky—is coming to dinner on Friday next, and the Mudder and I have been simply *tearing*. Even the Sticklers have accepted, and we hope to get Sir Henry Say, as the Dudder met him once at a City dinner. Of course *I* shall have to play something first. Pity me! . . .

VI.

From Mrs. Sleight-Spender to Messrs. Rosewood and Sons.

March 3rd.

Mrs. Sleight-Spender requires the use of a *very* good piano on the 10th. It must be a *grand*, as it is for Mr. Bogloffsky. Under the circumstances Mrs. Sleight-Spender supposes there will be only a nominal charge, if any.

VII.

From Sir Henry Say to Cuthbert Haddington.

March 11th.

MY DEAR BERTIE,—Last night I skimmed some of the cream of life, and incidentally got an idea for a *lever de rideau*, of which I make you a present.

Far be it from me to glean from the crop of trouble of a man whose salt I have eaten, but the situation was a gift from the gods, which I will not spoil on a sheet of notepaper. When have you a free evening?

Aways, HARRY.

VIII.

From Miss Isolt Sleight-Spender to Miss Marjorie Browne.

(EXTRACT.)

. . . The Mudder is quite ill. It is all through that woman at No. 7. It must be because we didn't call on her. But what an evening ruined! Bogloffsky behaved like a perfect *pig* and wouldn't play a note after all the trouble he put us to; and when we got up from the table they say he sniffed at his coffee and pulled some out of his pocket and rubbed it in his hands to make the others smell the difference. Did you ever hear of such a thing? . . .

IX.

From Serge Bogloffsky to Stepan Bogloffsky, Moscow.

(TRANSLATION.)

March 11th.

MY BROTHER,—The Mazurka has been found beneath the lid of thy pianoforte and is already despatched to thee—that pianoforte, alas! which must now remain silent until thy longed-for return. Greet the worthy Moschki and request him urgently to send the samples of tea, as I have now an opportunity with a wealthy family which may make great business.

That thy affairs prosper is my prayer. All the family embrace thee.

SERGE.

"The gunlayer's eye followed it through the air, saw it splash into the sea three hundred yards short of the target, and swore softly."—*Answers.*

The gunlayer would seem to have an eloquent eye.

A SOLDIER POLITICIAN.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

CONSIDERABLE promise was shown in the speech delivered before the House of Commons last week by Colonel CHURCHILL. His utterance had the effect of instantly lifting that gallant gentleman from the obscurity of life "somewhere in France" to something approaching notoriety. Surely few soldiers have discovered such a gift of dialectical skill; and the Army must feel proud to learn that it possesses an officer who shows himself to be as able in the realm of politics as in the profession of arms.

Colonel CHURCHILL's sensational *tour de force* has aroused a natural interest in his personality. He is still a young man, being only just on the wrong side of forty. In choosing a military career he responded to hereditary impulse, for he is a direct descendant of that great military genius, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. He entered the army in 1895, when little more than a boy. After seeing service in Cuba and India he fought in the Egyptian Campaign of 1898, and in a journalistic capacity took part in the South African War, the news of his capture being received in this country with much feeling. To his skill as a soldier Colonel CHURCHILL adds no small ability as a writer, and has published more than one book that has attracted favourable notice.

Following upon his remarkable speech of the other night, there has been some discussion as to whether Colonel CHURCHILL will definitely take up a political career, or return to the trenches. We have it on good authority that an old friend, Sir HEDWORTH MEUX, strongly advises him not to sacrifice his military prospects. On the other hand, his colleagues at the Front feel that in the national interest they are prepared to do their best without him, in view of the benefit likely to accrue from his remaining at home. In any case it is confidently asserted by those who know him that Colonel CHURCHILL has gone far towards making a name for himself, and that he is likely to go further still if the opportunity is given to him. His future is certain to be watched with interest.

The Delay Before Verdun.

Bosch (quoting "*unser* SHAKSPEARE"): "If it Verdun ven 'tis done, then 't vere vell it Verdun quickly."—*Macbeth, Act* I. 7.

Music for Conscientious Objectors.

"ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL.—Anthem, 'I was slack when they said unto me' (Elvey)."
Cape Times.



Sergeant. "KEEP YER DRESSIN' BY THE LEFT THERE! BLIMEY! YOU DON'T WANT N.C.O.'S—WHAT YOU WANT IS A BLOOMIN' SHEEP-DOG!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

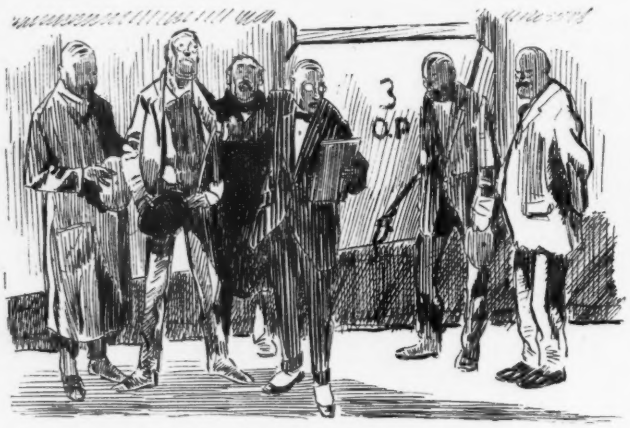
I NEVER open a book by Mr. ROBERT HALIFAX without a feeling of pleasant anticipation, nor close one without a sense of quickened sympathy for my fellow-mortals, especially those of them who dwell in Camden Town. His latest story, *The Right to Love* (METHUEN), finds him again on familiar ground; but the inhabitants of Widdiford Street have all the freshness of real human beings. Perhaps more than its predecessors *The Right to Love* is a story with a purpose and a moral; in it Mr. HALIFAX has illustrated by two groups of characters the vexed question of marriage failures and the hard lot of the unwanted woman. But do not suppose that these characters are merely "cases." On the contrary, it is because they are realized as understandable creations of flesh and blood that the disasters of *Norah* and *Tom Spain* and the tragedy of *Letty Summerbee's* enforced spinsterhood move one to so personal a concern. From the moment when *Norah* and *Tom* enter their little house after the short honeymoon to that in which the tormented young wife finally leaves her worthless husband for the protection (word rightly used) of his long-suffering friend one is made to feel that exactly thus and thus the affair happened, and is happening to like persons every day. As for *Letty*, with her restraint, her practical helpfulness and her occasional outbursts of emotion thwarted and suppressed, she is a type only too convincing. Perhaps one might object that Mr. HALIFAX brings an indictment against society without suggesting any practical remedy. Also that—as I have noticed before—his humorous characters have a tendency to edge away from the rest into the regions of farce. But for all that *The Right to Love* remains a simple, sincere and very moving study.

I like the remark that General JOFFRE made, not to the horse-marines, but to the remnants of the six thousand *Fusiliers Marins* who made up the Naval Brigade at Dixmude in November, 1914. "You are my best infantrymen," he told them; and, if you want to know why, all you have to do is read *Dixmude* (HEINEMANN), by CHARLES LE GOFFIC. For four weeks, shrapnel to right of them, "saucepans" to left of them, volleyed and thundered, and for four weeks the six thousand stood in the valley of death at Dixmude and held up six times as many Boches, who came on, as one of them said, like bugs. Forty thousand was the estimate of the number of these marines formed by a German major who was one of their prisoners; when he learnt that they were only six he wept with rage and muttered, "Ah, if we had only known!" Dixmude was not quite such a big affair as Verdun, but the men who held the town, "the young ladies with the red pompoms" on their caps, were first cousins to our own Jack Tars. Bretons or Britons, there is nothing to choose between them. Sailors all, they are the salt of the sea; and this fascinating and circumstantial epic of the French marines is not at all an exaggerated picture of the cheery courage and endurance of the Breton fisherman.

Sussex Gorse (NISBET) is a story about the fight between man and nature. It is told by Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH with considerable power and a quickening touch of symbolism that lifts it into romance. The ambition of *Reuben Backfield* was to enlarge the Sussex farm that he had inherited from his easy-going father till its bounds should include a certain coveted moor. The book shows how his entire life was spent in the achievement of this end; how for it he sacrificed his own ease, and the happiness of his brother, his two wives and his many children, and how finally he triumphed, and in his lonely old age, seeing the desired acres all his own, was content. It is a grim book, with only now and then a touch of suggested poetry to save

it from being uniformly sordid and depressing. As it is, the long unsparing struggle takes somehow the dignity of an epic. Only one of *Reuben's* many sons makes any success out of life—*Richard*, who becomes a barrister, and treats his father to occasional visits of curiosity and amused patronage. There is a chapter of cynical humour in which the intolerant contemptuous old rustic is confronted by the art-loving triflers who gather in his son's drawing-room. Otherwise he is alone. "There 's no one gone from here as has ever come back!" But I was glad that Miss KAYE-SMITH had the courage to play fair by her hero, and to give him at last his share of the hard bargain. This is only one of many qualities that make *Sussex Gorse* a novel to be remembered.

I can't quite make out what made Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT persist in *Introducing William Allison* (SECKER). Probably a nice general conviction (rather infectious; I caught it) of his own cleverness. If his work wants a good deal of pulling together separate bits of it are confoundedly well done. The schoolboy conversations (*William* is a Winchester man, thrown into a lawyer's clerkship straight from the sixth) and the picture of the superbly groomed associates of his friend's brother, *Marmaduke Fenton*, are cases in point, though I don't think Winchester would have been so absurdly abashed by the glories of bachelordom in Half-Moon Street. So too is the lecture of *Parbury*, the neo-decadent, on the cultivation of "that sacred and imperishable flower, the white unsullied bloom of an Intensely Useless Life," even if it be only a belated cutting from *The Green Carnation*. *William's* first boyish passion for a quite cold shop-minx, with its agonies of self-abasement and rarefied desire, is uncannily clever; and the thoroughly unpleasant episode of our *William*, minx-free, only to be caught in the toils of that insatiable sensualist, *Mrs. Daintree*, is presented with discreet vigour. There is possibly a moral in the fascinating *Marmaduke's* desperate half-hour in *Dr. Ferox's* consulting-room. But Mr. HEWLETT never wrote this flippant tale to point a moral. Rather, as I suggest, he seems to have said, "These are samples of several *genres* in which I can succeed on my head. Some day I will really finish something. Meanwhile pray be amused."



Touring Stage Manager (rehearsing super). "AND WHEN YOU HEAR THE CUE, 'AH, HERE COMES THE KAISER!' YOU STRIDE SLOWLY ON TO THE STAGE LOOKING LIKE THE GUILTY MONARCH."

Of Miss ETHEL DELL's popularity there seems to be no possible doubt, and her publishers, Messrs. HUTCHINSON, assure me that her latest, *The Bars of Iron*, is the best novel she has written. While accepting their unprejudiced judgment I retain the liberty of remaining unimpressed. Miss DELL has an eye for a plot and she can make things move; but her methods are too feverish for my taste. A man-fight in the prologue is followed by a dog-fight in the first chapter, and through the early part of the book the *Rev. S. Lorimer* beats his numerous family again and again. It is true that, between her explosions, she introduces certain lovable characters, but they fail to correct the general atmosphere of violence. Neither the beauty of *Piers Evesham* (his naked shoulders looked "like a piece of faultless statuary, god-like, superbly strong"), nor his sympathy with children, offers adequate compensation for his volcanic temperament. If Miss DELL, who seems to have a penchant for tempestuous heroes, would devote some of her superfluous energy to a study of men, so as to get to understand them as well as she understands her own sex, it would be a good thing for the quality both of her work and of her public.

In her latest little volume of verse, modestly entitled *Simple Rhymes for Stirring Times* (PEARSON), Miss JESSIE POPE shows that she has not only the right spirit, but a sense of form beyond the common. She does not pretend to heroics and she seldom allows herself to touch a note of pathos; her mission is just to inspire other hearts with the infectious gay courage of her own. It finds a natural expression in the easy lilt of her measures. She is fluent rather than polished and never overlays her designs with excess of embroidery. Long practice has made her familiar with a craft which is not so easy as it looks; and in particular she has learnt the art of the final line. Miss POPE may possibly run the risk of over-writing herself; but so long as she brings a discriminating eye to the choice of what is worth preserving—and she has been quite reasonably self-critical in her present selection — the matter that she jettisons is no affair of mine. Judging only by what I see here, I recognise that, in whatever other way she may be helping the cause, through her gift of light-heart verse she is doing—and none more bravely—her share of woman's work.

Journalistic Colour.

"On all hands their preparations for their ultimate victory are being pressed forward with unflagging zest, and nowhere has the white heat of their resolve grown pale."—*Daily Graphic.*

Extract from Scottish Command Orders:—

"When marriage has actually taken place, the N.C.O. or man should inform O.C. at once, so as to ensure the necessary documents for separation allowance for the wife being made out, and this casualty should in addition be inserted in Part II. Orders."
Scotsman.

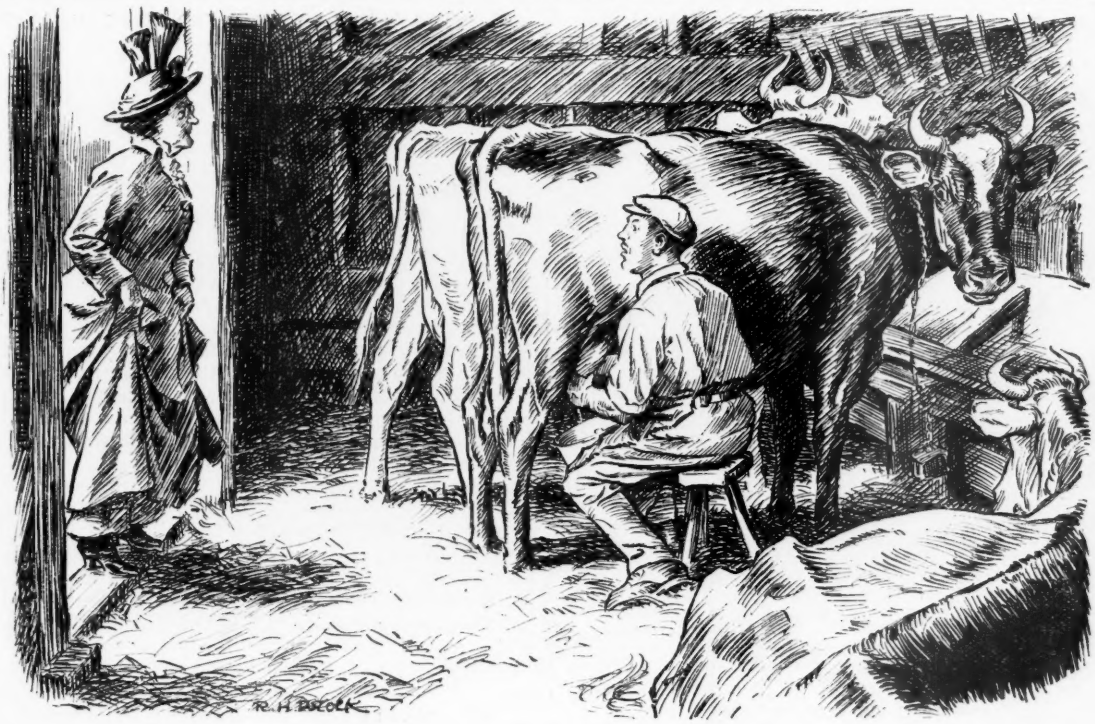
This appears to confirm the belief that a Scottish marriage is a sort of accident that might happen to anyone.

It is easy to understand why the Zeppelins have a partiality for almshouses. They think it 's another name for munition works.

From the report of a music-hall action:—

"In reply to Mr. Justice Darling, he sang comic songs and appeared alone on the stage."—*Morning Paper.*

After all the Bench cannot always monopolise the "star turns," even in Mr. Justice DARLING's court.



"HOW IS IT YOU 'BE NOT AT THE FRONT, YOUNG MAN?"
"'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO MILK AT THAT END, MUM."

CHARIVARIA.

PORTUGAL is now officially at war with Germany, and the dogs of frightfulness are already toasting "*der Tagus*."

* * *

At first the report that ENVER PASHA had gone to pay a visit to the tomb of the PROPHET at Medina caused a feeling of profound depression in Constantinople; but it is now recognised that there was no other course open to him, as MAHOMET was not in a position to visit the Pasha.

* * *

SVEN HEDIN is reported to be at Constantinople, on his way to the Turkish Front. It is supposed that he will undertake the writing of the official despatches, a duty to which the innate modesty of the Osmanli prevents him from doing full justice.

* * *

A salmon containing a label marked "U 100" was recently caught in the Avon. No trace of the crew has been found.

* * *

It has been discovered in Germany that General HINDENBERG is descended from CHARLEMAGNE, and an attempt by certain admirers of the Prussian General to visit the scenes of his ancestor's exploits has only been abandoned as the result of an unaccountable opposition on the part of the French.

* * *

"Bigamy," declares Mr. Justice LOW, "is as low a form of crime as drunkenness." On the other hand there is this to be said for it, that it is seldom found, like drunkenness, to develop into a habit.

* * *

A large number of German barbers, it is said, have become naturalized since the commencement of the War, and are now engaged in capturing the trade from the British barbers, many of whom have been taken for military service. Not for nothing, it seems, did the KAISER say in one of his famous speeches, "The razor must be in our fist."

* * *

Mr. TENNANT told the House of Commons last week that the War Office had 3,000,000 goat skins. As the statement has given rise to a certain uneasiness it should be explained that all the goats have been safely extracted.

* * *

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, says an official German telegram, the new submarine warfare is in full swing. It should only be a matter of time before those responsible for it find themselves in a similar situation.

A draughtsman of Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities has been discharged by the British Museum in the interests of economy. The artist, it is reported, has already had several attractive offers of employment as a Parliamentary cartoonist.

* * *

Onions, we are told, have reached the unprecedented price of thirty shillings a hundredweight, and several of the old established onion bars in the City may have to close their doors.

* * *

It is useless, Mr. HUGHES warns his English admirers, to defeat Germany in the field unless adequate steps are also taken to stop her inroads upon the Empire's trade. What is wanted is, of course, a counter-stroke.

* * *

A well-informed neutral states that the Grand Admiral TIRPITZ's unexpected retirement was caused by a rush of blood to the hands.

Another Bulgarian Atrocity.

"The position in Monastir is intolerable, owing to the orgies of the Bulgarian comitadjis. The Greek refugees are in a pitiable plight, especially now the Greek consul has left."—*Balkan News.*

Thus crippled he cannot, of course, display his usual activity.

THE KAISER ON KILIMANJARO.

[Correspondence in *The Times* has recalled the fact that Kilimanjaro, from whose neighbourhood the enemy has just been expelled, was included in German East Africa at the special desire of the KAISER (then PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA). It appears that he took a peculiar interest in the fauna and flora of that district. Incidentally, the highest peak of Kilimanjaro (19,000 feet) is named Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze. The author of these lines does not claim a close acquaintance with the natural history and botany of this region, and cannot therefore vouch for the accuracy of his details.]

O MOUNTAIN of the sounding name,
Kilimanjaro!
Almost as loud as my own fame,
Kilimanjaro!
Plucked from my Empire's jewelled hem
I deemed you once the fairest gem
In my Colonial diadem,
Kilimanjaro!

Not for your height, though you are high,
Kilimanjaro!
And practically scrape the sky,
Kilimanjaro!
But for the beasts and birds and flowers
That nestle in your snowy bowers
I loved you best of all my dowers,
Kilimanjaro!

In one of my Imperial jaunts,
Kilimanjaro!
I looked to penetrate their haunts,
Kilimanjaro!
It was among my dearest hopes
To slay canaries on your slopes
Or trap elusive antelopes,
Kilimanjaro!

I had a passionate wish to snare
(Kilimanjaro!)
Your local beetle in his lair,
Kilimanjaro!
O'er precipices stiff with ice
(Perils for me are full of spice)
To cull your starry edelweiss,
Kilimanjaro!

Alas! the lovely vision fades,
Kilimanjaro!
Never amid your musky glades,
Kilimanjaro—
Never shall I (*Gott strafe* SMUTS!)
Surprise your monkeys gathering nuts
Or chase your wombats' flying scuts,
Kilimanjaro!

And when, as I suppose it must,
Kilimanjaro!
My spirit sheds its mortal crust,
Kilimanjaro!
They 'll find beneath my mailéd vest
Your name indelibly impressed
(Along with Calais) on my chest,
Kilimanjaro! O. S.

"With the use of the various kinds of periscopes we could see quite clearly every movement on the German side, and even hear them talking."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Try our new periscope, with telephone-attachment.

From a sale catalogue:—

"Remains of Summer Waistcoats, from 3/11."

Nothing doing. Our motto is *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXVI.

(*From Herr* WOLFGANG OFFENMAUL, *an actor*).

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,—How strangely and uncomfortably the Fates sport with us! It is but two years ago, I remember, that it came into my head to look forward to the far-off day when I should shake off the stage and all its agitations, its triumphs, its disappointments and even its jealousies and its quarrels, and should be able to live my own life in the pleasant and happy world of reality. But I put the thought by, for much still remained to me to be endured and achieved in my profession, and I thought that some day, if matters turned out favourably, I might have the supreme glory of impersonating *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* under the very eye of your Imperial Majesty and of noting that you were not displeased with the performance of one of the most devoted of your subjects. This hope, springing up in my breast, gave me new strength and a fresh joy in the often dull round of my daily task, for in matters of the stage your Majesty, being, as we often say among ourselves, the greatest actor of us all and having from the earliest years imbibed the love of the footlights and the limelight, is an incomparable judge of the true histrionic art, and a word of praise from you is worth columns and columns in the newspapers. It is to us as when a cobbler's boots are praised by a rival cobbler.

And there is another point which then kept me from giving way any further to my dreams of retirement from the theatre. Real life, so calm for the most part and so regular, is but a dull thing to those who live a fictitious life on the boards, in the midst of excitements and honour and crimes, with murder and sudden death awaiting them, as it were, round the corner. After *Hamlet* has seen his mother's death, has killed *Laertes* and the *King* and has himself expired, what is it to him to come to life again and to sit down without his royal trappings to a supper of sausage and potatoes, while his wife sits by and darns his stockings and the baby begins to cry in its cot? So thought I, and resolved to continue my career of acting, though I acknowledged that some day, perhaps, in the very distant future, retirement might have its attractions.

All this was before the War broke out. When that happened I, like the rest, was seized and thrust into a uniform and made to remember my drill and was presented with a rifle and a bayonet. Finally, with my regiment I was marched off to the Front in France, where I still linger in daily expectation of death. Dreadful things have I seen, men blown into nothingness by shells, men pierced through and through by the steel, women murdered and worse than murdered, and children crushed under fallen walls—sights I cannot bear to think of, though they force themselves upon me and murder sleep. I was, perhaps, unduly contemptuous of real life, but now I abhor it and try in vain to put it away from me. I desire with a full-hearted longing to return to that life of imagination where the most dreadful bloodshed ends at about eleven o'clock every evening, without leaving any impression on those who take part. Yes, give me again the life of the theatre and remove far away this brutal scenery of trenches and shells and bombs and quick-firers and men summoned from peace and ease to cut one another's throats because a histrion KAISER has so willed it and none of his subjects dared to say him nay. To get away from this and never to return to it I would willingly consent to play the *First Murderer* in *Macbeth* for the remainder of my life. It would be an innocent and an honourable occupation compared with what I am forced day by day and night by night to endure.

Yours, in respectful despair, WOLFGANG OFFENMAUL.



ANOTHER CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Mr. McKenna. "PREMIUM BONDS TO HELP TO WIN THE WAR! OH, MY DE-AR FRIENDS! THINK OF OUR MORAL PRINCIPLES!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXVI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I am afraid you 'll be worrying about me again, wondering why I 'm lying doggo, what mischief I 'm up to, or whether anything has happened to me. Something has happened, but I 'm not quite sure myself what it is. Anyhow, I 'll tell you all I know. It wasn't in the *Gazette* proper; it was in the "Memoranda." It referred to a Second Lieutenant (Temporary Lieutenant), intimating that he was to hold the acting rank of Captain while engaged in present duties, which looks to me as if they are giving nothing away but want to keep in with me till they have settled up matters with the Bosch. When the trouble shows signs of being about to end, they 'll either make me a Temporary General and hand me over to the enemy as a sop, or else they will turn round on me and tell me that, being a Temporary Memorandum, I'm nothing at all; am I going quietly or must they put the handcuffs on me? As the saying is, "it ain't 'ardly safe"; at any moment one may find oneself in a bowler hat being jostled by the crowd and wholly estranged from Mr. Cox, of Charing Cross. Meanwhile I 'm a Captain, or parading as such, and I carry in my pocket a leash of "crowns" and a yard of braid (with adhesive back) in case of further developments.

Talking of civilian hats, by the way, my particular class of soldier, never spoilt by over-fussing, has dismal expectations as to the *finale*. We feel that, when the other side sees light and is prepared to submit to judgment, with costs, we shall be the last to leave for home, and when we get there all the beer will be sold out.

Meanwhile I 'm going along nicely, and by saying nothing but looking a lot I've created quite an air of importance around me, which induces all sorts of regimental officers to salute me at first sight and to wish they hadn't on further acquaintance. It 's an ever-increasing difficulty, this matter of saluting: in a part of the world where there 's a General round every other corner I can never make up my mind on the spur of the moment what to do about Majors and suchlike. Some like a salute, others don't. I have invented a gesture of my own which is entirely non-committal and gives satisfaction to both. Those who don't look for a salute put it down to an excess of geniality; those who do expect one put it down to ignorance combined with anxiety to please.

Only once has it got me into trouble so far. The occasion is worth mentioning, since I was at the time talking to a General in a public place. (Yes, there we were, talking away about nothing in particular, "conversing," I might say, just as it might have been you and myself passing the time of day. *Very* impressive). A Major, one of the expectant sort, came up from behind the General; when he was within distance of the august back he saluted it. It was one of those salutes which could be felt, but, as it happened, the General didn't feel it. The problem at once arose, what was I to do, with the Major's stony eye full upon me? The waggle, obviously, but in a modified degree, since it doesn't do to be fidgetting with your hands when you 're being talked to by your elders and betters. I went through the motions, therefore, meaning them to mean that, though I was chatting with a General, yet I wasn't above saluting a Major. He mistook the movement, however, and thought that I thought that, because I was chatting with a General, therefore he 'd saluted me! My goodness, we nearly lost the War that time!

But don't you believe all this talk about military discipline. Take the case of my own Colonel, for instance, a man who, before he took to staff work, had probably dug enough trenches, put out enough barbed wire and, generally, made enough mess of respectable agricultural land to earn for himself a special vote of censure from the United Association of French and Belgian Farmers. Now, there 's a soldier, if ever there was one; but are his orders obeyed when they don't fit in with the convenience of his subordinates?

You shall judge for yourself. The other day he made up his mind, not casually or by the way, but in writing, duly signed, sealed and circulated, that "The moon will rise to-morrow at 4.43 A.M." Did the moon comply? No, Sir, it did not; I 'm told it was absent from parade altogether. Did my Colonel put it under arrest? Did he even call for its reasons in writing? Again, no. On the contrary, he weakly gave in, saying that he 'd got the time out of an almanack supplied by his Insurance Company, and that "the man from the Insurance" was to blame for sticking the pages together and getting him into an inappropriate month. What I say is an order 's an order, and it is nothing to do with the moon where the Colonel gets his ideas from.

Call it fear or favour, I only know that when *I* 'm informed that I am to rise at 5 A.M. to-morrow morning, and, with no intention of disobeying, I ask very quietly and very politely if they remember that this is March and not July, at the very least I shall be told that I ought to be ashamed of being a civilian instead of openly behaving as such. Yours ever, HENRY.



ANOTHER INDISPENSABLE.
THE WAR ARTIST'S MODEL.

Herodias?

"Any lady requiring Head of two Parlourmaids or Under Parlourmaid, we know of several."—*Morning Paper.*

"Bombardier G. Dougherty, R.A.M.C. . . . has been given the D.C.M. . . . for twice repairing telephone wires under a terrific storm of fire."—*Morning Paper.*

Conscientious objectors will note the new rank and duty of R.A.M.C. men.

"Two large jewel robberies in London, in which property to the value of several thousands of pounds has been stolen, are being invested by the police."—*Morning Paper.*

In Exchequer Bonds, no doubt. But we hope they have reserved a few pairs of bracelets for the thieves when they catch them.

MR. JOHN'S PORTRAIT OF MR. GEORGE.

THE generally favourable opinion of Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S striking portrait of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is not shared by everybody. The following criticism of the picture has reached us, and as it represents a point of view which, so far as we know, has not found sympathy in the Press opinions which have already appeared, we print it for the edification of the artist, the sitter and any others who may have a few moments to devote to the subject.

I should like to say (writes our correspondent) on behalf of myself and of many worthy members of my congregation that Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN has missed a great opportunity in painting his portrait of our greatest Welshman.

In the first place, surely it lacks dignity. In it Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who is pre-eminently a man capable of looking you straight in the eye, is depicted as looking someone else obliquely in the eye. I would that his strong features had been accompanied by a direct and thoughtful gaze, instead of that petulant side-glance, which to all of us who know the smiling candour of the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS is so foreign an expression.

I cannot speak with authority about the sitter's raiment. At the same time I must register my dislike of these clothes, which appear to have the mud of the golf-links still fresh upon them. Surely the artist should have persuaded Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to wear his black coat and vest for the occasion.

Hanging from a cord is something in the nature of an aid to vision. I cannot determine whether it is a pince-nez or a monocle. The uncertainty is irritating. Is it possible that the MINISTER has taken to wearing a single eye-glass? If so, why has not the artist put it in the sitter's eye? And as to the hair—Heaven forbid that I should cast any reflection upon any man of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S age possessing abundant locks; on the contrary, I congratulate him; but in all my experience I have never yet known a portrait to be taken without the sitter being requested first of all to brush his hair. Why has Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN flown in the face of all precedent by neglecting this simple yet desirable precaution?

I feel very strongly that nothing in the portrait indicates the sitter's nationality, his profession, his love of home, his favourite recreation or his religious convictions. These, I venture to say, are grave omissions. The picture is sadly wanting in suitable accessories. If I had been painting it I should have put a simple yellow daffodil in the MINISTER'S buttonhole, and pictured through an open window a sunlit bed of leeks, with perhaps a goat gambolling among them. I should have represented the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS in his study practising putting with a small bomb. And on the wall should have been a life-size portrait of the Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD.



Officer at Front (reading letter from home). "THE OTHER DAY WE WENT TO SEE THE RUINS OF A HOUSE WHICH HAD BEEN BOMBED BY A ZEPPELIN. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS LIKE!"

"The elements so mixed" again.

"The air is the new element, and all the evidence suggests that we are at sea in it."
Star.

Le Mouton Enragé.

"Sheep, and also other wild animals, have a trying time in procuring their necessary food."

That 's what makes them so wild.

A Hero at Zero.

"Fish for the Canadian troops. The supply has been organised by Major Hughie Green, who is known as the 'Canadians' Fishmonger-General,' and has travelled in a frozen condition 2,000 miles across the Dominion."—*Daily Mirror.*

"A young farm hand who appealed to the Coalville Tribunal for exemption yesterday, when asked whether an older brother could not take his place on the farm, replied that his brother's feet were too small for work on the land."—*Morning Paper.*

We hope that his own are not too cold for work in the trenches.

"Mr. Mark Blow will be known henceforth as 'Mr. Mark.'"—*Theatrical Paper.*

The Blow may have fallen, but this British Mark shows no decline.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

EPOCH-MAKING ASSEMBLY.

A PUBLIC meeting, summoned under the auspices of the Candid Friends of England, has just been held at the Hall of the Grousers' Company, in Little Britain. The chair was taken by Mr. OUTHWAITE.

The Chairman, opening the meeting, said that the inception of the League was due to a number of public-spirited men who had come to the conclusion, very unwillingly, that the country was still insufficiently instructed as to the inherent and abysmal incapacity of every member of the Government. (Cheers.) It was true that certain sections of the Press did what they could to point this out, and there was also the noble, patriotic and self-sacrificing work carried on in the House at Question-time. (Loud cheers.) But he was sorry to say that there still remained a considerable and, alas! not wholly negligible number of persons in the country who hugged the quaint superstition that a Cabinet Minister could be earnest, capable and diligent. It was these benighted folk whom they desired to reach and convert. Not till every Englishman had been convinced that England was rotten could he (the speaker) and his friends rest content. (Frantic applause.) They were met to-day to listen to the views of various eminent gentlemen as to how best to spread this gospel.

Sir ARTHUR MARKHAM, who was received with cheers, said that no one who had followed his recent speeches could be in any doubt as to the turpitude and sloth of the men whom a mischievous caprice had set at the head of this country's affairs. He for one should never cease to clamour for their dismissal. He begged to move a resolution that in the opinion of that important and representative meeting a complete change of Government was instantly necessary. (A Voice: "Not only now, but always.") No doubt there was something in what that gentleman said, but for the present perhaps "always" had better be omitted. The essence of the truest patriotism was distrust of one's rulers and dissatisfaction with one's country. (Hear! Hear!).

Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON, in seconding, said that the finest heritage of an Englishman was freedom of speech, and the more that freedom became licence the finer the Englishman. (Cheers.) By freedom of speech he meant the right to say instantly whatever came into one's head, particularly if it appeared to belittle one's own country. Because one could not belittle England really. England was too great for that. But it was salutary to try. It was also valuable to our Allies, because it tended to prove to them how much in earnest and how united we must be.

A great sensation was now caused by the appearance of "An Englishman" from Carmelite Street. This gentleman, who, like the man who dined with the KAISER, desiring his anonymity to be respected, wore a John Bull mask and brandished an ebony cane, made the PRIME MINISTER the special mark of his attack. What, he asked, could be expected of a politician so crafty and lost to shame as to bid the House wait and see? Was it not the very essence of good statesmanship to blurt out everything at once? Only a craven time-server would say wait and see. Waiting was a contemptuous proceeding wherever practised, and seeing required eyes, which Heaven knows the PREMIER woefully lacked. (Cheers.) What right had an incorrigible hoodwinker such as Mr. ASQUITH to advise anyone to see? It was monstrous. Let the people get rid of this impostor without a twinge of compunction, and the sooner the better. As to swapping horses in mid-stream being unwise, perhaps it was, but it was not unwise in the way that waiting to see was. (Applause.)

Another masked gentleman, who was understood to be "Callisthenes" of Oxford Street, now rose to make a few useful suggestions. He said that as the only journalist who wrote what was practically the leading article in four evening papers every day, he surely was entitled to speak with some authority. The question was how to get it into the country's head that England's only chance for recovering her self-respect and winning the War was to cry stinking fish? (Loud cheers.) Well, the best way was to keep on saying it in and out of season, His experience had taught him that everything will bear saying not merely three times, but three thousand times and three.

Mr. AMERY said it was ridiculous to suppose that any Cabinet Minister wished the War to end or England to be victorious. The contrary was an axiom on which the whole future of his political creed was based. One had but to look at them to see how flabby and vacillating they were and how devoted to the pickings of office.

Mr. HOGGE said that the Chairman in his opening remarks had disregarded one of the most valuable media for spreading the blessed news that England was at her last gasp, throttled by place-hunters and parasites. That was the variety stage. It was wonderful what a good comic song could do. He had heard one only the night before, in which its singer had been vociferously applauded at the end of a verse which stated that there were now no German spies in England because they had all been naturalised and given War Office clerkships. That was the kind of home truth which the public appreciated and even paid their money to hear. There could not be too many songs of that kind.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that another way was to induce publishers to issue new and amended editions of those popular writers who had been betrayed by impulsiveness or short-sight into eulogies of England. He remembered several such unfortunate outbursts in the works of the national poet. There was, for example, that ill-balanced utterance of the dying JOHN OF GAUNT in praise of our little isle; but of course one could not expect the intellect to be at its best just before dissolution. Still, they would all agree that SHAKSPEARE would be the wholesomer without that passage. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then put the resolution to the meeting and it was carried unanimously. In bidding the gathering farewell the Chairman impressed upon them that their rule of life should be a constant and voluble mistrust of our leaders. It should be a point of honour with them to deny that the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY could possibly know anything about the Navy, or wish it to succeed; that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could possibly know anything about finance; or the PRIME MINISTER have the elements even of common intelligence. (Loud cheers.)

The meeting then broke up singing either "For they (the Cabinet) are wholly bad fellows," or "Fool Britannia, Britannia's fooled and slaved."

Fashions for Fathers.

"The bride was given away by her father, who was daintily gowned in a pale blue silk dress, with veil and orange blossoms lent by the bride's eldest sister."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Very often it happens that a blank space is seen in the press, especially in the *Sheung Po*, the organ of the Seventy-two Guilds. It is surprising to see to-day's issue of that paper. A space, about one and a half feet long and six feet wide, is vacant. Only five words remain in that space, namely, 'Taken away by the Censor.'"—*South China Morning Post.*

Some of our censors should go to China. They would have real scope there.

"The French Government emphatically and categorically denounce as lies many statements made in the German official reports on the fighting in the Verdun theatre. Although, they say, the Germans usually travesty the truth, they have not before issued such fragrant lies."—*Provincial Paper.*

Their offence is rank; it smells to heaven.

DRESS "AS USUAL."

(A Protest from Mr. Punch.)

[The National Organising Committee for War Savings has issued an appeal against extravagance in women's dress.]

CERTAIN ladies—just a section
Of our spindle side—
Swerving in a wrong direction,
Dress have deified;
And, as incomes grow more slender,
Bring discredit on their gender
By refusing to surrender
Fashion for their guide.

Most of England's wives and daughters
Play a noble part,
In the very deepest waters
Never losing heart;
Danger and privation braving,
Nursing, helping, toiling, slaving,
Thinking vastly more of saving
Than of looking smart.

Highly-paid officials slate us,
Dwelling on the ills
Which infallibly await us
In our empty tills;
But these frenzied fair ones, furious
In the quest of the luxurious,
Still pursue a most injurious
Cult of frocks and frills.

True, our Ministerial teachers
Fail us in the fight,
For the practice of the preachers
Sins against the light;
Still "Two Wrongs"—for so the sages
Crystallize the lore of ages
Gathered at successive stages—
"Do not make a Right."

Birds of Paradise are grateful
Under skies serene;
But the human type is hateful
On a tragic scene;
When the outlook 's drear and cloudy
Punch would rather see you dowdy
Than extravagant and rowdy
In your dress and mien.

True simplicity is tasteful;
Think before you spend;
Woeful want attends the wasteful
In the bitter end;
You who, when the world is mourning,
All remonstrance lightly scorning,
Only think of self-adorning,
Sadden *Punch*, your friend.

Let Sleeping Birds Lie.

"Someone had said it was 'far better to have the birds driven over one than to have to wake them up.'"—*Scottish Paper.*

"The Council of the Poetry Society has confirmed the appointment of Mr. Galloway Kyle as acting editor of the 'Poultry Review.'"

Now that official action has been taken we may expect an increase in the number of lays.



Exhilarated Visitor (leaving Club). "THE FELLER WHO CAUGHT THAT FISH 'S DEM LIAR."

EYE-WASH.

(A Military Episode in Two Scenes.)

SCENE I.—*The outskirts of a wood. Time, during an inspection of our Battalion "at its duties."*

Second-Lieutenant Wood *and his platoon are erecting a wire entanglement. To them enter* Second-Lieutenant Brown *in great excitement.*

S.-L. Brown. I say——

S.-L. Wood. Run away, dear. No time for you. Brass hats expected in large numbers.

S.-L. B. I 've lost my platoon.

S.-L. W. Have you looked in *all* your pockets, Freddy?

S.-L. B. I sent it up under the Sergeant, and he must have mistaken the place, strafe him! And I told the Adjutant I 'd be the other side of this wood, doing Visual Training, when the General came round.

S.-L. W. (impressed at last). My hat, you 're in for it! Look out, here they come.

[Second-Lieutenant Brown *fades into the landscape.*

Enter the General *and the* C.O., *with* Staff-Captain, Adjutant *and* Sergeant-Major. *The Platoon labours on and takes no notice.* Second-Lieutenant Wood *comes to attention and salutes. The* General *remarks on the fine physique of the men, inspects the wire entanglement and explains how*



Tommy (home on leave). "COME ON, MISS, HURRY UP WITH THE LIFT! I'VE ONLY GOT FIVE DAYS."

he used to do it when he was a subaltern. Private Hogg, *a recruit unused to Generals, stands gazing awestruck, but catches the* Adjutant's *eye and gets on feverishly with his work. The cortège passes on, and the platoon heaves a sigh of relief and stands easy.*

Re-enter Second-Lieutenant Brown.

S.-L. W. Go away, my good man; we've nothing for you.

S.-L. B. I say, like a good chap——

[*They confer earnestly.* CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*The other side of the wood. Time, two minutes later.*

Enter Second-Lieutenant Brown *at the double with* Second-Lieutenant Wood's *platoon. He hurriedly gets it to work at Visual Training.*

Enter General, *with suite as before. The platoon carries on, taking no notice.* Second-Lieutenant Brown *comes to attention and salutes. The* General *praises the appearance of the men and explains how Visual Training was taught before the Crimean War. The* Adjutant *suddenly recognises* Private Hogg *and develops a nasty cough.*

The General (to C.O. as they move away). But do you think, Colonel, that either of those smart young officers of yours would keep their heads in a sudden emergency?

[*The* Adjutant *restrains a natural desire to wink at the* Sergeant-Major.

CURTAIN.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

I.—KINGSWAY.

WALKING on the King's Way, lady, my lady,
Walking on the King's Way, will you go in red?
With a silken wimple, and a ruby on your finger,
And a furry mantle trailing where you tread?
Neither red nor ruby I'll wear upon the King's Way;
I will go in duffle grey with nothing on my head.

Walking on the King's Way, lady, my lady,
Walking on the King's Way, will you go in blue?
With an ermine border, and a plume of peacock feathers,
And a silver circlet, and a sapphire on your shoe?
Neither blue nor sapphire I'll wear upon the King's Way;
I will go in duffle grey, and barefoot too.

Walking on the King's Way, lady, my lady,
Walking on the King's Way, will you go in green?
With a golden girdle, and a pointed velvet slipper,
And a crown of emeralds fit for a queen?
Neither green nor emerald I'll wear upon the King's Way;
I will go in duffle grey so lovely to be seen,
And Somebody will kiss me and call me his queen.

"The depression in northern India has continued to travel eastwards and is to-day affecting north-east India.

Forecast: Some rain in the submarine districts of north-east India."

Amrita Bazar Patrika.

It's a wet life anyhow, and submarines were made to be depressed.



ARMLETS AND THE MAN.

Mr. Punch (*to attested married man*). "SO YOUR COUNTRY CALLS ON YOU SOONER THAN YOU THOUGHT. I CONGRATULATE YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, March 14th.—Ministers as they passed through Palace Yard on their way to the House shuddered as they observed a long, black, wicked-looking motor-car, shaped like a torpedo. In this machine Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING, the new Air-Member for East Herts, had done most of his electioneering. Now he had arrived to take his seat and, rumour said, to make his maiden speech. Would the Front Bench survive it?

If the new Member could have jumped straight from the steering-wheel into the Chamber, and with his eloquence still at white-heat have got his fulminating message off his chest, strange things might have happened. But fortunately or unfortunately the procedure of the House discourages these dramatic effects. For nearly an hour he had to wait and listen to Ministerial replies to questions which he must have found painfully trivial.

Even when the weary catechism was at last over there was a further delay. With great lack of consideration for the dignity of East Herts the PRIME MINISTER had been so careless as to catch a bad cold, and was not in his place. On his behalf, therefore, Sir EDWARD GREY made a statement regarding the entry of Portugal into the War. The gist of it was that the most ancient of our Allies has acquired a good-sized Fleet at no expense to herself, and that Germany is confronted by a new enemy in Africa.

At last the new Member was called upon to take his seat. Belonging to no party he could not, of course, enjoy the usual official escort to the Table. But, like another young man in a hurry who in somewhat similar circumstances preferred scorpions to whips, Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING seemed quite satisfied with the ministrations of Mr. RONALD MCNEILL and Sir HENRY DALZIEL.

Dispensing with the usual period of rest and refreshment, he assumed his seat immediately after shaking hands with the SPEAKER. Who knew but that Mr. LOWTHER, recognising the anxiety of Members to hear the latest War news from East Herts, might call him at once?

Routine, however, was too much for romance. For an hour or more Mr. TENNANT rambled over the wide field provided for him, but without stumbling upon anything very fresh or startling, unless indeed it was the discovery that "Intelligence is a very delicate matter." This occurred in the course of a protracted description of what was being done to protect the country against air raids. The organisation of the anti-aircraft defences was now complete for London and was approaching completion for the country. But—Mr. TENNANT hastened to add for Mr. BILLING's benefit—the standard would be still further raised when more material was available.



THE HUSTLER FROM EAST HERTS.

MR. PEMBERTON-BILLING INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO MR. TENNANT AND MR. BALFOUR.

When he was in the Government Mr. HOBHOUSE was not less economical of information in his official utterances than any of his Ministerial colleagues. Now that he is out of it he is all for full disclosure. Why had Mr. TENNANT said nothing of Gallipoli or Salonika, Loos and Neuve Chapelle? Why, if we were allowed to know that three million goatskins had been provided for the Army, might we not know how many men were going to wear them? In his view the result of the East Herts election was due to the Government having kept Parliament in the dark.

At last the stage was clear for Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING, who, considering how long he had been kept waiting, made a creditable *début*. He had, it is true, no startling revelations to make, or, at any rate, did not make them. His principal point was that we must exterminate the Zeppelins, and that we had aeroplanes enough and pilots enough to do it now. He would be delighted to introduce Mr. TENNANT to the men and the machines, while as for bombs he was prepared to lay them on the Table of the House. For a first performance it was quite good, even if not entirely equal to the advance-billing.

Wednesday, March 15.—I am rather surprised that none of the evening papers had the enterprise to come out to-night with a contents bill bearing the words—

"GREAT ATTACK ON PORTSMOUTH,"

for the legend would have been not only startling but unusually accurate. The House of Lords assembled this afternoon in the expectation of hearing important statements from the Earl of DERBY and Earl KITCHENER on the recruiting crisis. What it was at first compelled to listen to was the Earl of PORTSMOUTH giving his views on the Anglo-Danish Agreement. With dogmatic ponderosity he declared that the Agreement was losing us the friendship of the other Scandinavian countries, that it was not preventing goods getting into Germany, and that it ought to be abrogated forthwith.

I doubt if any of the Peers present had ever heard anything like the castigation which the Marquis of LANSDOWNE administered. Where did the noble Earl collect the kind of information that he had seen fit to pour forth? He seemed to have swallowed a lot of stories purveyed by people who were no friends to this country. There was not a word of truth in the suggestions he had made, and the Government, far from abrogating the Agreement, intended to maintain and develop the policy on which it was based. It was a great pity that the noble earl should have identified himself with an agitation that was neither wise nor patriotic.

Lord PORTSMOUTH'S family name is WALLOP; this afternoon he lived up to it.

At the present moment Lord DERBY is perhaps the most prominent man in the country next to the PRIME MINISTER.



Officer (handing despatches). "NOW, MIND. IF YOU 'RE CAPTURED WITH THIS YOU MUST EAT IT."

Yet he is not a member of the Government. When to-day he rose from the Opposition benches to defend his conduct as Director-General of Recruiting and inspirer of the PRIME MINISTER'S famous pledge to married men, he illustrated the anomaly by the remark that, while he was doing his best to get that pledge fulfilled, Lord SELBORNE, who was a member of the Government, had been telling the farmers that he (Lord DERBY) did not speak with authority.

Later he did a second turn—this time in his capacity as Chairman of the Joint Air Committee. Quite the most satisfactory part of his reply was the announcement that Lord MONTAGU himself had consented to become a member of the Committee. It is, of course, contrary to all the traditions of the British Government to give a man a job which he understands already. But in war-time even the most sensational experiments must not be ruled out.

Thursday, March 16th.—The House of Commons is so constructed that no matter how often the party-system is expelled it will always return. In spite of the Coalition, or perhaps because of it, the old strife of Whigs and Tories has revived, though the lines of cleavage are quite different from what they were.

The new Tories are the men who believe that the War is going to be decided by battles in Flanders and the North Sea, and would sacrifice everything for victory, even the privilege of abusing the Government. The new Whigs are the men who consider that the House of Commons is the decisive arena, and that even the defeat of the Germans would be dearly purchased at the cost of the individual's right to say and do what he pleased.

Naturally these latter object to the shortening of the Parliamentary week, and to-day they took a division on the subject. Into the "No" Lobby flocked a motley crew—the champions of the single men who don't want to fight at all, the upholders of the married men who protest against being called upon to fulfil their engagement until every single "*embusqué*" has been dragged out of his lair, and, paradoxically enough, the universal conscriptionists who would force everyone to serve, but are opposed to piecemeal compulsion. The Government carried their point easily enough by 128 votes to 67, but evidently have to reckon with a new concentration of forces which may be more dangerous in the future.

When the House of Commons passed the Bill prohibiting duelling it ought to have made an exception in favour of its own members. Nothing would have done more to raise the tone of debate, for offenders against decorum would gradually have eliminated one another. This afternoon, for example, Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD twitted Mr. HOGGE with sheltering himself under the patriotism of a soldier stepson, and Mr. HOGGE retaliated with the suggestion that Sir HAMAR ought to be with his regiment. A hundred years ago this would have meant a meeting in Hyde Park and a possible vacancy at Sunderland or East Edinburgh. To-day it merely brought a rebuke from the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.

Again, in the days of our rude forefathers Sir JOHN SIMON would have felt constrained to send a challenge to Mr. WALTER LONG. The late HOME SECRETARY had delivered an attack upon the Government which Mr. LONG declared would be heartily welcomed in Berlin. For a much less serious accusation than that the Duke of WELLINGTON called out Lord WINCHILSEA. Sir JOHN SIMON has no such resource, and must continue to suffer under the imputation—a little consoled, no doubt, by the companionship of Mr. HOGGE.

"YOUNG LADY, competent, WISHES DRIVE TAXI, commercial or private car; preferably a doctor; advertiser has had three years' surgical training."—*Provincial Paper.*

She should be useful, whatever happens.

AT THE PLAY.

"KULTUR AT HOME."

EACH of the authors—Mr. RUDOLF BESIER and Mrs. JOHN SPOTTISWOODE—has personal knowledge of the home-life of the Bosch; and their excellent sketch of Prussian manners might have served usefully as a warning to us if we could have seen it a few years ago. But at this time of day, after nineteen months' experience of the enemy, I doubt its utility as a source of illumination.

It would be futile to represent the Prussian officer as an angel in the house, for we have long since learned to know him as a devil in the field. And it is almost as futile to picture his prodigious self-conceit, his vile taste in dress and furniture, his conjugal infidelity, his habit of treating his womenfolk as menials, since these vices are human and venial in comparison with what the War has revealed. Anyone might easily hazard the conjecture that the murderers of Belgium had never entertained too fastidious a respect for womanhood; and after the destruction of Louvain and Ypres it is mere bathos to insist that the perpetrators of these outrages against art had previously cherished a Philistine affection for antimacassars and plush sofas.

A common difficulty with me when I witness stage tragedies arising out of a marriage of uncongenial types is to understand how the couple ever came together. And so here, when the English girl, *Margaret Tinworth*, in face of poverty and parental disapproval, marries a Prussian officer in a small garrison town, and then finds all sorts of unbearable conditions in her surroundings, one asks oneself, and fails to discover, what kind of glamour he had cast over her that most of these conditions, already patent enough in the society in which she had moved, had contrived either to escape her notice or to appear tolerable. True, she had gone to Germany to find release from the solitude of a motherless home, where an unsympathetic father had no attention to spare from his art treasures; but, with so admirable an aunt as *Lady Lushington* to chaperon her in her own country, it was not easy to see why she must needs resort to exotic consolation.

However, I do not propose to set my judgment up against that of the authors, male and female, in regard to the credibility of her taste in men, since, after all, the heart of a woman is a thing past finding out. But I do venture to dispute the reasonableness of her ultimate attitude in conditions where this enigmatic organ was not directly concerned. For you are to understand that in the Third Act the brutality of her husband and the insults hurled at England, which she was expected, as a Prussianised wife, to approve, had become more than she could bear; and in the last Act we find her in a Luxembourg hotel on her way home to England under the care of *Lord* and *Lady Lushington*. It is the 4th of August, 1914; Germany has declared war; German regiments are marching through the town; England has not yet spoken. The girl is in grievous doubt as to whether she ought



GERMAN FRIGHTFULNESS REPULSED.

Lieutenant Kurt Hartling . . Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY.
Margaret Tinworth . . Miss ROSALIE TOLLER.

not, in the changed circumstances, to return to her Prussian home. One could easily appreciate her attitude if she had argued, "I am German by marriage; though I have lost my love for my husband it is my duty, when he is risking his life for his country, the country of my adoption, to go back and watch over his home for him." But that was not her argument; her argument was that England — the England that she had so stoutly defended against German ridicule and contempt—had been false to her honour as the sworn friend of France, and that it was her business to go back to Germany and eat humble pie. Whatever the audience may have felt about these reflections on the conduct of England, they must at least have been irritated by the fantastic improbability of the girl's motive. Very fortunately at this juncture the voice of the paper-boy is heard in the street conveying the thrilling news of our tardy entry into the quarrel; and a glad *Margaret*, having recovered her respect for her native land, consents to return home to it.

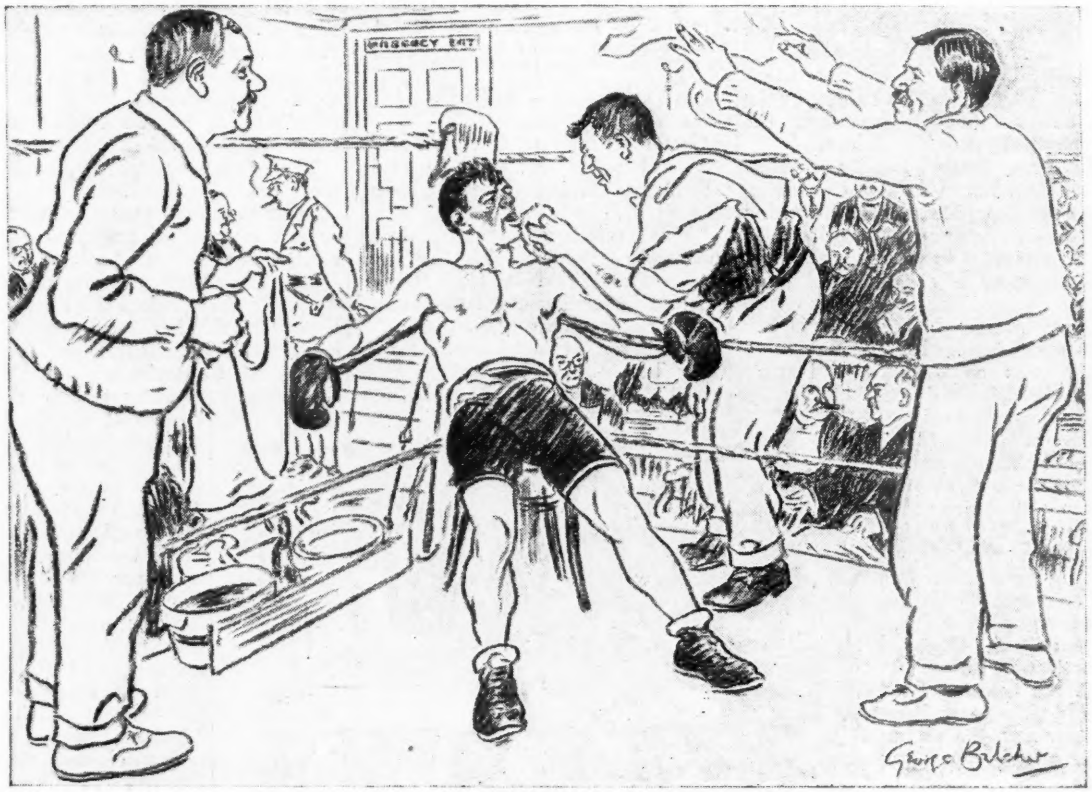
Miss ROSALIE TOLLER played the part with great charm and sympathy, and with a lightly-worn grace and dignity that were pure English. Serving as a foil to her in taste and deportment and social tradition, the *Elsa Kolbeck* of Miss DOLLY HOLMES-GORE was extraordinarily German—a quite remarkable performance.

Miss MARIANNE CALDWELL as *Frau Major Kolbeck*, the hostess of *Margaret*, made a most lovable drudge; and Miss DORA GREGORY had no difficulty in showing how the wife of a Prussian Colonel, though in her husband's eyes her main purpose in life may be to minister to his inner man, can wield an authority little less than that of the All-Highest over the wives of the regiment. Female society in the little garrison town was further represented by Miss MAY HAYSACK and Miss UNA VENNING, who played, with more than enough vivacity, a brace of giggling flappers, very curious about the more private portion of the bride's trousseau.

Miss VANE FEATHERSTON, as *Lady Lushington*, had too little to do, and did it most humanly; and Mr. OTHO STUART illustrated with a very natural ease the kind of simple friendship, as between a man and a woman, which it takes an Anglo-Saxon intelligence to understand.

The officers, though there might have been more of the blond beast about them, were sufficiently Prussian, and Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY, as *Margaret's* husband, indicated with much precision the change in the behaviour of a German gentleman, after marriage, towards the lady he has consented to honour with the thing he calls his heart.

Apart from the one or two doubtful points which I have referred to, the play went well, though it seems a pity that so much insistence should have been laid upon the lack of culture (English sense) in households where the strictest economy was essential. One was conscious of a rather painful note of vulgarity in the attitude of *Margaret's* father, where he sniffs at the sordid environment of her German home. Impecuniosity is of course a prevalent trouble among German officers in small garrison towns; but one would have preferred that if bad taste in dress and furniture had to be ridiculed the laugh should have been at the expense of a richer society. Finally,



Optimistic Second. "KEEP IT UP, BILL; YOU'RE WINNING!"
Boxer. "WELL, IF I'M WINNING, JIM, THE OTHER POOR BLOKE MUST BE COPPING SOMETHING."

I wonder a little that the authors, who must have known better, should have helped to perpetuate the popular misconception by which the German word "Kultur" is regarded as the equivalent of our "culture." O. S.

"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA."

No well-fed person need ever quite expect to understand one of Sir J. M. BARRIE'S mystery plays at a single sitting. That's one of his best trumps, of course. But it always seems to me that, like so many writers of genius, he never quite knows what are his best and what his poorest things, and just tosses them to us to sort out for ourselves. In this new instance, to work off a piece of strictly professional criticism, it is clear that both prologue and epilogue are much too protracted. It is a sound dramatic canon, which not even our most brilliant chartered libertine of stage-land can flout with impunity, not to keep your audience in too long a suspense while preparing your salient theme, nor, after quickening their interest and firing their imagination, to chill with the obvious or distract with the irrelevant.

Sir JAMES'S *Cinderella* is maid-of-all-work to the housekeeper of a retired humourist turned painter (Mr. O. B. CLARENCE), a vague peppery sentimental old bachelor with an ideal of which a full-sized cast of the "Venus di Milo" stands for symbol in his studio. *Cinderella* is dumpy and plain (that is the idea which Miss HILDA TREVELYAN tries loyally but without much success to suggest to us), but she has the tiniest possible feet. Regretfully admitting the superiority of Venus's "uppers" she takes heart of grace, knowing from history how important in princely eyes is her own particular endowment. She is always asking odd questions, such as "why doctors ask you to say ninety-nine" and tailors measuring gentlemen's legs call out "42—6; 38—7." She also has a queer *penchant* for stealing boards, betrays some connection with a firm, Celeste et Cie. of Bond Street, and knows some German words. Which concatenation of facts justifies the old bachelor in consulting a friendly policeman (Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER). Bond Street turns out to be a mean street, Celeste et Cie the name under which *Cinderella* trades, dealing in medical treatment, shaves, friendly counsel or dressmaking all at a penny fee. Also she keeps in a Wendyish sort of way a *crèche* for orphan babes in boxes evidently made of the borrowed boards.

Our policeman, coming to work up his case, loses his heart. But *Cinderella's* mind is preoccupied with her ball. Ill from overwork and underfeeding, she wanders into the street, falls faint—and dreams her ball. Whereupon our authentic magician, coming to his own, lifts a curtain of her queer little mind and gives us an all too short glimpse of the state function, with an *h*-dropping, strap-hanging King and Queen out of a pack of cards; their disdainful Prince, who is none other, of course, than our policeman done into a bewigged *Monsieur Beaucaire*; a moody and peremptory Peer, *Lord Times;* the Censor (black-visored, with an axe); a grotesquely informal Lord Mayor; a bevy of preposterous revue beauties with their caps set at the Prince, against an all-gold background with the orphans babbling in a royal box above the throne. Of course you have the heroine's belated entry, her triumph

and her abrupt flight, and the voice of the distraught Prince crying after her, which is of course the voice of her own policeman, who finds her and takes her to hospital. Then convalescence in a cottage (alleged, really a palace) by the sea and the final declaration of the "romantical" policeman's love.

Sir JAMES banked heavily on Miss HILDA TREVELYAN as his *Cinderella*. The English tradition of manufacturing parts to fit your players, instead of training players to create your parts, was never more shrewdly followed. She was most adorable in the exquisite business of arranging the offer of her policeman's hand. Mr. DU MAURIER'S bobby was as delightfully honest, plain-witted, heavy-booted and friendly a fellow as ever held up a bus or convoyed a covey of children across a street. But as the Prince, who was "so blasted particular," he had a chance of showing that rare talent for the grotesque which no part has given him since his inimitable *Captain Hook*. I wish indeed we could see more of him in this rich vein. *Mr. Clarence* was the vague old gentleman (or the vague old gentleman, *Mr. Clarence*) to the life. Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, as the hospital doctor, bullied her patients and probationers in the approved manner of medical autocrats of the gentler sex. An excellent *Lord Mayor* (Mr. LYSTON LYLE), an irrepressible wounded Tommy by Mr. A. E. GEORGE and an aristocratic probationer by Miss ELIZABETH POLLOCK, were notable performances. Many others also ran—and ran well. The piece should do the same. T.

Kennel Companions.

"LADY wishes join another in dogs' boarding home; trial first as paying guest."
Bournemouth Daily Echo.

"The wedding was a quiet one. The bridegroom's party, who motored from Colombo, were met some distance away from the Walauwa by a procession of forty-five elephants, dancers, etc., and was conducted to the bride's residence, where they were welcomed. Shortly after the arrival of the bridegroom's party, a wedding breakfast was served, seventy-five sitting down to a sumptuous repast."—*Ceylon Observer.*

We wonder how many elephants, dancers and guests are required for a noisy wedding, This, we note, was a quiet one.

THE GREAT PETITION.

["A notice has been received by parents whose sons are at Rugby School that, owing to increased cost of living, an extra week's holiday is to be given in the Easter vacation so that boarding-house masters should not feel the strain."—*Letter to "The Daily Mail."*]

Chapman major put down *The Daily Mail* and looked round No. 11 study. "Think of those Rugby blighters having all the luck," he protested.

"These prices will ruin old Dabs, and a jolly good job. The old beast needs ruining." This from Dyson, occupied in writing out two hundred Greek lines (with accents).

"The Head," said Chapman major, "may be a beast, but he's a bally patriot. He swishes twice as hard on a day when the War news is bad. I felt the fall of Namur more than anyone in England. What do you chaps say to getting up a petition to him stating that under the distressing circumstances we are ready to make sacrifices and give up two weeks' school?"

"Rot," cried Dyson. "Hundred-and-seventy more to do before call-over. I'd rather go on ruining Dabs."

But even Dyson, when once his lines were finished, caught the infectious spirit of patriotism, and, like the rest, appended his signature to the following prose composition from the laborious pen of Chapman major:—

"To the REV. THE HEAD MASTER,—Whereas the Great War for the liberties of Europe involves sacrifices from all, and the rise in prices must cause considerable difficulties, hitherto endured with noble self-effacement, to housemasters, We, the undersigned, feel that a corresponding sacrifice on our part is necessary, and respectfully pray that we may be permitted to give up two weeks of the Easter term, thus allowing ourselves more time for war-work in our respective homes and relieving our house-masters from an overwhelming burden."

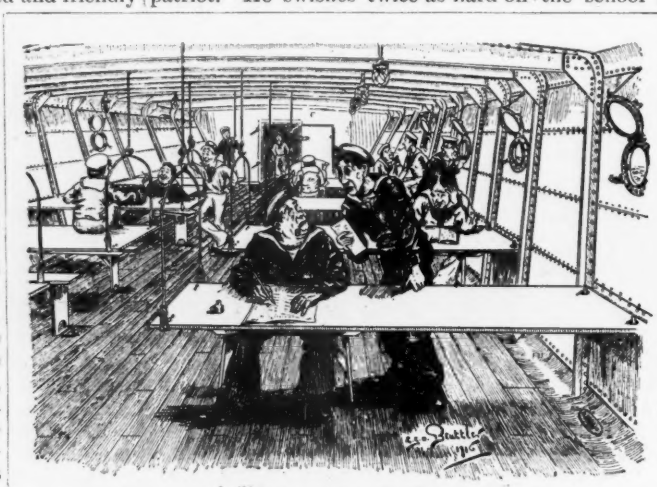
The petition was formally handed to the Head.

For two days he gave no sign. Then on the morning of the third day he arose to address the school:—

"In the dark days through which we are passing, when the liberties of Europe tremble in the balance ("Hear, hear," from Chapman), it gratifies me very much to receive a petition from the school suggesting that in consequence of the financial strain there should be a prolongation of the customary Easter vacation. It pleases me to see that the financial responsibilities of the house-masters are appreciated by their charges. Would that our Government had the same patriotic horror of extravagance! However we must consider the *post-bellum* conditions. All the intellect of England will be needed after the War ("Double holiday task," prophesied Dyson). Yet I feel that steps must be taken on the lines of your petition (an enthusiastic friend here patted Chapman on the back). So, after consultation with the house-masters, I have arranged that in future only two courses will be served at dinner, and that there will be a reduction in the number of breakfast dishes. Thus without your being handicapped in the intellectual contest your laudable and patriotic desire to reduce expenses will be met. I may repeat that your consideration for your house-masters, who perform useful and necessary functions, has gratified me."

Number 11 study that night was barricaded against all comers. A howling crowd in the corridor was demanding the blood of Chapman major.

"Didn't I tell you to keep on ruining Dabs?" said Dyson. "Now the old beast will be wallowing in Exchequer Bonds bought out of our sausages and suet."



Engineer-Storekeeper (dictating). "TWO GROSS FIRE BRICKS."
Stoker (writing). "TWO GROSS FIRE B—R—I—X."
Engineer-Storekeeper. "'B—R—I—X' DON'T SPELL BRICKS."
Stoker. "WELL, WOT DO IT SPELL?"

Daylight-Saving.

"Cook-General Wanted . . . Comfortable home . . . No washing or windows."
Morning Paper.



Irish Sentry (placed, to enforce an order, on road which is shelled by enemy whenever used by a body of men). "YE'LL HAVE TO WAIT, SORR, FOR SOMEWAN ELSE TO GO WID YE BEFORE YE CAN PASS ALONG HERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EVEN those who have overloaded their shelves with books about the War must, I think, find a place for *From Mons to Ypres with French*, by FREDERIC COLEMAN (SAMPSON LOW). It is a most remarkably vivid and varied record of the writer's experiences, set down in a very simple and direct style, without the least effort at flummery and high-falutin. I can speak for one reader at any rate on whom it made a very deep impression. Mr. COLEMAN is, by his own account, an American and an automobilist. Those who get his book will judge him, by the unadorned account of what he did, to be a man of great courage and modesty, with an imperturbable shrewdness and a humour proof against all dangers and disappointments. Driving, as he did, a motor-car for the British Headquarters, and in particular for General DE LISLE, he saw as much fighting as any man need wish for and had magnificent opportunities of forming a judgment on the effects of German shell-fire. There is a pathetic photograph of his car hit by a shell outside Messines. I have spoken of the simplicity and directness of Mr. COLEMAN'S style; he himself describes his book as a plain tale. It has, indeed, that kind of plainness which in dealing with enterprises of great pith and moment has a peculiar brilliancy of its own. The account, for instance, of the Cambrai—Le Cateau battle, with all its vicissitudes, is extraordinarily graphic and interesting, and the story of the charge of some fifty men of the 9th Lancers against more than twice their number of German Dragoons of the Guard stirs the blood as with the sound of a trumpet. Delightful too is the narrative of how Major BRIDGES found two hundred completely exhausted stragglers seated despairingly upon the pavement of the square at St. Quentin, and how by means of a penny whistle and a toy drum he got them to move and brought them eventually to Roye and safety. Altogether a capital book.

A Great Success (SMITH, ELDER) is about a new-risen literary star, *Arthur Meadows*, his loving, unbrilliant wife, and a coruscating society lion-huntress, *Lady Dunstable*. Having heard this much, you will hardly need to be told that *Lady D.* takes up the author violently, that he is dazzled by the glitter of her conversational snares, and that the story resolves itself into a duel between her ladyship and (I quote the publishers) "the wife whom she despises and tries to set down." Nor are you likely to be in any uncertainty about the final victory. This is brought about, with the assistance of the long arm of coincidence, by *Doris*, the neglected wife, finding herself in a position to prevent her rival's unsatisfactory son from contracting matrimony with a very undesirable alien. *Doris* indeed, and another female victim of *Lady Dunstable* (also deposited on the scene by the same obliging arm), get busy unearthing so various a past for the undesirable one that she retires baffled, epigrammatic brilliance bites the dust, and domesticity is left triumphant. It is a jolly little story, very short, refreshingly simple, and constructed throughout on the most approved library lines. If the writer's name were not MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, I should say that she ought to be encouraged to persevere, and even recommended to try her hand next time at something a little more substantial.

Let me recommend Mr. ROTHAY REYNOLDS' *My Slav Friends* (MILLS AND BOON) as a corrective to Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S *Holy Russia*, which I prescribed some while ago with faint reservations. Both writers set out to interpret our mysterious ally to us. Mr. GRAHAM always looks through a rosy-tinted monocle. Mr. REYNOLDS takes the road of balanced appreciations, candour and kindly humour—unquestionably more effective in the matter of making sincere proselytes. He has produced a fascinating book, discreetly discursive—a book that seems to let you into the real secrets of a people's soul. He believes in the sincerity of Russian promises to Poland, and claims that the Poles share his belief, but he does not pretend that this most unfortunate of nations has no grievances against its suzerain. I wonder whether our perverse Intelligences are capable of making the deduction that, if the progressives in Russia can forget their quarrel with reaction for sake of our great common cause, they themselves might mitigate some of the severity of their anti-tsarism. Mr. REYNOLDS has much that is to the point to say about the good old British legends of darkest Russia now chiefly kept going by third-rate novelists and unscrupulous journalists. He makes it clear that, though there is much to change, changes are coming as fast as they can be assimilated, indeed even a little faster. Finally I wish that those who control the destinies of our theatre might read what is written here of the traditions of the stage in a country where the drama is an art, not a mere speculation.

Despite its name there is a simple directness about the theme of Mr. WARWICK DEEPING'S *Unrest* (CASSELL) that I found refreshing. *Martin Frensham* was a dramatist, and the fortunate possessor of an adoring wife, a charming home and a successful reputation. So quite naturally he grew bored with all three. Then there came on the scene one *Judith Ruddiger*, a widow, with red lips, who drove a great touring-car with abandon, played masculine golf and generally appealed in *Frensham* to the elemental what-d'-you-call-'ems. So these two decided to plunge into the freer life by the process of elopement. I was a little disappointed here. There had been so much chat about the Big Things that I had expected a rather more expansive setting to their adventure than Monte Carlo, followed by a round of first-class hotels. Moreover *Judith* had a way of addressing her companion as "partner," which emphasised her wild Western personality to a degree that must have been almost painful at a winter-sports' resort full of schoolmasters. So I was hardly at all astonished when before long *Frensham* grew more bored than ever. Meanwhile the adoring wife (whom the author has sketched very sympathetically and well) had refused to divorce him; and so in the long run—well, you can see from the start where the long-run is destined to end. But you will probably not like a pleasant tale the less for this. Mr. DEEPING certainly has courage. There is a scene or two in which he takes his amazonian *Judith* to the very edge of bathos. "She could shoot straight with a pistol, and proved it by bringing a revolver to the summer-house, and making *Frensham* hang his hat on the rail-fence that ran along the wood." Rough wooing for timid dramatists! I couldn't resist picturing how the late Mr. PÉLISSIER would have handled this situation.



Contributor to "Poet's Corner" in country paper. "I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO CHARGE SOMETHING FOR MY POEMS NOW THAT PAPER HAS GONE UP."

I wonder whether EVELYN BRANSCOMBE PETTER just decided that her novel could not be up to date without a German spy and so forth, or whether she really set out to do her bit for the War by commenting on the Teutonic idea of honour. Anyhow, one must admit that her *Gretchen Meyer* is drawn with rather uncommon skill, even if her subterranean mental processes are never exactly elucidated in *Miss Velanty's Disclosure* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Though educated in England and dependent, to their misfortune, on English friends for maintenance, there always lurked in *Gretchen's* attitude of impartial selfishness a certain muffled hostility to the ways of this country, and particularly to an objectionable habit she found in us of placing an exaggerated value on straightforward dealing. This culminated in a quite gratuitous, and indeed even insane, demand on the man who for his sins was in love with her that he should surrender either his English ideal or her. That he did as wisely as honestly in letting her go and be d——d to her, I for one had no doubt, nor I think had the authoress, for, although she could never quite forget that *Gretchen* was her heroine, endowing her with a kind of beauty and even baldly labelling her attractive, it is really, on the whole, a designedly repulsive person she has presented to us. Though an interesting study in Teuton perfidy and certainly better written than the columns of most evening papers, I can hardly recommend the book as a restful change from that class of literature.

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON has invented a gentleman of the road, *Dick Ryder*, of whom his publishers, METHUEN, confess themselves very proud in that nice way they have. Armed with a bodkin and a barker he rushes and tushes his way through life, slitting weasands and dubbing every cully he meets a muckworm in the pleasant idiom current (so I take it on faith) in the time of our second JAMES. I should have been more impressed with this hero's feats in the first few tales of *As it Chanced* if they had been in the very faintest degree plausible. Never surely were such preposterous fights, in which the whole action of a score of desperate opponents is completely suspended while the redoubtable one brings off his splendid stunts. I gratefully remember once having been helped through a dull day by *The House on the Downs*. Unless memory gilds my judgment the author put some reasonable amount of invention into that. But these collected tales are rather indifferent pot-boiling if you are to take any other standard but that of the gallery's formula for yarns of adventure. Perhaps, "as it chanced," my war lunch did not agree with me. But anyway I really cannot quite honestly commend this volume to any but the most stalwart of Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON'S many loyal friends.



Fond Mother. "ANYTHING IN THE PAPER, DEAR?"
Wage-earner (not unkindly). "NO, MA—NOTHING YOU COULD UNDERSTAND."

CHARIVARIA.

"HIS seventy-one years sit lightly on Mr. GIBSON BOWLES," says the Special Correspondent of *The Evening News*. No doubt Mr. BOWLES has some good reason for permitting this familiarity, for he is not a man to be lightly sat upon.

* * *

"In particular," says a report on the resources of German East Africa, "the President of the Silk Association has just directed attention to the wild silk of the anaphe worm." The animal referred to is, of course, the great two-horned silkworm discovered by Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, before whose furious charges, according to the report of natives, even the elephant will give way.

* * *

A telegram from Rome states that it is generally believed that Admiral TIRPITZ resigned because he could not take the German Fleet out. Others again maintain that it was because he could no longer take the German people in.

* * *

It was recently stated in a Parliamentary Report that verminous uniforms had been purchased by the Government for the sum of £2,650 and immediately resold for £400. The difference is accounted for by the fact that they were sold as going concerns.

* * *

A white rook has been observed at Boston Road, Brentford, and a local ornithologist writes to say that the bird is probably an accidental straggler from King's Bishop's Fourth.

* * *

"To-day in many English homes," says a patriotic contemporary, "alien birds are carolling all unconscious of their countries' doom." One had independently noticed how the modulated flutings of the Turkey buzzard had taken on a mournful tone.

* * *

"It is not unusual for horses to go to sleep as they walk along," said a sagacious coroner last week. How often in the old four-wheeler days, when we were going *ventre à terre* from Buckingham Palace to the National Liberal Club, conversation was rendered impossible by the snores of the flying steed.

* * *

The price of admission to Kew for perambulators is 3*d*. on ordinary days, 1*s*. on student days. The extra charge has been found necessary because of the fact that large numbers of horticulturists, in order to escape military service, have taken to travelling in these vehicles.

According to the author of *In a College Garden* "it is not advisable to encourage any but educated ladies to become gardeners." It is always pleasant to note the extent to which a simple thing like a potato will recognise and respond to gentility in those who associate with it.

"The Italian Ambassador opened the exhibition of the Royal Society of Brush Artists at the society's premises in Suffolk-street."
Evening Paper.

Mr. Punch welcomes the implicit admission that there are others.

"What is needed is that we should have on each of the main lines of our overseas communications at least one ship that is faster than anything else afloat." — *Manchester Guardian.*

Is it not extraordinary that the Admiralty should never have thought of this simple device?

From a theatre programme:—

"All the Male Members of the above Company are either attested under Lord Derby's Scheme, or are otherwise Ineligible for Service."

The erroneous impression that to be attested is the short road to ineligibility has evidently spread from the platform to the stage.

FOR THEY ARE JOLLY POOR FELLOWS.

[The fine example of patriotism shown by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge throws into painful relief the action of some of the obscure remnant, including College Fellows, who have excused themselves from service or adopted an attitude of superior detachment in relation to the War.]

You Intellectuals of Cam and Isis,
Pale phantoms in the dawn of Freedom's light,
And you that in this hour of England's crisis
Haven't the conscience (or the heart) to fight;

You cosmopolitans without a country,
Who go aloof on philosophic quests,
Sucking the fruit of knowledge from the Hun-tree
And spiritual milk from alien breasts;

False to that Brotherhood, who for the splendour
Of a great cause, with gallant hearts and gay,
Of youth and youth's high promise made surrender,
Because their courage knew the nobler way;

I envy not your chance on their returning;
When, scarred with war, they come from overseas,
There should be trouble in those Seats of Learning
Where you sat tight and took your pedants' ease.

Short shrift you 'll get for your convenient scruples;
Conducted thither where the wet stream winds
You shall receive as elementary pupils
An object-lesson good for little minds.

Somewhere about the Guts of Cam and Isis,
May I be well in front to see you then
Taught by immersion what the local price is
To pay for being prigs instead of men. O. S.

PHILOGAMUS.

(*A Socratic Fragment.*)

". . . It is plain, therefore," said Socrates, "that the man whose soul is afflicted with illness will desire above all things to have it cured as quickly as possible, and for this purpose he will submit himself to one who understands the curing of souls. So far, I think, we are agreed, are we not?"

"Yes, indeed," said Agathon, "that would appear to be the wisest course."

"Then why," said Socrates, "do we find that men who are generally eager to be cured of an ague are indisposed to take care of their soul when it is manifestly suffering? You yourself have declared that your soul is sick within you, yet you consult nobody and take no steps."

"Nay, nay, Socrates, I cannot allow you to catch me like this. Perhaps I spoke thoughtlessly when I mentioned my soul just now. Certainly I had not intended that you should tie me up with your questions and draw conclusions which it was impossible for me to foresee."

"Then I suppose the fault must be mine, for in truth I had not designed to catch anyone, least of all yourself, my dear Agathon. But we will defer the consideration of the matter to a more favourable time, for I see Philogamus approaching and, if we may judge by the outward signs, he seems to be, as one might say, in a terrible state."

Hereupon we turned to observe Philogamus, to whom indeed something painful and calamitous must have happened, for his garments were disarrayed and his hair was unkempt, and anger was seated upon his frowning brow, and he was muttering to himself and calling the gods to witness that he was unjustly treated and that no such misfortune had ever before happened to any other man; and he was beating his hands wildly together and was forgetting to salute his friends. Seeing him thus distraught Socrates plucked him by the sleeve as he passed and addressed him.

"Hail, Philogamus," he said, "what great misfortune do you announce to us? Have the Barbarians at last seized upon the Piræus, and are they even now marching irresistibly on the Acropolis? Are you sent out to summon us to arms? Here are a few of us who will join with you, laying aside even their most pressing private business, and will help to defend the State and themselves to the last gasp. Only do you deliver your message and let us know."

"This," said Philogamus, "is no moment for laughing, though in laughter, O Socrates, you are always easily first, as they say, and the rest nowhere. But have you not heard what has happened?"

"No," said Socrates, "and we much desire to know. I can speak confidently for myself, and Agathon here is, I am sure, in a fever of impatience."

"Listen, then, and, by the gods, you shall be made aware of an injustice that calls for immediate redress. They are even now on the point of calling up the married men to go to the War."

"That is very interesting; and what do the married men say to it?"

"What do they say?" shouted Philogamus. "They say they will not go unless, according to the promises of Darbius and Ascuthius, all the unmarried men are taken first;" and he began once more beating his breast and glaring with his eyes like a dog who has been for long without water.

"Softly, my good friend," said Socrates, "softly. As to the promise, I know it is being rigidly kept. All the willing single men are gone or going, and the unwilling are being compelled to join as quickly as is possible. What more can be done?"

"Something ought to be done."

"That is very true," said Socrates; "something ought always to be getting itself done, and the something at this moment is that the Barbarians ought to be beaten. But tell me, with regard to the married men, are they not concerned in the safety and welfare of the State?"

"That, indeed, they are," said Philogamus; "none more so."

"In that case why do they hang back and complain when the State declares that its safety and welfare demand that they should be ready to go? Because one here and there has concealed himself, is it for you, a married man, to retire when by going you might help to thrust back the Barbarians? Are you one of those that are called the attested ones?"

"Yes, that I am," said Philogamus, proudly displaying his brown armlet with the red crown.

"Then it is you, as it appears to me, who have given a pledge and made a promise, and that promise, I am sure, you will fulfil to the best of your ability. When the time comes it is for you to go at once and not to weary the market-place with empty noise and murmurs of complaint. For remember this: the man who has taken a wife and has brought up children under the State's protection owes more, if it be possible . . . ."

(*Here the fragment ends.*)

From a description of the German CROWN PRINCE:—

"Before the war he liked to imitate the English, and posed as a German megalomaniac."—*Daily News.*

Yes, we believe there were some English like that—before the War.



THE MARKS OF THE BEAST.

Imperial Beggar. "PITY A POOR WAR-LORD WHO HAS LOST HALF HIS MEN, AND MUST HAVE MORE MONEY IN ORDER TO LOSE THE OTHER HALF."

THE SCOTTISH REEL THING AT LAST.

Now that Sir J. M. BARRIE has shown us the Transatlantic kinema man's idea of the perfect *Macbeth*, it is up to the purveyor of American films to retaliate by presenting one of his plots for ordinary stage performance in the Kirriemuir manner. Here and there an inadvertent touch of Western colour may be anticipated.

SCENE.—*Kensington Gardens. The* Heroine—*oh, the little love!*—*is taking a dander round the "Keep off the Grass" boards. Her feet are bare, and this is probably the reason why from time to time she dances among the trees. In the background the* Hero, *wearing a divided kilt, rides about on a horse. Having thus given the audience time to settle, the play starts.*

Heroine (*perceiving* Hero). Gee! there 's that rube I met up North. Sic a bonny lad too! (*sighing sadly*). But he hasna' much siller, I 'm sair misdootin'. Guess there 's no twelve-pound look about *him*.

Hero (*dashing up and dismounting*). Wal, I wanter know. Say, ain't you the peach I useter see from my window in Thrums?

Heroine (*coyly*). Havers!

Hero (*not to be outdone*), Dagont!

[*She strolls away with her chin in the air, her shoes and stockings in her hands, and the famous red light in her eye. She goes behind a tree, and the* Hero, *thinking she has retired there to greet sadly, follows to console her. However, he discovers that she is merely resuming her footgear, and he retreats modestly.*

Hero (*rolling his eyes wildly to denote love*). A snod bit lassie, that. I mean to say—I—ay! Juist so! Ay, ou ay!

Heroine (*returning with her shoes on*). For the love of Mike—I mean Losh keep 's!—are you still here?

Hero. That 's so. I wanter put you wise about me. I ain't no boob, as you seemter think. You can bet your rubbers on that. Maybe you 're thinkin' that I 'm but a puir laddie. Wal, let *me* tell *you* you 're guessin' wrong. I 'm an author—I do writin' stunts. And if I don't swell around in new pants all afternoon it 's only because I have to keep all my cheques among the crumbs in my tobacco pouch. I *have* to do it. All the best Scots writers do it. We call it Arcadian Mixture.

Heroine. Guess that rollers out the course of true love some. But let *me* tell *you* there 's another feller after me—a puir feckless body of a villain. And, Losh preserve us, here he comes!

[*The* Villain *enters. He looks rather like a revue-producer who has seen better nights. The* Hero, *overcome by bashfulness at being discovered in conversation with a female, conceals himself behind his accent.*

Villain. See here, gal, you just gotter marry me.

Heroine. Shucks! I should say, Dinna blether, ma mannie.

[*The* Hero *creeps cautiously out of ambush.*

Villain (*caressingly*). I have always loved my little Mary.

Hero (*subtly ironic*). Imphm! Imphm! Ou ay, imphm!



Voice through telephone (*to officer dragged up from the first sleep he 's had for two days*). "THOUGHT I 'D BETTER REPORT, SIR—WE 'VE JUST GOT THE CONSIGNMENT OF FOOTBALLS UP."

Villain (*surprised but finding a way*). Oh, the dears! oh, the darlings!

Hero (*bewildered*). What 's all that blatherskite, any old way?

Villain (*privily drawing bludgeon*). It was Snecky Hobart who never went to kirk again after they substituted tin plates for the usual cloth collecting-bags.

Hero (*perplexed and off his guard*). Guess you 've gone bughouse, sonny. I mean, I 'm no quick in the uptak'——

Villain. Are ye no? (*brandishing bludgeon*). Well, I *am!* (*He fells the* Hero *senseless to the ground*). And noo, lassie, I can sorter concentrate on you.

Heroine (*in the most ladylike way*). Help! oh, help!

Villain. Say, you don't seemter freeze on to me, somehow. But you must and shall be mine! Come awa', lassie.

[*He seizes her and she resists. Meanwhile the* Hero, *who fell on to a clump of genuine thistles, makes a superbly-rapid recovery from his unconsciousness.*

Villain (*pausing to mop his brow*). Say, you 'll get my goat for sure if you kick up like this, lassie.

Heroine. Gee! That 's a great idea. If only Peter Pan's goat——

[*The* Hero, *inspired, crawls away unnoticed.*

Villain (*preparing to renew the struggle*). Lassie, I 'm quite sweered o' you. There 's an awesome look in your eye. And can ye no be more ladylike in your fechting? Remember whose heroine you are.

[*He again strives to bear her off. The* Hero, *having broken off a couple of branches and affixed them to his head—a little trick he learned from the Admirable Crichton—now returns disguised as a goat. He rushes at* Villain, *who flees and scales the park railings. But his overcoat collar catches in the spikes, and he hangs suspended and helpless. In that position he slowly starves, and dies inconspicuously as the* Hero *and* Heroine *finish the play.*

Hero (*extending his arms*). Say, is it a deal? I mean, will ye ha'e us, lassie?

Heroine (*with little wells of gladness in her eyes*). It 's a cinch. Guess you 're Mr. Smart from Smartville. Ay, I 'm thinkin' I 'll tak' you. But you men are fickle callants—that 's what every woman knows. Come awa' and let 's find a little meenister at once.

Hero. Oh, joy! oh, rapture! oh, rosy rapture! [*They embrace and exeunt.*

The Audience. Hoots!

CURTAIN.

Journalistic Anticipation.

"THE COMING GREAT SEA BATTLE. EXCLUSIVE PICTURES."

"*Sunday Herald*" *Poster.*

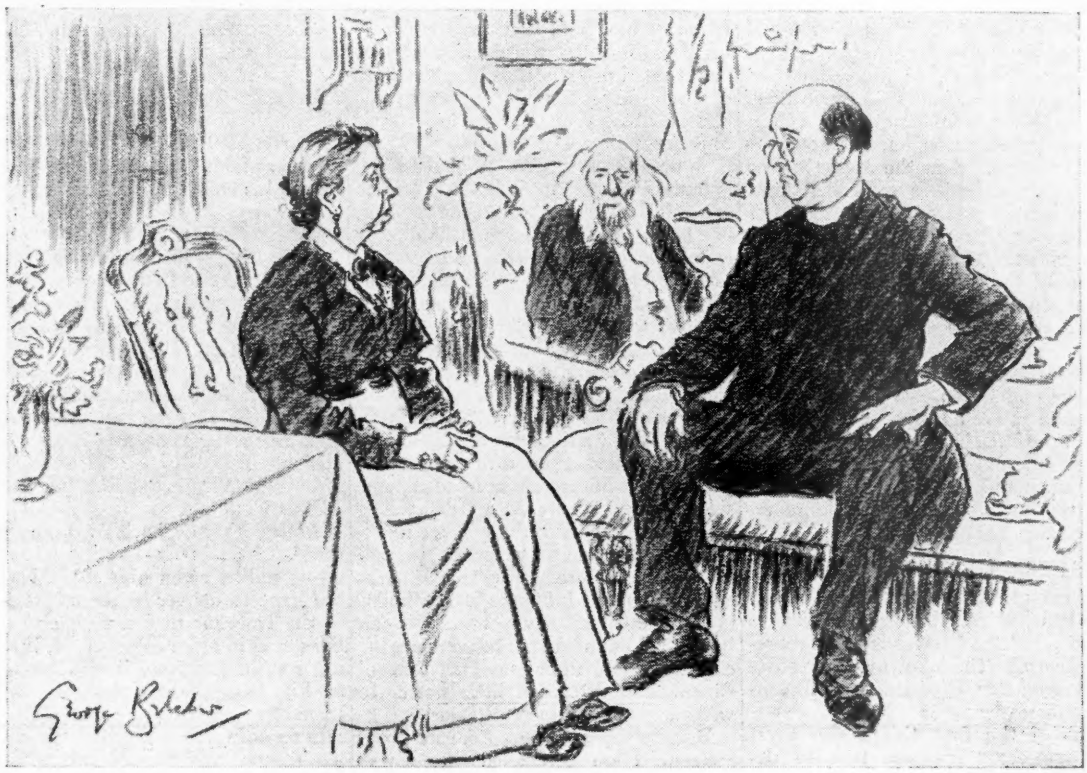
The Kaiser and the declining Mark.

A new version has recently been discovered of the old Pickwickian inscription:—

+
BILST
UM
PSHI
S. M.
ARK

It runs as follows:—

HISMA
RKS
TUM
PS
BIL



The Vicar. "THESE SALONIKANS, MRS. STUBBS, ARE OF COURSE THE THESSALONIANS TO WHOM ST. PAUL WROTE HIS CELEBRATED LETTERS."

Mrs. Stubbs. "WELL, I 'OPE 'E 'D BETTER LUCK WITH 'IS THAN I 'AVE. I SENT MY BOY OUT THERE THREE LETTERS AND TWO PARCELS, AND I AIN'T GOT NO ANSWER TO 'EM YET."

AT THE FRONT.

THE subtlety of the Military mind beats and will beat me to the end. Yesterday we lived in a row of earthen dwellings in a depression in the ground, which anyone might be excused for referring to, if not as trenches, at least as dugouts. These alone of all the marvels of military engineering I have observed during the War admitted of being shelled with equal exactitude from due in front and due in rear; and water seemed to have been laid on throughout. Taking all these things into consideration some Authority labelled them, once for all, "Billets."

Last night we moved into a commodious cellar of a house which still leans against the next. It is only five minutes from town, and tramlines pass the door. Nay more, they stop abruptly at the door—such are the improvements effected by R.E. Inside the cellar are three bits of chairs, a table-top on boxes, and an inimitable ancestral smell that no deodorizer known to modern warfare can cope with. And all this is called "Trenches!" Our servants do their best to support the official illusion by neglecting to clean our boots and regarding with surprise and some little sadness any tendency on our part to wash.

But you must not imagine that life here is all honey. Even here we do a bit for our eight-and-sixpence. Every evening there comes down from the front line a report that our men there want more food. A stricter or less beneficent C.O. than ours might at once institute a court of inquiry into what has happened to all the food we gave them last night. But not so with us. "The boys want food," he says to the Adjutant, "and, by Heaven, the boys shall have it."

No sooner said than handed on to someone else to do. The Adjutant works off a little bit of his strong personal dislike for me in a note, couched, if you please, in the most friendly terms, intimating that he has raised heaven and earth to get me off, but the C.O. insists that I (as the only competent officer for the task) shall supervise the conduct of our rations to the front, middle and back lines to-night. He adds that the Intelligence Corps report that information received from deserters leads us to suppose that Fritz intends to strafe all roads and communication trenches in our sector to-night.

The carrying party is supplied by a sister battalion, and makes the night thoroughly well acquainted with its views about a unit that can't supply blanks to carry their blanked rations for their blanked selves. Sometimes a second or a third trip may be necessary, and then the carriers' patriotic fervour expresses itself in terms almost potent enough to do the carrying for them. For some reason or other the R.E., who design material for our porterage, consider its end and not its portability. Their special line of ready-made wire entanglements would entangle a hippopotamus; and when it comes to carrying one a mile-and-a-half you find it has no wheels, no handles, and simply won't fold up into the pocket. The usual procedure is for a man or two to roll on one of these barbed-wire death-traps until they are well stuck on them and then crawl to the point of delivery.

Sometimes, of course, we have acci-

dents. Last night, for instance, two men were proceeding (by the way the great point about being a soldier is that you never walk, run or otherwise ambulate—you proceed, or proceed at the double, which of course is much nicer for you)—yes, were proceeding, one at each end of an entanglement, along the top of a slope, when the leader missed his footing altogether and rolled down to the morass below. The second, after a brief struggle, followed with the entanglement. This movement involved not only the man behind, who was bearing a footboard, but also the remainder of the section. The entire avalanche was precipitated on to the leaders, and remained there struggling like the population of a fly-paper until a squad arrived with wire-cutters. When the R.E. heard of it they wanted the episode published in Corps Orders as a testimonial. But what the men wanted done about the R.E. I dare not tell you.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CINEMALAND.

A DISTINGUISHED neutral observer, who has just returned from a visit to Cinemaland, has furnished our representative with the following interesting account of his experiences and conclusions.

One of the first things (he says) that impressed me was that in the great cities of Cinemaland there is, outwardly at least, little or no sign of scarcity. On the contrary, at the various hotels and restaurants, as well as several private entertainments that came under my observation, a note of almost wanton luxury appeared to be aimed at. Evening dress is worn whenever possible, and the costumes of the ladies are invariably the last word in ultra-fashionable extravagance. Food is as yet obviously plentiful; what is not consumed being frequently flung about, especially by the humorous elements of the population, and wasted with reckless prodigality.

In spite however of this ostentation signs are not wanting that the true condition of the country is increasingly precarious. Crime of all sorts is rampant. Judging even by what I myself witnessed within a short period, the detectives of Cinemaland must all be working overtime. Quite recently a gang, under the leadership of a ruffian who elected to be known as The Clutching Hand, made large sums of money by working upon the terrors of its victims.

Another significant symptom is that respect for law and authority as such appears to be almost non-existent. The police force of Cinemaland is a body of men who are most of them of conspicuously full habit. I can vouch for it that the appearance of these officials is almost invariably greeted with derision; and should they (as frequently happens) incur physical maltreatment or other misfortune in the exercise of their duties popular sympathy is almost always on the side of their opponents.

A notable exception to this feeling is found in the attitude of the populace towards their chosen ruler, the Emperor, or Film-Lord, Charlemagne-Chaplin. It is only fair to record that recent spectacular (and carefully stage-managed) appearances of the monarch have been greeted with every demonstration of unswerving loyalty and affection.

More significant perhaps to an outside spectator is the undeniable fact that the Wild Western portions of Cinemaland are to-day in a state of turbulence bordering upon anarchy. The Cowboys, who are its chief denizens, would seem, so far as my experience goes, to spend their entire time in exploits of murderous violence; though here (as elsewhere among this remarkable people) the influence of sentiment is often unexpectedly potent. It can hardly be doubted that a populace so emotional and ill-balanced as that of Cinemaland will have little power to withstand the strain of disaster.

Despite my apparent freedom from restraint I am persuaded that I was kept under the observation of a number of uniformed officials during the whole course of my stay in Cinemaland; and I am bound to confess that my departure, which was made under cover of darkness, was not unattended with a sense of personal relief.

PARABLES FOR BOSCHES.

ONCE upon a time there was a Father who was devoted to his child. He fed it and nursed it and watched it grow and gave it toys to play with—both soldiers and boats. Also he made it promises that some day he would extend their house and garden until no house and garden were bigger. Every year he took it to the top of a high precipice and showed it beautiful lands and water which should some day be theirs.

The child had heard this promise so often that it used to ask, "When? when?" And always the answer was, "Some day, some day."

And then at last the day came, and the Father took the child to the high precipice yet once more, but behold it chanced that they both fell over and were smashed, the Father hopelessly and the child very, very badly, so that it would for long years or perhaps for evermore be a cripple.

ONE OF OUR ALLIES.

SOMEWHERE in France—no, let me be bold and say in Paris—there is a young French soldier named Charles. Less than two years ago he was a plumber and whole; to-day he has but one arm, his left; the other and a piece of his shoulder with it having gone in saving his country from the foe.

Charles is shy and very modest, and no bigger than so many French youths—he is only twenty-two—with dark-brown hair and blue eyes with very black centres, and a moustache that never succeeds in looking more than three weeks old. Being, however, brave, he does not let his maimed condition unduly trouble him, but runs his errands (all that he can now do) and whistles as he runs, and is glad to be alive at all, instead of dead, as so many of his comrades are and as his Colonel is, as I shall tell.

At the Front Charles's duties were these. A despatch—a *pli*, as they call it—would be given him either back of the lines to deliver in the trenches, or in the trenches to deliver back of the lines, and in order to get there, if fighting was in progress, it was necessary for him to crawl for perhaps one or two kilometres on his stomach. On a certain day of intense activity, Charles in his trench was handed one of these critical missives for the commanding officer, who was a kilometre or so behind, and this he placed in his satchel and then began the hazardous journey.

No one ever knows when the supreme moment of his life is coming; nor did Charles, but it was then.

This being a terrific day—as a matter of fact it was during the famous battle for the Maison du Passeur, when the French and Germans were losing and retaking trenches for hours—he had to crawl all the way, only to come suddenly upon the body of the commanding officer himself stretched dead in a carrot field.

To Charles's mind there was then but one thing to do, and that was, as he had been unable to deliver the message, to take it back to the sender. He therefore started on the return journey, and was only a few yards from his trench, and still un-hit, when he found a wounded officer on the ground. Here was a new problem, but necessarily having to stand up and throw aside all precautions, Charles got him as well as he could on his back and, still un-hit, half carried, half supported, him to the trench, and was at once away again with his despatch. It was at this moment that an exploding shell hurled the satchel from his hands and flung it on the open ground



Patriotic Scots Lady (patrolling Victoria main-line station to assist any of her stranded countrymen arriving from the Front). "CAN I HELP YOU IN ANY WAY?"

Perplexed Scot. "THANK YOU, MAM. IS THE TOON FAR FRAE THE STATION?"

between the French trenches and the enemy's, which were here separated only by a few yards. At any cost the despatch must not fall into German hands, and Charles, who miraculously had not been injured by the explosion, began instantly to climb out of the trench to recover it, and this in spite of a sergeant, who called to him to keep under cover. But Charles, having one idea and one only, and that was to save from the foe the despatch that had been entrusted to him, succeeded in reaching it and securing it; and then came another shell that shattered his arm.

That is all he remembers; but he must have rolled back to the bottom of the trench, where he was found, two days later, still clutching the satchel. And after that, although he remembers the coffee he was given to drink, all is a haze until he came fully to himself in hospital and found that no longer had he a right arm.

Such is the story of Charles's effort for his country.

Now I do not claim for Charles that he is any braver or has a finer sense of duty than many another French soldier; but this I know, that when he recovered he was summoned to the Invalides to receive not only the *Croix de Guerre* but the *Médaille Militaire* with the palm, which corresponds to our Victoria Cross, and that now, although, having left the Army, he no longer wears uniform but merely such poor civilian clothes as he can afford as a messenger, when he walks along the Boulevards—which he does as seldom as he can, so shy is he—there is not an officer, seeing the ribbons on his coat, who does not salute this little plumber with as much punctilio as though he were General JOFFRE himself; and, blushing crimson, Charles returns the salute.

"Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to have gone for inspiration to contemporary characters, and now in 'Tasker Jevons' it is difficult not to find the lineaments of a well-known writer."
Evening Standard.

Quite so: and Miss MAY SINCLAIR made *A Great Success* of it.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

II.—KING'S CROSS.

King's Cross!
What shall we do?
His purple robe
Is rent in two!
Out of his crown
He 's torn the gems!
He 's thrown his sceptre
Into the Thames!
The Court is shaking
In every shoe—
King's Cross!
What shall we do?
Leave him alone
For a minute or two.

III.—BISHOPSGATE.

Bishopsgate Without,
Bishopsgate Within!
What a clamour at the gate,
O what a din!
Inside and outside
The Bishops bang and shout,
Outside crying, "Let me in!"
Inside, "Let me out."



"LOOK HERE, CONFOUND YOU! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY YOUR 'DISCLOSURES'? THERE'S NOTHING HERE THAT WASN'T IN THE MORNING PAPERS."

"I'M SORRY YOU'RE DISAPPOINTED, SIR. AT THE SAME TIME I MUST POINT OUT TO YOU THAT MY CONNECTION WITH THE PAPER GIVES ME ABSERLOOTLY NO INFLUENCE WITH THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT."

THE ADJUTANT.

In that great Room which military error
Has miscalled Orderly (for it is not,
But full of tumult and debate and terror,
And worried writers growing rather hot,
For ever floundering in seas of chits
And forms and counterfoils and wrathful writs),
Alone unfevered mid the storm he sits
And tells them all exactly what is what.

Who so alert to solve the frequent riddle,
To judge if Jones should have his train-fare free,
Whether the band requires another fiddle,
And which is senior, Robinson or me?
Who shall indite such circulars as his
To Officers Commanding Companies
About their musketry, or why it is
So many men take sugar in their tea?

And when at times he shuns the sacred table
And like some eagle swoops upon parade,
Men mark his coming and there bursts a babel
As with new zeal the subalterns upbraid,
Lecture and illustrate, and on the right
Form sullen squads, and hope they 're being bright—
Save those white-livered ones who at the sight
Hide their commands in some convenient glade.

For he is terrible; and few folk relish
The words of doom which shake his diaphragm;
Yet is the heart of him not wholly hellish,
But in his playing-hours he's like a lamb;
And who 'd have said that one so skilled to strafe
And, when I err, too truculent by half,
Could own so rich, so rollicking a laugh,
Would see so well how humorous I am?

Yet if with leave unasked I quit the barrack,
Ever behind I dread that he will call,
Speed up the street in some avenging Darracq
Or on the Underground retrieve his thrall;
Nor in my home can quite escape the spell
But freeze with horror at the front-door bell,
For fear the parlour-maid may speak my knell,
May knock and say that *he* is in the hall.

And, sleeping, still I have to brook his blusters;
A monstrous Adjutant is always nigh
At dream-reviews and endless dreamy musters,
Laden with lists and schemes and syllabi;
And, though he find no failing anywhere,
But all are present and correct and fair,
I never fail to make the fellow swear,
I always seem to catch his horrid eye.



TO THE GLORY OF FRANCE.

VERDUN, FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1916.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FUNK-HOLES FOR MINISTERS.

DESIGNED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST RAIDS BY OUR AIR-EXPERTS.

Tuesday, March 21*st.*—Returning from Westminster this afternoon I stumbled in Whitehall upon a Member whom I had not seen in his place this Session. "Going down to the House?" I asked. "What, is it sitting?" he replied; and then it appeared that he was just home on short leave after working hard "somewhere on the Continent," and had no present interest in political controversy. As I reflected on a speech I had just listened to, it occurred to me that the attitude of some of the stay-at-home Members towards the War is much the same as that of my hon. friend towards the House. "What, is it still going on?"

If the Germans were in occupation of the Black Country, if Oxford were being daily shelled, as Rheims is, and if with a favouring breeze London could hear the dull rumble of the bombardment, as Paris can, I wonder if Members would still be encumbering the Order-paper with the sort of trivialities that now find place there.

An exception may be made in favour of Mr. JOE KING. He has discovered a little late in the day that a war is going on in Europe, and that it affects a little country called Belgium, whose neutrality was guaranteed by the Powers. He was anxious to know whether Belgium had formally renounced her neutrality, and was no doubt greatly surprised to learn from Sir EDWARD GREY that, owing to one of the guaranteeing Powers having invaded her, Belgium had become a belligerent.

I do not know whether Mr. PRINGLE was in the House when this announcement was made. But if so it evidently created no impression on his mind. In the debate on the Army Estimates he followed Captain TRYON, who had delivered an urgent appeal to the Government from the text, "A strong Army and a shorter War." Mr. PRINGLE'S ideal is just the reverse. In his view the Army is too big already, and is taking too great a toll from our industrial and commercial population. The great men who won the Napoleonic War—after twenty-three years—had not a big army; and the consequence was that, while it was going on, British trade expanded by leaps and bounds. To-day, owing to our disastrous military policy the demands upon our tonnage were so heavy that people had to go short of sugar and tobacco. Let us conserve our resources and be ready to dictate terms when Germany has been financially ruined. When Mr. PRINGLE at last sat down after three-quarters of an hour of this sort of thing I longed for ten minutes of Mr. BALFOUR at his best. But he was not present, and Mr. LONG was so much occupied in defending the Government against the charge of having broken faith with the married men that Mr. PRINGLE never got the trouncing he deserved.

Wednesday, March 22*nd.*—One of the most cherished beliefs of the House of Commons is that upon the Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill anything under the sun may be discussed. Colonel YATE was justly surprised, therefore, when the SPEAKER ruled that he was out of order in criticising the Indian Government for its conduct of the Mesopotamian Expedition, and advised him to reserve his remarks for the Indian Budget discussion—equivalent in these times to the Greek Kalends.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was surprised too, but, regardless of the ruling, proceeded to make a carefully-prepared reply to the speech which the hon. and gallant Member had not been allowed to deliver. He frankly admitted that there had been a lamentable breakdown of the hospital arrangements, but steps had been taken to improve them, and a telegram from General LAKE showed that the treatment of the men wounded in the recent engagement was satisfactory.

Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING essayed another and a longer flight to-day, but had a good deal of engine trouble. His

Parliamentary friends ought to have warned him that the House does not care to listen to a man reading extracts from his own leading articles, however prophetic they may have been; that the constant reiteration of a phrase such as "I would like to suggest, Mr. SPEAKER," soon becomes tiresome, and that to call somebody else "the De Rougemont of the air" is to invite the *tu quoque*. Members became more and more impatient as the orator became more and more dogmatic; and when he rhetorically demanded the name of "one man to whom we could turn to solve the problem" they derisively chorused, "BILLING!" Mr. TENNANT, recognising the feeling of the House, did not spend much time in refuting Mr. BILLING's wild assertions, but devoted most of his speech to replying to Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS, who had pleaded that the East-Coast towns should be more promptly warned of approaching air-raids. He had personally investigated the arrangements and was positively "staggered" at "the wonderful network that had been set up," and he invited Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS to come with him privately and share his amazement. Mr. ELLIS GRIFFITH was not convinced. He thought that there were still too many strands of red tape in the network, and reiterated the hope that the DERBY Committee would soon develop into a Ministry of the Air.

Thursday, March 23rd.—A distressing report in the papers this morning, that the *Galloper* had been blown up by the Germans, made the friends of Sir FREDERICK SMITH anxious. Had he, on one of his periodical visits to the trenches to see Friend WINSTON, stumbled across an enemy mine? Happily the report was grossly exaggerated. The *Galloper* was only a light-ship, and had not been destroyed by the enemy but merely withdrawn by the Trinity House; and on the Treasury Bench this afternoon there was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL very much alive.

Mr. TREVELYAN had a motion on the paper condemning the administration of the Defence of the Realm Act, and in support of it produced a sheaf of cases, in which he said the Government had abused its powers. Among other acts of vile oppression they had ravished from her home, on September 1st, while her father was away shooting partridges, and had subsequently interned without trial, a young lady against whom no charge had been formulated. It sounded very dreadful, and someone called out, "Is this a Russian case?"

Then arose Sir F. E. SMITH, and with a few forensic gestures demolished the house of cards that Mr. TREVELYAN had so laboriously erected. Most of his cases were out of court because they had already been in court, the decisions he impugned being those of the magistrates. As for the daughter of the partridge-slayer she was an associate of a notorious German spy, and had come back from Switzerland with a message for one of his agents. As her case had been fully considered by the late HOME SECRETARY he suggested that Mr. TREVELYAN should talk to him about it.

This was the most pungent speech of the afternoon. The most amusing was that of Mr. GINNELL, who kept the House in fits of laughter for ten minutes while in his most rasping tones he jerked out epigrams against "this thing calling itself a Government." The Coalition was described as "two poisons blended, which could not make a wholesome drink." Never before has he had such a success. I only hope it will not turn his head and encourage him to attempt conscious humour.



Veteran (instructing "Bantam" in his duties as sentry). "YOU LOOK OVER THERE—THERE'S THE GERMANS. DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THEM—*THEY* WON'T 'URT YOU. BUT YOU WATCH THOSE BLINKING RATS. *THEY*'LL GET YOU BY THE BACK OF THE LEG AND PULL YOU OFF THE BLOOMIN' FIRE-STEP IN NO TIME!"

"THE WORLD AT WAR AT —— THEATRE ONLY."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

We are relieved to find that the area of conflict has been so much restricted.

FROM SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA.

WE have just returned from another of those little expeditions which are becoming almost a habit with the —— Frontier Force when in search of an enemy whose discretion is only rivalled by that of the German High Seas Fleet.

We moved out four days ago with all the pomp of war—horse, foot and guns, ambulances and long trains of transport waggons, the fierce vivid fighting of the desert before us. We rode seventeen miles that day and camped at some wells. As we rolled ourselves in our blankets round the camp-fires to rest for the glorious contest of the morrow our hearts should have been filled with dreams of undying fame. But we were really wondering when the squadron transport would arrive with our porridge and sausages for breakfast.

Next morning we were in the saddle by 3 A.M., and after some ten or twelve hours of unbroken and undisputed progress we captured two Arab shepherds in charge of as many as eight sheep. This *succès fou* was the cause of justifiable satisfaction.

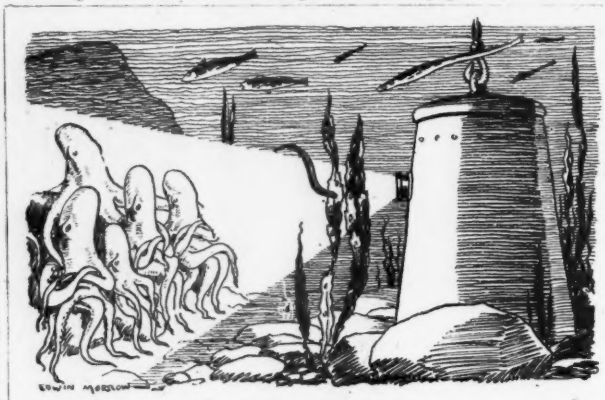
In the first place we scented liver and bacon for breakfast. In the second place it seemed to promise a settlement of the long-standing dispute between me and the General. The General has a preposterous theory about the existence and hostility of a vast number of mythical Arabs in our immediate neighbourhood. Now this is obviously absurd. With the exception of three palm-trees, which belong to us, there is nothing but sand for about two hundred miles in all directions, and even an Arab cannot subsist entirely on sand. Of course, if there were any Arabs near us, they would be so enraged at finding themselves at a spot two hundred miles from anything except sand that they would be violently hostile to anyone, especially to the people who had engaged the only three palm-trees in the neighbourhood. But it is their existence that I dispute with the General. It is true he took a most unfair dialectical advantage, about a fortnight ago, by having a large battle. But my contention is that the enemy on this occasion were merely orange-sellers from the nearest town, hired by the General for the purpose of argument.

These two shepherds, however, did seem to support his theory of the existence of Arabs, but as to their hostility there was still room for doubt. They were both extraordinarily old and unbelievably dirty. Also they were, as was very natural, extremely frightened. Seeing that they knew themselves to be the only living people for quite a number of miles round, it must have appeared to them that the entire —— Frontier Force had come out solely for the purpose of capturing them, and that, as it had ridden some forty miles to do it, it would not be in a good temper. It was therefore rather hard to judge of their hostility, because as soon as they were confronted with the General and the interpreter they gave one yell of "Allah!" and fell flat, face downwards, in the sand, from which position they refused to move. They would not even budge when the interpreter took all their clothes off with a view to searching them. They probably thought this was merely a preliminary to skinning them. When they were finally induced to speak, I believe they were understood to say that we were the first men they'd seen for eight years. I don't wonder they were frightened. If you have lived all your life all alone in the middle of a howling desert with Grandfather it's a very frightening thing when a complete Frontier Force marches forty miles for the sole purpose of capturing you.

But the day's excitement was not over yet. Towards evening I took my troop off at a gallop in person and captured a camel. It was a very young camel, hardly bigger than a sheep on stilts, and it cried like a child at the sight of me. This, I hope, was not so much due to my frightful appearance in my red moustaches as to the fact that it had probably never seen a man at all (not being eight years old), let alone an army.

The curious aversion which it conceived for my moustache threatened to hold up the entire Frontier Force for the rest of the day, for it would neither be led nor driven. Fortunately, however, we had a very black Soudanese camel-driver with us as guide, and he came and spat at it, which soothed it considerably, and it followed him like a lamb. We got it back to camp next day and it is tied up near my tent. It has apparently made up its mind to waive the moustache question, and we now spit at one another in the friendliest fashion whenever I pass. I hope in time to train it to bring up my bath-water in the morning from the three palm-trees.

Later.—The camel was the last episode of the campaign, and we returned to —— yesterday. The total bag of a four days' expedition was sheep, 8; shepherds, 2; camel, 1. The human section was subsequently released on the grounds that their political views were satisfactory.



A WELL-KNOWN OCTOPUS FAMILY, HAVING HEARD OF THE UNDER-SEA PHOTOGRAPHY, DECIDES TO POSE.

ON THE MENACE OF HOME-BAKERY.

["Women *can* bake bread if they will. It is much easier than trimming hats."—"*Housewife*," *in* "*The Daily News*."]

Aminta, be not led away
By words that sanguine women say;
Though simpler be the baking bread
Than trimming gear for your fair head,
Let your concern remain, I ask,
The sterner and the nobler task.

The nobler task: I'll tell you why.
Shall Bloggs, our baker, wilt and die
For loss of trade, his brood of eight
Left destitute and desolate?
And must *I* perish 'neath the stress
Of culinary frightfulness?

No, dear. The millinery art
Is where I'd have you play your part;
For, though your hats may work intense
Despite on my æsthetic sense,
Whatever pain their crudeness brings
At least I needn't eat the things.

Commercial Candour.

"You never know your luck when you get our FRUIT."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

"*Mr. Hayes.* Certainty is defined in Webster as the maximum of our expectations. (Loud laughter.)

The Judge (*laughing*). Let us get on. This is more like *Punch* than anything else. (Laughter.)"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It will now have to be called the Supreme Court of Punch and Judicature.



Dear Old Lady. "It must be a great strain for the man up the periscope."
Nephew. "Yes, he has a thin time."

PULP FAMINE NOTICES.

(*A Hint to Reviewers.*)

A writer in a recent issue of *The Daily Chronicle* prefaces a column of novel notices with the following remarks: "The smaller papers consequent upon the famine in 'pulp' have made the reviewing of the new novels rather a job, but at least it is possible to give news of them."

But the writer tackles his job in a half-hearted manner, using such ponderous polysyllables as "international" and "acquisition." Now Mr. Punch, always ready to lend a hand in a good cause, has instructed one of his young men to rewrite two of *The Chronicle* reviews in words of one syllable, and presents them to his contemporary as models for imitation in the future.

I.—Mrs. Ward.

A Great Hit. By Mrs. Hump. Ward. Lond., Smith, Eld., 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

For the most part Mrs. Ward writes long yarns, and those who read her books look to her for more than five score thou. words. Here she gives us a short tale in which the three chief *rôles* are filled by a man who earns lots of dibs by his pen, his wife, and their, or his, friend—a peer's wife, who takes him up for her own ends. She tries in her hard bright way to shape his course as she views it, which means a place in the sun for *her*. The wife, who has brains as well as a warm heart, will not be robbed of her man like this, puts up a good fight, and in the end has the best of the bout with the pale witch with dark eyes who had waved her wand o'er the knight of the pen. It is not poss. to deal with all the points of Mrs. Hump. Ward's book in words of one syll., but we can at least say here is a good tale to speed the flight of the hours of eve.

II.—The Bills.

The Shop Girl. By C. N. and A. M. Sons o' Bill. Lond., Meth., 6*s.*

Miss Child is a nice sweet girl with lots of sense who goes to the land of the Yanks and makes things hum a bit in a nice sweet way. She meets her fate on board the big ship on the way out; but a long and bright yarn has to be read ere she makes the Port of Joy. We see a Yank store in full swing, learn much of the way it is worked, and the folk who run it are well drawn. To be frank one could scarce think that so *chic* a tale could be made out of the prose of New York. But to the Bills—if I may so call them—all the world is a stage, and they see through the heart of the New Eve with a gaze that is quite weird. In fine this is a tale in which the Bills, while they take new ground, write with all their old *flair* and charm.

FORAIN.

When M. Raemaekers went to Paris the other day to receive his decoration and be fêted for his fine pro-Ally spirit, it was M. Forain, as the head of living French cartoonists, who received him in the name of France and conferred the Order. M. Forain's public appearances are nowadays few and far between, but he still wields—and none more searchingly—a pencil keen and swift as a sword, and he never takes it in hand but to create something memorable. A selection of his recent work is now on view in London at 22, Montagu Square, the residence of Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, the proceeds of the entrance fees being intended for a hospital for French wounded soldiers at Arc-en-Barrois. The little exhibition, which should be seen by all who love great draughtsmanship and France, remains open until April 1.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BARTON MYSTERY."

ONE of the most difficult feats of juggling is, I understand, the deft tossing up and catching of a heavy weight (say a dumb-bell), a very light weight, such as a champagne cork, together with any old thing of irregular shape, a bedroom candlestick, for instance. Mr. WALTER HACKETT'S *The Barton Mystery* is a most ingenious turn of this sort.

The *fiancé* of the sister of the wife of *Richard Standish, M.P.*, is under sentence of death for the murder of *Mr. Barton*. He happens to be innocent, though he admits at the trial that he quarrelled violently with and even threatened *Barton* on the night of the murder, and his revolver has been found by the dead man's side. That vindictive relict, *Mrs. Barton*, is holding back some material evidence which could save the condemned man, or so *Standish* thinks, and she is adamant. Now *Barton* was unquestionably a bad egg, but the widow doesn't want the whole world to know it—at least not till she finds the woman. Some woman, who had incidentally written some, shall we say, very impetuous love letters, is being shielded. Who is she? Is it *Standish's* wife, for instance? Ah! . . . This is the dumb-bell.

A *Lady Marshall*, the wife of a *Sir Everard Marshall*, a comic scientist in perpetual flight from his overwhelming spouse, is one of the sort that finds a new religion every few months and is now in the first fast furious throes of her latest, which is some form of psychomania, whereof the high priest is one *Beverley*, a plausible ringletted charlatan of alcoholic tendencies (*Sludge the Medium*, without his cringe and snarl), who ekes out his spasmodic visitations of genuine psychic illumination with the most shameless spoof. This is the cork.

The candlestick is the dream *motif*, always a ticklish business to handle, and in this particular case—well, no, I won't be such a spoil-sport as to go into that, for the chief pleasure of this kind of an entertainment is the succession of pleasant unexpected shocks which are deftly administered to the audience by the author.

There were times indeed when the latter nearly dropped his dumb-bell—times when it was in imminent peril of barging into the cork; and most certainly the candlestick very nearly slipped out of his hand. But it just didn't, so you will see that it was really a most exceptional piece of jugglery. Of course I will admit you have to swallow the robust assumption that into a household over which the shadow of death in its ugliest form hovers so threateningly two fatuous people, to wit the scientist and his wife, can come and babble about their own trivial domestic troubles or their latest philosophy of life. But then mystery plays always are like that, and this is a jolly good one of its kind—a kind which it pains me, as a superior person, to confess that I liked enormously.

Mr. H. B. IRVING as the preposterous *Beverley* was in his very best form. *Beverley* is really a creation. How much the author's and how much the player's it would be an impertinence



THE MEDIUM AND THE PALMIST.
Beverley . . . . . Mr. H. B. IRVING.
Sir Everard Marshall. Mr. HOLMAN CLARK.

to inquire. This imperturbable trickster with his thin streak of genuine sensitiveness to psychic influence; his grotesquely florid style—the man certainly has style; his frank reliance on apt alcohol's artful aid; his cadging epicureanism; his keen eye for supplementary data for his inductions and prophecies; his cynical candour when detected, is presented to us with Mr. IRVING'S rich-flavoured and most whimsical sense of comedy, with all his exuberant abundance of gracious or fantastic gesture and resourceful business. In the trances, sometimes real, sometimes simulated, he gives you a plausible sketch of how a modicum of psychic power (whatever that may be), laced with whisky neat, might colour a séance. Mr. HACKETT, by way of showing that he has not ignored the literature of his subject, has adapted from the admirable, but, I regret to say, entirely untrustworthy, because incurably original, MAETERLINCK an entirely new definition of psychometry. But we certainly will not go into that.

Mr. HOLMAN CLARK as the sceptical *Sir Everard*, completely spoofed by *Beverley* in the end, with an elaborate make-up ruthlessly reminding us of our simian ancestry, potters cleverly about the stage with that admirable and amiable craft which he has at such easy command. Miss MARIE ILLINGTON as *Lady Marshall*, the seeker after light, kept the burlesquerie of her part skilfully within bounds—indeed this matter of key was extraordinarily well handled by the three players entrusted with what I have ventured to call the cork *motif*.

As to the more serious business, Mr. H. V. ESMOND seemed to behave very much as one would imagine a decent M.P. behaving in such embarrassing circumstances. He suspected his wife with all the ardour which public men on the stage always exhibit. His little turn of desperate tragedy carried conviction—almost too much conviction, as you will find—but I won't explain.

Miss JESSIE WINTER, as his wife, very adroitly contrived an ambiguous effect of likely guilt but possible innocence. She more than fulfils the promise of her last performance in this theatre, but she must (may I tell her?) arrest the development of "the Fatal Cæsura," that exasperating histrionic device whereby every salient phrase is broken up for no conceivable reason into two halves. In the secondary stages there is but slender hope of a cure; in the tertiary there is none.

Miss DARRAGH was, as required, the vindictive widow to the life (this kind of life, you understand), and Miss HILDA BAYLEY played very charmingly the little wilful *fiancée* who—but no, I must keep my promise.

With much less evidence than the applause and generally keyed-up attitude of the Savoy audience afforded me, I could risk a psychic communication in the authentic manner of a Beverley séance. "All is dark . . . It is getting light . . . I see a man . . . He leans eagerly to a telephone . . . He thrusts something into envelopes. He goes on thrusting things into envelopes. The telephone keeps ringing . . . It is . . . Can it be? Yes, it *is* a Box Office." An institution which at the Savoy should be busy for many months to come. T.

A Misnomer.

"In memory of the name of the late Dr. F. C. Batchelor it is proposed that the name of the Forth Street Maternity Hospital (Dunedin) be altered to that of the Batchelor Hospital."—*Southland Times* (*N.Z.*)



Mother. "DID YOU REMEMBER TO PRAY FOR EVERYBODY, DEAR?"
Daughter. "WELL, MUMMY, I PRAYED FOR YOU, BUT JACK PRAYED FOR DADDY. HE'S LOOKING AFTER HIM JUST NOW."

MUSIC IN WAR TIME.

THE CONVERTED COLLECTOR.

(*An Order in Council prohibits the importation of all musical instruments.*)

In ancient, peaceful *ante-bellum* days—
Now far remote as HANNIBAL'S or HANNO'S—
I had a weakness, possibly a craze,
For buying Hun pianos.

I let no patriotic sentiment
My honest inclination curb or fetter;
On foreign articles my cash I spent,
Because I liked them better.

Nor would I now proscribe Germanic Art,
Their one surviving claim to lasting glory,
Or bar BEETHOVEN, WAGNER, BACH, MOZART—
STRAUSS is another story.

But while our enemy unshattered stands
In any single theatre or sector,
I take no interest in German "grands,"
As player or collector.

I will not have them broken up or burned,
Although they cease to give me delectation,
But mean to keep them suitably interned
Throughout the War's duration.

But now the Board of Trade, those lynx-eyed gents,
Our economic needs severely scanning,
The importation of all instruments
Have just resolved on banning.

No matter; I possess a set of pipes
Made in the land whose emblem is the Thistle;
Three Indian tom-toms of peculiar types
And a Bolivian whistle.

I've a Peruvian nose-flute, made of bone,
A war-conch brought me from the South Pacific,
Which, by a leather-lunged performer blown,
Is really quite horrific.

I have some balalaikas, few though fit,
Whose strings I have acquired some skill in tweaking;
And several pifferi, whose tubes emit
A most unearthly squeaking.

I am, alas! too old and weak to fight,
But on these non-Teutonic pipes and tabors
I hope a martial spirit to incite
In "conscientious" neighbours.

And when my time, as soon it must, shall come,
My epitaph perhaps might thus begin well:
"He 'did his bit' upon the Indian drum;
He played the man-dolin well.

Others who stayed at home to criticize
More vocal proved; he, on a falling rental,
In furthering the cause of the Allies
Was always instrumental."

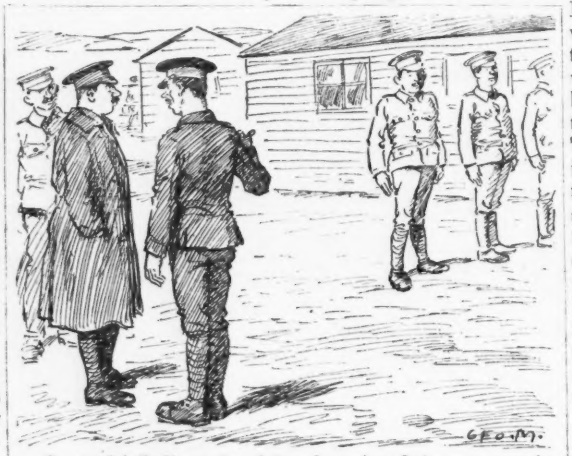
In an account of a BURNS' celebration given by the *North Battleford News* (Saskatchewan), it is remarked that "the absence of any kind of spirituous liquors around the festive board and the fact that the ladies were present" were unique features of the entertainment. But, according to the same report, there was yet another: "'The Immoral Memory' was given by Rev. D. Munro."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is a tragic coincidence that, just as RUPERT BROOKE'S now famous sonnets were published in volume form after his own death, the appearance of his *Letters from America* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) follows immediately upon the death of Mr. HENRY JAMES, who had written the preface to them. Thus in one book we have the last work of two writers, widely separated in age and circumstance, but united by a very real bond of artistic and personal sympathy. How generous was the elder man's appreciation of the younger may be seen in this preface; it is at its best and simplest in dealing with that charm of personality by which all who knew RUPERT BROOKE will most vividly remember him. Elsewhere it must be confessed that the preface is by no means easy reading, so that one emerges at last a little breathless upon the transparent and sunlit stream of the *Letters* themselves. Many who recall these from their publication in *The Westminster Gazette* will be glad to meet them again. Those who knew the writer only as the poet of 1914 will perhaps wonder to find him the whimsical and smiling young adventurer who moves with such boyish enjoyment through these pages. There is holiday humour in them, even in the occasional statistics—holiday tasks, these latter; and everywhere the freshness of an unclouded vision. "Only just in time," one thinks, sharing the happiness that his *Letters* reflect, and grateful for it as for a beautiful thing snatched so narrowly from fate.

Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES has written a story of the War that has at least the distinction of being absolutely fair. She has indeed got so far away from the perhaps excusable error of painting Germans uniformly black that her Huns in *The Red Cross Barge* (SMITH, ELDER) are made upon the average quite as attractive as their enemies. This by way of warning, so that if you are in no mood to look for pearls amid swine you may avoid some impatience and a feeling that impartiality can be carried too far. Not by any means that *The Red Cross Barge* is a pro-German book . . . There is an attractive sense of atmosphere about Mrs. LOWNDES' picture of the little French town in which a group of Germans are left during what appears to them the triumphal march to Paris. Here *Herr Doktor Max Keller* meets and falls in love with a French girl who is looking after certain wounded of both nations. The peaceful and picturesque air of the little place during this quiet occupation is well contrasted with the horrors that befall it when the draggled and drink-sodden soldiery come surging back in their retreat from the Marne. Eventually, just as the Germans are leaving, *Keller* is fatally wounded, and dies holding the hand of the enemy who has become so dear to him. One can hardly call the tale anything but sentimental, but it is sentiment of a fragrant and wholesome kind. In the years to come such stories will no doubt multiply indefinitely, but there will be few more gracefully and gently told.



Corporal (alluding to knock-kneed man). "IT'S NO GOOD; 'E NEVER LOOKS SMART. LOOK AT 'IM NOW—THE TOP 'ALF OF 'IS LEGS STANDING TO ATTENTION AND THE BOTTOM 'ALF STANDING AT EASE!"

Mr. RICHARD PRYCE, true to the fashion of describing the childhood of heroes at great length, has in *David Penstephen* (METHUEN) out-COMPTONED MACKENZIE. *David* in fact dallied so persistently in the nursery that I began to wonder if he would ever emerge; but, when he does get a move on, his story is strangely appealing. His father and mother, having ideas of their own, had excused themselves from the formalities of wedlock, and before *Mrs. Penstephen* broke down under the strain of this omission *David* and his sister, *Georgiana*, were born. Subsequently the parents were married, and had another son. But before this legitimate addition to the family a boating accident had deprived the world of two cousins of *Penstephen père*, and in consequence he inherited a baronetcy. This change of fortune affected his views, and as time passed by he became as orthodox a baronet as any you could wish to find in *Burke*. All of which was galling to *David's* mother, who loved and was jealous for those children who were born to suffer for their parents' original morals. The situation required very delicate handling, and Mr. PRYCE is to be congratulated warmly upon the manner in which he has developed it. Perhaps a little more humour would have added salt to the tale, but however that may be we have a careful study of a boy and an exquisitely sympathetic portrait of a mother. The latter part of the book is admirable both in what it tells and in what it merely suggests. More is the pity that Mr. PRYCE has weighed down *David's* childish back with too heavy a load of detail. My advice to you is to skip some of the earlier pages, and so husband your strength for the better enjoyment of the remainder.

The Duel (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is a study in the GORKY tradition, by ALEXANDER KUPRIN, of life in an obscure Russian regiment and an out-of-the-way provincial town before the great awakening that followed Mukden and Port Arthur purged away much dross and prepared the way for these latter days of sacrifice and heroism. It is a mournful document, a piece of devil's advocacy, a Russian counterpart of Lieutenant BILSE'S *Life in a Garrison Town*, identical in temper and astonishingly similar in some of its detail. It is clear that the author, who was for seven years an infantry lieutenant and probably little fitted for the military life even at its best, endured much unhappiness, for the marks of suffering have burnt themselves into the book so savagely that the English translation, though characterized by a crudity which might reasonably be expected to accomplish much in the way of eliminating the personality of the author, cannot quite rob his work of its impression of power and intimate tragedy. Those who are not in search of light refreshment and who will remember that this last decade of Russian national regeneration and reorganisation has rooted up the incompetence, the false standards, the irregular discipline and the inhuman barriers between officers and men here commented upon, may read these bitter chapters with profit. As for the translator, he might do well to study one of the GARNETT TURGENIEFFS, and see how this kind of thing should be done.

CHARIVARIA.

A severe blizzard hit London last week, and Mr. Pemberton-Billing has since been heard to admit, however reluctantly, that there are other powers of the air.

* * *

After more than five weeks the bubble blown by Sir James Dewar at the Royal Institution on February 17th has burst. A still larger bubble, blown by some eminent German scientists as long ago as August, 1914, is said to be on the point of dissolution.

* * *

At one of the North London Tribunals a maker of meat pies applied for exemption on the ground that he had a conscientious objection to taking life. His application was refused, the tribunal apparently being of the opinion that a man who knew all about meat pies could decimate the German forces without striking a blow.

* * *

Colonel Roosevelt says he has found a bird that lives in a cave, eats nuts, barks like a dog and has whiskers; and the political wiseacres in Washington are asking who it can be.

* * *

An exciting hockey match was played on Saturday between a team of policemen and another composed of special constables. The policemen won—by a few feet.

* * *

For gallantry at the ovens a German master-baker has just been awarded the Iron Cross. This is probably intended as a sop to the Army bakers, who are understood to have regarded it as a slight upon their calling that hitherto this distinction has been largely reserved for people who have shown themselves to be efficient butchers.

* * *

At a meeting of barbers held in the City a few days ago it was unanimously decided to raise the price of a shave to 3*d*. The reason, it was explained, was the high cost of living, which tempted the customers to eat far more soap than formerly.

* * *

In the Lambeth Police Court a man was convicted of stealing three galvanized iron roofs. His explanation that he had had the good fortune to win them at an auction bridge party was rejected by the Court.

* * *

A Mr. R. H. Pearce, writing to *The Times*, says: "I once lived in a house where my neighbour (a lady) kept twelve cats." Mr. Pearce is probably unique in his experience. Our own neighbours only go so far as to arrange for the entertainment of their cats in our garden.



FIRST CASUALTY OF THE NON-COMBATANT CORPS.

Red Cross Man. "What is it?"

Stretcher-bearer. "Shock. He was digging and he cut a worm in half."

An Appropriate Locale.

"Bohemian Picture Theatre, Phibsboro' To-day for Three Days Only, Justus Miles Forman's Exciting Story, The Garden of Lies."
Irish Paper.

"VARIETIES.

A word that is always spelled swrong.—W-r-o-n-g."—*Wellington Journal.*

We don't believe this is true.

"WOMEN ARE ASKED TO WEAR NO MORE CLOTHES THAN ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY."
Dundee Courier.

Several cases of shock are reported among ladies who got no further than the large type lines.

ART IN WAR-TIME.

[*A fragmentary essay in up-to-date criticism of any modern Exhibition—the R.A. excluded.*]

In the Central Hall the Reduplicated Præteritists, the Tangentialists and the Paraphrasts are all well represented. Mr. Orguly Bolp's large painting, entitled "Embrocation," is an interesting experiment in the handling of aplanatic surfaces, in which the toxic determinants are harmonized by a sort of plastic *meiosis* with syncopated rhythms. His other large picture, "Interior of a Dumbbell by Night," has the same basic idea without the appearance of it, and gives a very vital sense of the elimination of noumenal perceptivity. M. Paparrigopoulo, the Greek Paraphrast, calls one of his pictures "The Antecedent," another "The Relative," and a third "The Correlative," but though they are thus united syntactically each follows its own reticulation to a logical conclusion, and carries with it a spiritual sanction, not always coherent perhaps, but none the less satisfying. Miss Felicity Quackenboss's portrait of Saint Vitus is perhaps the most arresting contribution to the exhibition, and portrays the Saint intoxicated with the exuberance of his own agility. It is a very carnival of contortion. Mr. Widgery Pimble transcribes very searchingly the post-prandial lethargy of a boa-constrictor, the process of deglutition being indicated with great dignity and delicacy, as might be expected from so austere a realist. From one angle the figure might be taken for a Bengal tiger, and from another for a zebra — a good proof of the suggestiveness of the artist's method. But, whether it be reptile or quadruped, the spirit of repletion broods over the canvas with irresistible force. Mr. Thaddeus Tumulty sends some admirable drawings in *pisé de terre*, one of which, called "The Pragmatist at Play," is a masterpiece of osteological *bravura* . . .

"Dr. Solff, the German Minister for the Conolies, has left for Constantinople."
Egyptian Mail.

Another injustice to Ireland.

TRUTHFUL JAMES

ON DOCTORS.

"You 're not looking well," said the staff of *The Muddleton Weekly Gazette* sympathetically.

"No, Sir. Can't sleep, Sir. Haven't done for days till last night. I went off beautiful quite early, and then the new nurse come and woke me to give me my sleeping draught. That finished it for the night. Strange thing, sleep. There 's no sense about it. Take Bill Hawkins now, a pal of mine in B Company. He was hit and took to hospital. Not serious at all. 'Me for a rest cure,' he says. But he was in that hospital for weeks and weeks, getting worse and worse; he couldn't sleep a wink. The more they drugged him, and the more sheep he counted, the more wide-awake he was. The doctors got angry and called him an obstinate case. He said it wasn't poisons but noise he needed, so they fetched an orderly and set him banging one of them frying-pan baths with a ram-rod. In five minutes Bill falls asleep as peaceful as a lamb, and the orderly, being tired, stops. Up leaps Bill, wide awake as ever, asking what 's wrong. Naturally they couldn't bang a bath for him all night every night, and the house surgeon was just thinking about getting ready a slab in the mortuary, when Bill's brother, an engine-driver, comes along. He took Bill to his box just outside Charing Cross station and made up a bed for him there. Bill slept for three days solid and was about again in a week."

"Very fortunate," murmured the *Gazette*.

"So that time, you see, the doctors was done. But that don't often happen. There was a doctor I knew out there, name of Gordon. Young fellow he was, too, and very keen; seemed to think the War was started specially to give him surgical practice, and he loved his lancets more than his mother. He used to welcome cases with open arms, so to speak, do his very best to heal 'em quick, and weep when he succeeded. Well, he happened to be in our trench one day, showing our Sub a new case of knives, when Charlie Black was carried in on a stretcher in an awful mess.

"'I must operate at once to save your life,' he says.

"Charlie smiled as best he could and said he was agreeable.

"'But there 's no anæsthetic here,' he says, 'and I can't do it without. Couldn't you do a faint for me?'

"Charlie says he 's sorry, but he 's never practised fetching a faint at will, like a woman can.

"'Well, then,' he says, 'you 'll have to be stunned.' And he fetches a small sandbag and gives it to the stretcher-bearer.

"'Chap here,' he explains to Charlie, 'will count up slowly, and when he gets to fifty he 'll hit you on the head with the sandbag and knock you out.'

"Charlie grins, and the stretcher-bearer begins to count. When he gets to ten he rolls up his sleeves; when he gets to twenty he takes a good grip of the sandbag; at thirty he rolls his eyes and sticks out his jaw; at forty, he lifts the bag over his shoulder and draws one foot back, Charlie watching him all the time. 'For-ty-six,' he says slowly, 'for-ty seven, for-ty-eight, for-ty-nine,' and then——"

"You 're not going to tell me that he really——"

"No, he didn't," said Truthful James. "Charlie fainted."

"That was their intention, I presume?"

"Your presumption is correct, Sir. The doctor finished the job before Charlie come to again. Smart, wasn't it?"

"Very smart indeed."

"But that 's nothing. Nothing at all to what he could do. He once cut a fellow open, took out his liver, extracted twenty-three shrapnel bullets from it, bounced it on the floor to see it was all right, and put it back, all inside of three minutes. And the fellow what owns the liver hasn't had a to-morrow morning head-ache once since."

"He must be a very clever doctor," suggested the other, to fill in a pause.

"Talking of doctors," James went on, "reminds me of a man I saw out there who wasn't a doctor, leastways not one of ours. We was in the fire-trenches one night when a voice hails us from the other side of the entanglements. After the usual questions we brings him over the parapet, and he explains to our Sub that he 's been in front attending to some wounded men in a listening post what was blown up. All perfectly correct and proper; gives his name and rank, too, and is wearing an R.A.M.C. uniform—rank, Captain. As he passes me on his way to the Sub's dug-out I happens to catch sight of his face, and it give me quite a shock. I was took ill immediate. I manages to stagger to the dug-out, and I mutters hoarsely, 'Sir, I 'm sick. I think I 'm going to die.'

"'Sick?' says the Sub. 'You don't look sick.'

"'I 'm sorry, Sir,' I says.

"'Well,' says he, turning to the other man, 'the Captain here will soon put you right.'

"'Certainly,' says the Doc very sharp. 'Where do you feel pain—stomach, heart, head?'

"'No, Sir,' says I, 'I got a nawful pain in me inn'erds.'

"'What did you say?' he asks.

"'In me inn'erds, Sir,' I says, 'spreading from me gizzard to me probossis,' them being the only out-of-the-way words I could think of off-hand.

"'H'm,' says he, pretending to understand perfectly, 'it is probably nothing serious. You must diet yourself; take nothing but light food and——'

"Here the Sub interrupts him, thinking there 's something mighty queer about a doctor what is so ready to prescribe diet for a probossis, and asks him a lot more questions. Of course the beer was in the sawdust then, and very soon a guard was called up to take our German Captain Doctor Spy away to a safe place.

"It was lucky I knew his face. Before perfidjus Albion forced this war on the poor Kayser I 'd seen him often in London. He was boss of a firm above the place where I worked, and he used to order his Huns about in their own language, and chuck his empty lager bottles out of his window into our yard. I 'm glad I got my own back for that."

"Jim," cried an orderly, "you 're wanted for your dressing."

James rose languidly. "That means na-poo, then, Sir," he said.

"Na-poo?" echoed the *Gazette*.

"Where 's your learning, Sir?" asked James. "That 's French for 'no more.'"

"I hope your dressing will not be painful," ventured the other.

"How would you like to have a probe rammed through your hand twice a day?" demanded James with a smile. "But it 's all part of the game. Comforts for Tommy. Everyone has their own way of making us happy, not forgetting the dear lady what sent us three hundred little lavender bags, with pretty little bows on them, all sewn by herself, to keep our linen sweetly perfumed. It 's nice to think that they all mean well, and I always follow the advice of the auctioneer what was trying to pass off a plated teapot as solid silver."

"What did he say?"

"Look at the bright side," answered James over his shoulder as he hurried away. "O reevwaw, Sir."

"On the night of February 29th ten thousand women marched through Unter Den London crying 'bread' and 'peace.'"
Daily Gleaner (*Kingston, Jamaica.*)

We missed them in the Tube.



"WAIT AND SEE."

Mr. Asquith. "WELL, AS WE SAY IN ROME, I HAVE BEEN, I HAVE SEEN——"

Mr. Punch. "THEN YOU NEEDN'T WAIT ANY MORE, SIR; ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO GO IN AND CONQUER."

THE PULLING OF PERCY'S LEG.

It was one of those calm quarters of an hour which sometimes happen even in a Y.M.C.A. canteen. Private Penny, leaning over the counter, consumed coffee and buns and bestowed spasmodic confidences upon me as I cut up cake into the regulation slices.

"Oxo and biscuits, please," broke in a languid voice suddenly, and a pale young man with an armlet approached the counter. I turned away for the cup, and Private Penny, laying down his mug, addressed the newcomer.

"Who are you?" he inquired genially.

The young man surveyed him with cold superiority; then he turned to me.

"I'm a Derby man, you see," he began complacently. "A lot of my pals 'll be here presently, and we 're all going to join this afternoon. They 're late."

"And what," I asked with resentment, for Private Penny was a friend of mine, "are you going to join?"

It appeared that this superior person, after unprejudiced consideration of the matter, had decided to join the A.S.C. He said he considered he would be of most use in the A.S.C.; he said he was specially designed and constructed by Providence for the A.S.C.; he said . . .

And then suddenly we became aware that Private Penny was mourning gently to himself over a dough-nut.

"Pore chap!" he was muttering, "pore young feller—'e don't know. None of 'em knows till it 's too late, and then they finds their mistake. No good to tell 'em—pore chap, pore chap—so pleased over it, too!"

"What 's that you 're saying?" the youth cut in anxiously.

"Young man," said Private Penny very solemnly, "if you 'd take my advice—the advice of one that 's served his country twelve months at the Front—you 'd let the Army Service Corps alone. Not that I 'm doubting you 're a plucky young feller enough, but you ain't up to that. It 's *nerve* you want for it. Well, I wouldn't take it on myself, and I 'm pretty well seasoned. Why, you 'ave to go calmly into the mouth of 'ell with supplies, over the open ground, when the Infantry 's safe and snug in the trenches. You ain't strong enough for it—reely you ain't."

"Er—" hesitated the young man.

"Well, I *had* thought of the R.A.M.C. Mother's idea was——"

Private Penny groaned. "You know," he said with emotion, "I 've took a kind of fancy to you, Percy. And if it 's me dying breath I says—*don't!* That kind of work ain't right nor proper for the likes of you. Why, you 'ave to go out in the field there (and you ain't even armed, nor protected, mind you!) and you 'ave to see the most *orrerble* sights! Can't I tell by yer face, can't I see with me understanding eyes that you 're the sort that would go mad in no time if you 'ad some o' them things to do? If it 's me last word——" Emotion choked him.

Percy looked wildly around. "There 's the Artillery," he gasped, "if that 's your advice."

Private Penny burst into a sob of uncontrollable anguish. "Percy," he moaned, "if you want to break me heart, that 's the way to do it! *Say* I 've advised you to that, if you like, but it ain't true. With all me soul I says—*don't* do it. Think, dear boy, think. Kinsider the *guns!*—the noise—the smoke—the smell—the bursting shells all round—the mad horses and mules everywhere. If you 'ave any affection for me in your 'eart, Percival, leave the guns alone! If you can't control your courage for my sake—your fool'ardiness, Percy!—think of all your dear ones at 'ome and turn back before it is too late!"

Percy shuddered. "I might try the Engineers," he said hopelessly, "but I don't——"

"If," said Private Penny in the still tones of despair, "*I* have druv you to this, I shall cut me throat. I can't live with that on me conscience. 'Ave you thought of the danger of mining and sapping? 'Ave you kinsidered field telegrafts? 'Ave you—'ot-'eaded and impulsive as you are—'ave you kinsidered *anything?* Percy, if you 're set on this job, tell me quick, and put me out of me agony!"

"No," said Percy abruptly. "But"—with sudden misgiving—"w-what *can* I do? I 'm on my way to join and I must join *something*."

Private Penny pushed his mug over to be re-filled. "I 'm an infantryman myself," he said carelessly, "and I speaks as one that knows. And wot I says is—if you wants a cheerful protected kinder life, with a quiet 'ole to 'ide yer 'ead in—if you wants rest and comfort, kimbined with plenty o' fresh air—if you wants to serve yer King and country without any danger to yer 'ealth, then the infantry 's the life for you, and the trenches is the place to spend it in. Ain't I been out there one solid year, and no 'arm 'appened to me yet? It 's child's play, that it is, sitting there in a 'ole, with big guns booming over you protective-like from be'ind and killing all the enemy in front for you. And yer food and yer love-letters brought to you regular, and doctors and parsons to see you whenever you feels queer. Take my advice, Percy my son—join the Infantry at once and make sure of a gentleman's life. I 've took a fancy to you, and I tells you straight." And he eclipsed himself behind his replenished mug.

"Thank you very much," said Percy gratefully, "I can see that the Infantry is the place for me. I shall insist upon joining it. Thank you *very* much for all your advice——"

At this moment a great wave of khaki burst into the room and swept to the counter, clamouring for attention. On the crest of it came Percy's friends in mufti, and once, across the tumult, his voice reached my ears. ". . . quite decided . . ." he was saying loftily, "some infantry regiment or other . . . just seems . . ." and he was jostled away in the centre of an admiring group.

Involuntarily I looked across at Private Penny.

One eye met mine from behind an upturned mug, and the lid fell and rose again, once, rapidly; he too had heard.



Colonel (on a round of inspection, during prolonged pause in manœuvres). "And what is the disposition of your men, Sergeant?"

Sergeant. "Fed-up, Sir!"

"A Council of War in the Desert.

British Officers are here seen holding a 'bow-wow.' "—*Western Weekly News.*

Very natural. In the desert most days are "dog-days."

THE NEUTRAL NEWSMONGER.

Who cheers us when we 're in the blues
With reassuring German news
Of starving Berliners in queues?
The Neutral.

And then, soon after, tells us they
Are feeding nicely all the day
Just in the old familiar way?
The Neutral.

Who sees the Kaiser in Berlin
Dejected, haggard, old as sin,
And shaking in his hoary skin?
The Neutral.

Then says he 's quite a Sunny Jim,
That buoyant health and youthful vim
Are sticking out all over him?
The Neutral.

Who tells us tales of Krupp's new guns
Much larger than the other ones,
And endless trains chockful of Huns?
The Neutral.

And then, when our last hope has fled,
Declares the Huns are either dead
Or hopelessly dispirited?
The Neutral.

In short, who seems to be a blend
Of Balaam's Ass, the bore's godsend
And *Mrs. Gamp's* elusive friend?
The Neutral.

HINTS TO MANAGERS.

A new and very popular addition to the comic opera, *Tina*, at the Adelphi, is a stage representation of "Eve," the writer of "The Letters of Eve" in *The Tatler*, together with her retinue and her dog.

Here we see Journalism and the Drama more than ever mutually dependent, and the developments of the idea might be numberless. *Lord Times*, in *A Kiss for Cinderella*, already illustrates one of them; but why not a complete play, with favourite newspaper contributors as the *dramatis personæ?* or a revue, to be called, say, *The Tenth Muse*, or *Hullo, Inky!*

Or, if not a whole play or revue, a scene could be arranged in which the great scribes processed past. One group might consist of Carmelite Friars, with "Quex" and "The Rambler," each with a luncheon host on one arm and a musical-comedy actress on the other; "An Englishman," with his scourge of knotted cords, on his eternal but honourable quest for a malefactor; and "Robin Goodfellow," still, in spite of war and official requests for economy, pointing to the glories of the race-course and pathetically endeavouring to find winners. These would make an impressive company—with a good song and dance to finish up with.



Humiliation of Jones, who hitherto has been accustomed to drop off unaided.

The Referee's contribution would obviously be too easy; it would simply be like a revival of *King Arthur*. The audience, however, would be in luck when "Dagonet" got really warmed up to tell yet once more the thrilling story of how he met Henry Pettitt in the brave days of old.

A whiff of *The Three Musketeers* would exhilarate the house at the entry of "Chicot," the Jester of *The Sketch*; while finally we might look for an excellent effect from "Claudius Clear" and "A Man of Kent," of *The British Weekly*, masquerading as the Heavenly Twins.

These notes merely, of course, touch the fringe of a vast subject. Many other holders of famous *noms de guerre* remain, such as "Mr. Gossip" and "Mrs. Gossip," and "Captain Coe" and "A Playful Stallite," and "Historicus" and "Atlas" and "Scrutator" and "Alpha of the Plough"; but only "Eve" has had the wit to include pictures of herself in every article; therefore only "Eve" can be instantly recognised. These others, if they wish to be equally successful on the stage (and it is certain they would like to be), must have always a portrait too. The Heavenly Twins might like to use one, by Mr. Wells, which already exists.

THE DOVE.

I was at first inclined to look upon this dove as being largely symbolical. So far as I could gather it had never been here before—at any rate no one could be found who had seen it here or in the neighbourhood, and it seemed obvious that its sudden emergence, as it were, out of nothing must have some high and dove-like signification. Probably before the end of the week the Kaiser would sue for peace and swallow Mr. Asquith's formula. Since then, however, Verdun has happened and von Tirpitz has gone, and nobody seems in the least disposed to stop the crash of arms. That being so, and the dove being still with us, I am forced, in spite of myself, to look upon it as an entirely real bird and to keep on wondering what strange freak brought it to us and made it an honoured member of this household.

It arrived about ten weeks ago quite unexpectedly and suddenly. One morning there was no dove; on the following morning, having fluttered hither from I know not what remote and solitary region, it had perched on the branch of a poplar set close to the house. There it remained while we breakfasted, and from that point of vantage it broke out into a long series of loud and melodious cooings that sounded like nothing so much as a gurgling stream of benedictions poured out over the house and those who dwelt in it by one who plainly proposed to be a grateful though not a paying guest. It was wonderful to hear it.

From the branch this persistent and pleasing bird shortly removed itself to the window-sill of one of the bedrooms, and into this room, when breakfast was over, the children trooped. The dove was pecking eagerly at the window-pane. "Let 's open the window for it," said one of the girls, "and see what happens." Very gently, then, the window was opened, and what immediately happened was that, without the least sign of alarm, nay rather with the air of one repeating a customary action, the dove walked in, took a short flight, and settled on the toilet-table. There it caught sight of its soft grey reflection in the looking-glass and at once began to parade up and down before it, swelling itself out and bobbing its head in evident admiration of the beautiful being so fortunately offered to its view. Soon it attempted to approach this vision, but was surprised to find itself foiled by the cold impermeable surface of the glass. Puzzled, but not, I think, definitely hopeless—it performs the same antics in one or other of the bedrooms every day—it left the toilet-table, circled round the room and perched confidingly on the shoulder of one of the little girls who were admiring it, and began once more to coo in a very ecstasy of enjoyment.

Later on, food was provided for it, which it pecked up without the least shyness. Since then it has established itself on a very firm clawing, if I may use the term, as a necessary inmate of the house. Fluttering through the passages it follows the maids from room to room in the morning and shows the most lively interest in their work while beds are being made or tables dusted. It has the most perfect trustfulness, not merely allowing itself to be handled, but coming to perch on a wrist or shoulder as if it had belonged there from time immemorial. It really is a pretty thing to have about the house, an embodiment of gentleness and kindness, and, so far as a mere human being can judge, of an almost dog-like gratitude and affection. I have seen a bullfinch swell up in a passionate agitation of love when from its cage it beheld its dear mistress enter the room, but it had never occurred to me before this to attribute such a feeling to a dove. I ought, I suppose, to have known better, as I now do. At this very moment it is cooing away like mad at its declaration of undying love from its favourite haunt on the mantelpiece of one of the bedrooms.

But it has another utterance which it employs at rare intervals. This is a sort of high-pitched laugh thoroughly unsuited to its softness, a most cynical and derisive sound which in so kind a beak seems to have neither meaning nor purpose. But I overlook its rare laugh in consideration of the cooing with which it blesses us and the general friendship which it has vowed to this house.



RECALLED.

The second great sale on behalf of the wounded will be held at Christie's (8 King Street, St. James' Square) from the 6th to the 19th of April, and from the 26th to the 28th. The entire proceeds—no charge for their services being made by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods—will be handed over to the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. The exhibits are still on view to-day (April 5th).



Husband. "DARLINT, 'TIS YER OWN MICHAEL THAT'S COME HOME TO YEZ!"
Wife. "SURE, MIKE, YE'RE NOT AFTHER THRYING ANNY OF THIM PERSONATING THRICKS ON ME, ARE YEZ?"

THE BOBBERY PACK.

Andy Hartigan's dead and gone
  Over the hills and further yet,
But he drank good port and his red face shone
  Like a cider apple of Somerset.

Ten strange couples o' hounds he had
  (Gaunt old brutes that had hunted fox
Back in the days when NOAH was a lad),
  Touched in the bellows and gone at the hocks—

Hounds he'd stole from a Harrier pack,
  Hounds he'd borrowed an' begged an' found,
Grey an' yellow an' tan an' black,
  Every conceivable kind o' hound.

He called them "harriers," and a few
  Were harriers—back when the world began—
But they weren't particular where they drew
  An' they weren't particular what they ran.

I mind him once of a bygone morn
  Ruddy an' round on his flea-bit horse,
Twangin' a note on his battered horn
  An' cappin' them into the Frenchman gorse.

They pushed a brown hare out of her form
  An' swung on her line with a crash of tongues;
But a vixen crossed an' her scent was warm,
  So they ran her, screechin' to burst their lungs.

They ran her into my lord's demesne,
  Where my lady's fallows were grazing free;
They picked a stag and followed again,
  Singing like souls in ecstasy.

They chased the stag up over the ridge
  With lolling tongues an' with heaving flanks;
They lost him down by the Cluddlah bridge,
  But killed an otter on Cluddlah's banks.

They had no shape an' they had no style;
  Their manners were bad an' their morals slack;
They were noisy, but wonderful versatile,
  Andy Hartigan's bobbery pack.

High (Explosive) Finance.

"The issuing of premium bombs, whilst not, strictly speaking, a lottery or gamble, would give such people what they ask for, and that is a chance to get something unusual and tempting."
Evening Paper.

Unusual, certainly; but tempting?

A War-Menu.

"GIRLS experienced Wanted to feed on Wharfdale machines."
Nottingham Evening Post.

"BROADWOODWIDGER.—A new pipe organ has been installed at the parish church. A recital was given by the Rev. C. B. Walters, of Stokeclimsland, while a sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon Lewis, of Launceston."—*Provincial Paper.*

The Broadwoodwidger example deserves imitation. Some sermons would be much more tolerable if they had a musical accompaniment.

"A mere automatic raising of the Income Tax strikes indiscriminately at the just and the unjust; it is just as likely to cripple the man who is supporting and educating a large family sybarite."
Evening Paper.

And a very good thing too. For ourselves, we have always discouraged the growth of these bulky profligates in the domestic circle.



Lady (meeting small acquaintance). "HULLO, ETHEL, SO YOU 'VE STARTED ONE OF THOSE THINGS?"
Ethel. "YES, WE 'RE ALL HAVING TO COME TO THEM. RATHER A DROP-DOWN AFTER THE ROLLS-ROYCE, BUT—WAR-TIME, YOU KNOW."

YELLOW PRESSURE.

"RATHER a funny thing happened the other day," she remarked.

"Yes?" I replied languidly.

"About you."

"Oh!" I said with animation. "Do tell me."

"It was at lunch," she explained, "at Duke's. The people at the next table were talking about you. I couldn't help hearing a little. A man there said he had met you in Shanghai."

"Not really!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. He met you in Shanghai."

"That 's frightfully interesting," I said. "What did he say about me?"

"That 's what I couldn't hear," she replied. "You see I had to pay some attention to my own crowd. I only caught the word 'delightful.'"

Ever since she told me this I have been turning it over in my mind; and it is particularly vexing not to know more. "Delightful" can be such jargon and mean nothing—or, at any rate, nothing more than amiability. Still, that is something, for one is not always amiable, even when meeting strangers. On the other hand it might be, from this man, the highest praise.

The whole thing naturally leads to thought, because I have never been farther east than Athens in my life.

Yet here is a man who met me in Shanghai. What does it mean? Can we possibly visit other cities in our sleep? Has each of us an *alter ego*, who can really behave, elsewhere?

Whether we have or not, I know that this information about my Shanghai double is going to be a great nuisance to me. It is going to change my character. In fact it has already begun to do so. Let me give you an example.

Only yesterday I was about to be very angry with a telegraph boy who brought back a telegram I had despatched about two hours earlier, saying that it could not be delivered because it was insufficiently addressed. Obviously it was not the boy's fault, for he belonged to our country post-office and the telegram had been sent to London and was returned from there; and yet I started to abuse that boy as though he were not only the POSTMASTER-GENERAL himself but the inventor of red-tape into the bargain. And all for a piece of carelessness of my own.

And then suddenly I remembered Shanghai and how delightful I was there. And I shut up instantly and apologised and rewrote the message and gave the boy a shilling for himself. If one could be delightful in Shanghai one must be delightful at home too.

And so it is going to be. There is very little fun for me in the future, and all because of that nice-mannered man in Shanghai whom I must not disgrace. For it would be horrible if one day a lady told him that she had overheard someone who had met him in London and found him to be a bear.

HERRICK TO JULIA.

(*War Edition*).

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes
Then, then (methinks) how wanton shows
That efflorescence of her clothes.

But when I cast mine eyes and see
Her drest for decent industry,
Oh, how that plainness taketh me!



FOR TRAITORS.

A WARNING TO PROMOTERS OF STRIKES IN WAR-TIME.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, March 28th.—Sir Edward Carson was back on the Front Opposition Bench to-day, so much the better for his recent rest-cure that he is credited with the desire to prescribe similar treatment for other jaded politicians. Three of the potential patients—the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the Minister of Munitions—have anticipated his kindly suggestion by going for a little trip on the Seine, and are making arrangements with their Continental friends for another on the Spree at a later date.

Before his departure Mr. Lloyd George, ever thoughtful for the welfare of others, arranged with the Military authorities to give a change of scene to six members of the Clyde Workers' Committee, who have been recently overstraining their vocal chords. This was the impression I got from Dr. Addison, who, like his great namesake, is a master of the bland style; but Sir Edward Carson thrust aside official euphemism and bluntly inquired whether these men were not in fact assisting the King's enemies, and ought not to be indicted for high treason.

The suppression of a number of *Sinn Fein* papers in Ireland stimulated Mr. Ginnell to the concoction of a Question about as long as a leading article. To ensure a reply he addressed it simultaneously to the Under Secretary for War and the Chief Secretary for Ireland. In spite of this precaution he was disappointed, for, owing to the storm, Mr. Birrell had not received the necessary information from Ireland, while Mr. Tennant, no doubt for the same reason, had not even received the Question. Mr. Ginnell is now convinced that the official conspiracy against him has been joined by the Clerk of the Weather.

I shall hardly be surprised if the next time I walk down Whitehall I find sandwichmen out with their boards inscribed—

Westminster Aerodrome.

Flying every Tuesday.

Billing Breaks all Records.

The new Member for East Herts has displayed unprecedented dexterity in catching the Speaker's eye. In three weeks he has already spoken more columns of *Hansard* than many Members fill during a long Parliamentary career. His speech to-day consisted almost entirely of a catalogue of fatal accidents to aviators, due, he declared, to the faulty engines and machines supplied to them by the Government—"though within twenty miles of here we have a far better machine than the *Fokker*."

Previous to this we had listened to a bright and diverting dialogue between Mr. Dudley Ward, representing the Anti-Aircraft Service, and Mr. Joynson-Hicks, briefed by the Municipal authorities, on the question of what happened at Ramsgate during the last raid. As they differed *in toto* on every detail the House was not much the wiser for the discussion, but it was consoled by Mr. Joynson-Hicks' remark that "if the Mayor and Town Clerk have lied to me no one will be more pleased than myself."



Sir Edward Carson, M.D., anxious to prescribe.

Members were much more impressed by the obvious sincerity and occasional eloquence of the appeal on behalf of the East Coast towns made by Sir A. Gelder. His indignation at the trick played on one place by the Military authorities, who tried to allay public anxiety by mounting a dummy gun, was shared by the House.

Mr. Tennant did not attempt to deny or palliate this imposture, but he made a fairly adequate reply to other counts of the indictment, and promised a judicial inquiry into the casualties enumerated by Mr. Billing. The revelation that he himself has a son in the Flying Corps was perhaps the most effective point in a speech which did not wholly remove the impression that the Government has its head in the air rather than its heart.

Wednesday, March 29th.—There are more ways than one of getting into the House of Commons. Mr. Percy Harris, the new Member for the Market Harborough division, who took his seat to-day, arrived by the old-fashioned route of a contested election. He was just about to shake hands with the Speaker when a khaki-clad stranger took a short cut from the Gallery and reached the floor *per saltum*. Not only so, but before he could be arrested this Messenger from Mars succeeded in delivering his maiden speech, to the effect that British soldiers' heads should be protected against shrapnel-fire. The Serjeant-at-Arms, who had had a narrow escape, goes further, holding the view that his own head should be protected from acrobatic British soldiers.

To-day Mr. Long had the difficult task of convincing the House that the married men had no grievance, and that the Government were doing their best to remove it. Only a man who has fought with bulls in Ireland could hope to tackle such a paradox. Mr. Long, having enjoyed that experience, was fairly successful.

Sir Edward Carson, who had been expected by some people to initiate a raging "Down-the-Government" agitation, was comparatively mild, and, admitting that his late colleagues had done something, chiefly blamed them for not having done it earlier. Still he made it plain that in his view compulsion all round was inevitable if Prussianism was to be crushed. Mr. Ellis Griffith agreed with him. The Government ought not to bargain with the public; it ought to give them a clear and definite command. Such sentiments, proceeding from one who still



She. "Good gracious! The Brown-Smiths!! I thought they were so poor."
He. "Yes. But, you see, he 's been supplying the Government with shells for quite a fortnight!"

claimed to belong to the Liberal Party, shocked Sir William Byles. Maintaining that those who had voted against the Military Service Bill were the truest friends of the Prime Minister, he promised again to give him his invaluable support "if he would only lead us to our accustomed pasture." There is no justification, however, for the theory that the worthy knight is a candidate for the Order of the Thistle.

Thursday, March 30th.—In the Lords to-day Viscount Templetown moved that London should be declared a prohibited area, with a view to removing the eight or nine thousand Germans still carrying on business there. His argument was a little difficult to follow, for it included a complaint that in Eastbourne, which is a prohibited area, a number of aliens are residing in comfort and affluence. The Marquis of Lansdowne, usually so logical, on this occasion answered inconsequence by inconsequence. In one breath he asserted that to declare the whole of the Metropolis a prohibited area would throw too much work on the police; and in the next that it would have the effect of driving away large numbers of aliens to places not so well policed as London is.

Lord Beresford caught the infection. In the course of a long question designed to clear General Townshend of the responsibility for the advance upon Bagdad, he remarked with startling irrelevance that if his (Lord Beresford's) advice had been taken by the Prime Minister the *Lusitania* would still be afloat and we should have lost no battleships in the Dardanelles. He did not appear to attach undue importance to this claim, and Lord Islington, who replied for the Government, did not think it necessary to make any reference to it, but contented himself with stating that the Bagdad advance was authorised on the advice of General Nixon and the Indian Government, and professing official ignorance of any representations on the part of General Townshend.

In the Commons the trouble on the Clyde was the *pièce de résistance*. At Question time Mr. Lloyd George, fresh from the Paris Conference, had to deal with a number of inquiries put by the little group of Scottish malcontents whose notion of patriotism is to embarrass the Government on each and every occasion. Mr. Hogge wanted to know when the Minister of Munitions was going to give the other side of the case—"the German side," as an interrupter pertinently put it; and Mr. Pringle intimated that a settlement could have been reached but for the unreasonableness of the Government.

This gave Dr. Addison, usually the mildest-mannered man that ever lanced a gumboil, an opportunity of administering to his accuser a much-needed lesson in deportment. The hon. Member had first forced himself, without invitation, into a private conversation in the Minister's room, and had then given a totally misleading account of what took place. He had made himself the spokesman of a body which had displayed "a treacherous disregard of the highest national interests."

Mr. Pringle was as much surprised as if he had been bitten by a rabbit, and wound up an unconvincing defence of himself with the remark that he would rather keep silence than say anything to exacerbate feeling. It is a pity that his friend Mr. Hogge did not imitate this wise if rather tardy reticence. He gave Mr. Lloyd George the lie when he was describing how the disputes had interfered with the supply of guns urgently needed by the Army, and provoked the retort that, instead of encouraging the strikers by unfounded suggestions, he would be better employed if "with what credit is left to him" he went down to the Clyde and tried to get them to work.

A LETTER TO THE FRONT.

"KIN yer write a letter?"

"More or less," I said. I did not rate myself with Madame DE STAËL nor with EDWARD FITZGERALD, but I forebore to mention these names because I thought that they would not be familiar to my questioner. If you happen to know Paradise Rents, Fulham, you will realise that neither Madame DE STAËL nor FITZGERALD is much read there. Moreover, the type that addressed me had not the aspect of a literary man.

He was a man of some seven years, maybe, in company with a younger man, perhaps of five. He was hatless, coatless, waistcoatless, but he had a pair of trousers, short in the leg, precariously held by one brace. That is the fashion in Paradise Rents. I had come upon these two young men about Fulham as they were staring with absorbed interest into the undertaker's shop advantageously situated for custom at the corner of the Rents and the main street. Certainly it was a pleasant window. Besides the legends and texts, the artificial wreaths and the pictures of tombs and tombstones, there was a number of model coffins in miniature. It was these that had fascinated the attention of the two young men.

"I should like one o' them to ply with," said the elder covetously.

"What would yer do with it, Bill?" the younger asked.

"I 'd put the old KAYSER in it, along wi' Farver."

It is rude to laugh at other people's conversation, particularly if you have not been introduced to them, but I caught myself in an audible chuckle over this fine blend of patriotic and filial sentiment. Then I pulled myself up, but not in time; I had been detected.

If you wish to know what it is to be stared at, you should interrupt, as I had, a conversation between two young men of about this age in Fulham or elsewhere. They stared in unison and in silence until the tension became unbearable, and one of them, the elder, whose name was Bill, relieved it with the above question, "Kin yer write a letter?"

Perhaps my answer was a little modest. He regarded me doubtfully, then asked—

"'Ow soon kin yer write a letter?"

"You mean, how long does it take me to write a letter?"

He nodded his head vehemently.

"Well," I began, "it rather depends, you know, on what there is to say." I saw dissatisfaction cloud his face, and hastened to add, "Oh, well, about ten minutes."

At that his expression cleared to astonishment. Passing that emotion, it went to incredulity. It was a beautifully legible face, though everything but clean. He made up his mind.

"Will yer come," he asked, "and write a letter for my granmother?"

We were on the heels of adventure now; no one could say what new country this might lead to.

"Where does she live?" I asked.

"Just round the corner, two doors from my great-aunt Maria's," he said, astonished that I should not know.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Tommies (singing). "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING."

"Lead on," I said, concealing my ignorance of the residence of great-aunt Maria.

He took me by the hand, which I could not in courtesy decline, and led me down Paradise Rents.

As a rule, in Paradise Rents, front doors stand open to the street, but the door of Number 5, the abode of Bill's grandmother, was shut. On tiptoe and with a strenuous effort Bill reached the latch. The door opened and Bill shouted through it, by way of introduction:—

"She says she kin write a letter in ten minutes."

The person addressed, whom I understood to be the grandmother, was engaged in scrubbing with a duster a deal table already clean enough to make Bill's face much ashamed of itself. She was a large heavy old woman, with a round colourless visage that suggested the full moon by daylight, and wispy grey locks like a nimbus about it.

"Lor bless the child, Mum!" she exclaimed. "Bill, whatever d'yer mean by it?"

"Says she kin write a letter in ten minutes," Bill repeated, with the emphasis of grave doubt on the "says."

"Bless the child, Mum! I don't know whatever 'e 's been saying. It 's truth as I did say as I wished I 'ad someone as could write a letter for me to my son Frank, it being 'is birthday Tuesday and 'im out at the Front. But there, it 's not to say as I can't write a letter myself if I 'm so minded, but I 'm no great scholard and it do take me a long time to finish—each day a word or two. About a week it take me to write a letter, such a letter as I 'd wish to write to Frank out at the Front, for 'is birthday, to cheer 'im up."

"Frank 's Bill's father, I suppose?" I said, by way of filling an asthmatic pause.

"Lor bless yer, no, Mum. Bill's father wouldn't never go into no more danger than what 'e 'd find at the Red Lion. Married my pore daughter 'e did, as died—a mercy for 'er, pore thing! That 's 'ow it is Bill 's living along o' me."

"I see," I said. "Well, now—about the letter?"

A space more liberal than the operation strictly needed was cleared for me on the polished deal table; a penny ink-bottle and a pen with a rusty but still useful nib set upon it, and from a special drawer, with a solemnity that had something of the character of sacred ritual, Mrs. Watt, as Bill's grandmother informed me she was called, drew forth a single sheet of notepaper. Its dimensions had been heavily curtailed by the deepest border of mourning black that I ever had seen on English writing-paper. Other nations surpass us in this evidence of respect, but Mrs. Watt's paper was calculated to raise the national standard.

"Isn't this," I said, "rather—I mean is it quite suited for a birthday letter, to cheer up Frank in the trenches?"

Mrs. Watt took the suggestion in quite good part, but gave it a decided negative.

"'E would wish respect showed to 'is Aunt Maria, as died Wednesday was a fortnight. You might tell 'im that, if you please, Mum."

I started off, as bidden, with this mournful communication, under the eye, at first severely critical, then frankly admiring, of Bill's grandmother.

"Lor," she exclaimed, "you be one to write the words quick!"

"What shall we say now?" I asked brightly.

"Wednesday was a fortnight as she died, sister Maria did, that's Frank's aunt, and was buried a Saturday—what's too soon, as you'd say, but no disrespect meant, the undertaker arranging first for the Monday—only 'aving a bigger job, with 'orses and plumes, give 'im for the Monday, and so putting my pore sister forward to the Saturday. 'Ave you got that down, Mum?"

"Oh," I said, scribbling briskly, "am I to write all that?" It occupied, even with much compression, space far into the second side of the restricted paper.

"An' my only relative surviving," she resumed, "being brother George, as is eighty-two, and crotchety at that, lives out 'Oxton way, so I wrote to him about the funeral for a Monday, and when the undertaker puts it forward to the Saturday I didn't have no one to send all that way, so brother George—'e's eighty-two, and crotchety at that—'e didn't get no notice for the funeral on Saturday at all, so o' course 'e didn't come. You'll make all that clear to Frank, won't you, Mum?"

I scribbled hard again, and said I was doing my best.

"So brother George being crotchety, as I said, Mum, 'e sent me word as 'e wouldn't never speak to me again in this world, and 'e didn't know as ever 'e would in the world to come—I'd like you to put that all in, please, Mum, so's to let Frank know 'ow it all is. Now, do you suppose, Mum, if I was to die, as brother George 'd come to my funeral?"

I hardly knew what answer to make after the "cut everlasting" with which George had threatened his sister, but I had an idea that I was beginning to understand Mrs. Watt's tastes. "Well," I said weakly, "I don't know—funerals are very pleasant things."

It was the right note and Mrs. Watt took it up keenly. "That's what I always says, Mum," she said eagerly. "I'd sooner go to a good funeral than I would a wedding any day of the week. You've got that down about brother George? Yes, and please say as it was beautiful polished wood, the coffin—and real brass 'andles."

"But, Mrs. Watt," I said despairingly, "that'll bring us quite to the end of the paper, and we've never even wished him many happy returns yet. Have you another sheet?"

"I haven't got no more than the one sheet, but I dessay as there's room to say as I'm his loving mother, and 'ope it finds 'im well, as it leaves me."



Visitor (at private hospital). "Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"

Matron. "We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?"

Visitor (boldly). "Oh, yes! I'm his sister."

Matron. "Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. *I'm his mother.*"

I managed to pinch in the traditional salutation; the sheet was enclosed in an envelope as sepulchral of aspect as itself, and with much misgiving I put Frank's birthday letter into the first pillar-box that I found.

Just a week later I had occasion to go down Paradise Rents again. I had no intention of calling on Mrs. Watt, being more than a little afraid of the reception that her son Frank might have accorded to the letter that was to bring bright cheer to his birthday. But she ran from her door as I passed to meet and greet me. "Do step in, Mum," she entreated. "I must 'ave you see a letter as come this morning from my son Frank, as is at the Front. Read that, if you please, Mum."

"She must be a real lady that wot comes visiting you," it said. "That *was* a letter as she wrote. I don't know as ever I read such a beautiful letter. All the trench 'as read it, and they says so too."

I sighed heavily with relief. Mrs. Watt was a judge of her son's literary taste.

AT THE PLAY.

"STAND AND DELIVER."

THE Merry Monarch's world is too much with us. I can't imagine what it is in that period that our actor-managers find so peculiarly appropriate to present conditions, when we need all the inspiration we can get out of our country's annals. It seems only the other day that in the same theatre, His Majesty's—the play was *Mavourneen*—I was assisting at a rout (is that the word?) of Restoration society. And here we have it all over again with the same scheme of a pretty *débutante* near to being compromised by the Royal favour; with the old galaxy of Court ladies inexplicably gay; the same old Duke of BUCKINGHAM; the old dull sport of improvisations; the old pathetic lack of wit; a *réchauffé* only tempered by slight variations, such as the substitution of LELY for PEPYS, and the failure of the Monarch himself to put in an appearance.

For the rest, a generous allowance of swashbuckling, of kidnapping, of standing and delivering, of interludes for dancing and gallantry—in a word all the approved features of the High Toby. Nothing, you will guess, that threatened to overstrain our intelligence, but enough for the moderate excitation of those sympathies which we always concede to heroic villainy.

The *clou* of the evening was the scene of the waylaying of his lover's coach by *Claude Duval* on the Newmarket road. Animals on the stage (as distinct from the circus-ring) always make me nervous. Mr. BOURCHIER seemed to have anticipated my apprehension. On the approach of the travellers, having hitherto, with his horse's consent, sat motionless at the cross-roads, he retired with it into the wings and there dismounted and continued the scene on foot. But the memory of those few moments of superb equitation remained with the audience, and when, at the fall of the curtain, he led his steed forward by the bridle (a just tribute to its connivance) the pair of them brought down the house—and not the scenery, as I had feared.

I am no pedant that I should cavil at Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY'S re-adjustment of history. It was all for our delight that *Claude Duval*, instead of perishing on the scaffold, should escape from prison, have his freedom confirmed by the KING'S pardon, confound everybody else's knavish tricks and marry the lady of his heart. Nor do I complain that the historic highwayman (as I am credibly informed—for I got the facts from another critic) was only twenty-nine when they hanged him, and that Mr. BOURCHIER is—well, let me say, past the military age, or he wouldn't have been there at all. At the same time he will not mind my saying that, though he brought a very gallant spirit to his work, he lacked something of that resilience which is so desirable a quality in a Chevalier of the Road. Perhaps I liked best in him the quiet restraint with which he met the assaults of *Orange Moll* upon his loyalty to his lady. He was not given very many good things to say, but he made up for this defect by dropping his aspirates and talking in what I took to be a Serbian accent.

Not much subtlety was asked of Miss KYRLE BELLEW as *Duval's* lover,



RIVER SCENE NEAR WESTMINSTER.

Claude Duval (Mr. BOURCHIER) disposes of his rival, *de Pontac* (Mr. MURRAY CARRINGTON) in a riparian duel.

Berinthia; but she seemed to have learned a little more sincerity and to depend less upon the prettiness of her face and her frocks. Of Miss MIRIAM LEWES as *Orange Moll* something more was demanded, and I should have enjoyed without reservation her very picturesque performance but for a certain stage-quality in her voice which was out of all consonance with the part she had to play. Mr JERROLD ROBERTSHAW as *Justice Hogben* was a most attractive old reprobate; Mr. CHARLES ROCK as a strolling mummer played like the sound actor he is; and indeed the whole cast—and not least in the smallest parts, such as Mr. HARTFORD'S drunken *Gaoler* and Mr. PEASE'S *Dognose*, with his delightfully unemotional "Ay! ay!"—did very well indeed.

If the play opens rather deliberately there is no lack of action when once it gets moving; but it was an exercise of bodies rather than of minds. Swords flashed; barkers were flourished (though they never went off); feet twinkled in the dance, and Mr. MURRAY CARRINGTON took several astounding falls; but wits remained stationary. I do not wish to appear exigent, but as one who likes to be amused as well as entertained I could easily have done with a little more scintillation.

O. S.

"INJER."

(*To the Author of "The Grand Tour," "Punch," January 26th*, 1916.)

I READ your lines the other day;
You got it down in black an' white;
You seen them places wot you say;
Well, I seen Injer—and you 're right.

You never know. I took the bob
The days o' Mons an' Charley Roy;
Flanders, I thought, 'ud do my job,
An' me no better than a boy.

But some'ow Flanders got a miss,
An' I came East, the same as you,
Right East, an' finished up wi' this;
I seen them towns and islands too.

But Injer! Lor, it 's like a book
Or like a bloomin' fancy ball;
There 's somethin' every way you look,
An' me—young me—I seen it all.

I know about them "dark bazaars"—
An' dark they is—I know them skies,
An' suns an' moons an' silver stars
An' 'ummin'-birds an' fiery-flies.

I seen the palms an' parrokeets,
I 've 'eard the jackals in the night,
I 've ate them beas'ly Injian sweets
An' smelt the Injian fires alight.

But I 'm with you, old P. an' O.;
The goin' 'ome 'll be the best;
An' not the 'ome we useter know,
But better, 'cos we 've known the rest.

"TUBANTIA CRIME.
SWORN EVIDENCE OF TORPEDO."
Liverpool Daily Post.

We hope it confessed its crime.

"The village is in utter darkness these nights, and many of the lamp-posts are getting severe knocks, not speaking of the foot pedestrians."—*Ardrossan Herald.*

Some of the foot pedestrians are said to have been less reticent about the lamp-posts.

"WOULD patriotic owner LEND INCUBATOR or Foster increase British production, or buy cheap? Every care; experienced; eggs waiting; ineligible; clergy ref."—*The Times.*

It is a little cryptic; but we gather that, at any rate, the partial soundness of these eggs will be guaranteed by the curate.



Sentry (at Remount Camp). "Halt! Who goes there?" *Weary Voice.* "One friend and two mules."

MIVINS'S NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Mivins begs to present
FOUR WONDERFUL WORKS
by
Four astounding Authors.

PRINCE CHARMING.
By Egbert Gunn
(*Third large edition already exhausted*).

"An incomparable achievement. The uniquest thing yet done by Mr. Gunn. He has eclipsed Balzac, wiped the floor with George Sand, while panting Tolstoi 'toils after him in vain.'"—*Daily Exhaust.*

POTLAND FOR EVER!
By Roland Sennett.

"The greatest literary portent of all time. Here the Black Country is painted in all its inspissated gloom by a master-hand—sardonic, salubrious, superb . . . We approach this work on all-fours. Any other attitude on the part of a reviewer would be sheer blasphemy."
The Monthly Margarine.

THE UNPLUMBED ABYSS.
By Drax Homer.

First great Notice: "By the side of Mr. Drax Homer, Edgar Allan Poe is a fumbler, and Gaboriau the veriest tiro. In these supremely arresting pages Mr. Drax Homer voices the cosmic mystery with unerring skill, and ranges over the whole gamut of the gruesome. He is the Napoleon of sensation, the Julius Cæsar of melodrama."—*Daily Idolater.*

The Book of the Day.
BRANDENBURG BABIES
By Guinevere Jaggers.

"Of all the hundreds of English governesses privileged to enter the *penetralia* of Potsdam, Miss Jaggers had the longest innings and writes with most authority. Her record teems with astounding happenings, appalling revelations and grotesque episodes . . . There is nothing to touch it in the annals of candour. Pepys is not in the same street and Benvenuto Cellini not in the same parish. We recommend it to the perusal of the Premier—if he has the courage to tackle it."
The Oil and Vinegar Witness.

Before the Hyde Election—

"Mr. Davies maintains his optimism. He has reprinted one of his cartoons showing him chattering the party walls of 'Jacobsen's Jellicoe,' with the big gun of efficiency."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

But this attempt to drag the Navy into politics met with deserved failure.

"Dwellers in the trenches are not the only fighters who know what it is to be up to the knees in seven feet of water."
Liverpool Daily Post.

We believe the Anakim were greatly troubled in this way.

"MATLOCK'S VETERAN SOLDIER HONOURED.
154 Years in the Army."
High Peak News.

A veteran indeed.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

IV.—Petticoat Lane.

Up the Lane and down the Lane and all round about
The Petticoats on washing-day are all hanging out;
Some are made of linsey-woolsey, some are made of silk,
Some of them are green as grass and some are white as milk;
Frilled and flounced and quilted ones in Petticoat Lane,
Some are worked in coloured nosegays, some of them are plain,
Some are striped with red and blue as gaudy as can be,
And one is sprigged with lavender, and that 's the one for me.

"Sir A. Mond said that the married men's grievance was that they might be called up before the tooth-combing process of which the right hon. gentleman had spoken had been carried out."—*The Times.*

It sounds painful. Personally we intend to stick to the old-fashioned brush.

"Mr. Lloyd George, replying to Mr. Cowan, said the total salary received by Lloyd Kitchener was £6,250."
Portsmouth Evening News.

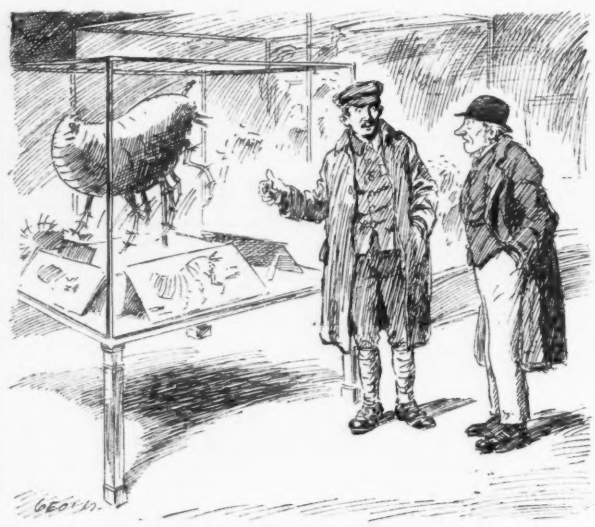
This is the first we have heard of this highly-remunerated official. We hope it is not a case of nepotism.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A LITERATURE of Antarcticana is gradually growing up, and the last volume, *With Scott: The Silver Lining* (SMITH, ELDER), is a notable addition to it. Let me say at once that I opened Mr. GRIFFITH TAYLOR'S book with some trembling because I saw the difficulties in the way of its success. In the first place I recalled the simple dignity with which SCOTT wrote of his exploits, and I felt that to fall away from this high standard would be to fail; secondly, anyone writing now of this expedition must to a certain extent travel over ground already covered. These are the main difficulties which Mr. TAYLOR had to fight against, and he has overcome them. To a writer of his fluency and particular vein of humour it could not have been an easy task to put a right restraint upon his pen. The only criticism I have to pass on his style is that it could quite comfortably have done without the cloud of notes of exclamation in which it is enveloped. Apart from its great scientific value the main interest of the book is found in the light that it casts upon the characters of the author's companions. His observation is always shrewd and always kindly; you are left to guess his dislikes from his omissions. Mr. TAYLOR was himself in command, during SCOTT'S last expedition, of two parties, and of the work done on these journeys he writes with the modesty characteristic of men who speak of dangers and adventures in which they have personally taken part. One opinion of his I cannot refrain from quoting; it is that the tragedy of SCOTT'S expedition was caused by Seaman EVANS'S illness. "I believe that, short of abandonment, the party had no hope with a sick man on their hands." No tale of heroism that the War has given us can obscure the noble loyalty of this sacrifice. And to-day, when some of us have neither the time nor the taste for lighter things, there should be a grateful welcome for a book that deals with men whose courage and endurance remain the imperishable possession of our race.

Somewhere towards the end of *The Tragedy of an Indiscretion* (LANE), we arrive at the Court of Criminal Appeal, where, in the course of unravelling the plot, one of the judges is moved to exclaim, "This is the most hopelessly complicated story I ever had the pain of listening to!" His lordship certainly has my sympathy. Personally speaking, the first twenty pages of it nearly gave me a nervous breakdown, so wild and whirling were the events into which it plunged. Let me start the thing for you. *Ronald Warrington*, who was heir to the aged *Duke of Glenstaffen*, eloped with *Mrs. Greville*, assuming for no very understandable reason the name of his friend and secretary, *Essendine*. So, the pair being established at an hotel, the supposed *Mr. E.* goes to a station to buy an evening paper, is fallen upon by the real one, and thrust into a train to attend the deathbed of his ducal relative. *Essendine* himself, entering the hotel to explain matters to the lady, finds (1) that she is the wife who divorced him before marrying *Greville*; (2) that she has just died of heart disease. Next, being of a placidity almost inhuman, he decides to bury the corpse as that of his wife, and not worry anyone with explanations. What he didn't know then, or I either, was that another lady was at the moment gadding about London in one of *Mrs. Greville's* cast-off frocks, and pretending to be that much-married female. And when in due course she is murdered, and the strangely apathetic widower, *Mr. Greville*, who never set eyes upon her, is arrested for the crime—well, you may begin to think that the judge's remark was an understatement. What I should like to ask Mr. J. W. BRODIE-INNES is, if this is his notion of an "indiscretion," what would he have to say of a real social error?



AT THE MUSEUM.

Soldier (on leave from the trenches visiting the sights of London—before enlarged model of common flea). "YES, THAT'S IT, FATHER! THAT'S THE KIND I WAS TELLIN' YOU ABOUT. BUT IT AIN'T MUCH OF A SPECIMEN."

The name of the author of *Youth Unconquerable* (HEINEMANN) is given on the title-page as PERCY ROSS. But I would willingly take a small wager on the probability that this name conceals a feminine identity. For one thing, no mere man surely would attempt the task of depicting the sweet girl graduate in her native lair, often as the converse has been done. Certainly it is improbable that he would manage to convey such an impression of actuality. For I am sure the life of an Oxford ladies' college must be, for many, very much what it was for *Cherry Hawthorn*. But I am afraid this is about all that I can honestly say in praise of the story. *Cherry* was a young woman with red hair (it is bright vermilion in the ugly picture of her on the cover) and no fortune. Her late father had made her the joint ward of two young men, one an Italian prince, and one a semi-insane Welshman. *Cherry* accepted this provision with a promising placidity. She, and I, anticipated marriage with one or other of the guardians. But that was before we had seen them. The Italian turned out to be silly, while the Welshman recalled the gloomier imaginings of the BRONTËS, and in the event came by an appropriately violent end. However there was a third suitor, a Scotch Duke, so all was well. Perhaps the tale may have more success with others than with me. But I am bound to warn you that the style of it is a wild and wonderful thing. One is, for example, unprepared to find a gentleman's hat and stick referred to as "his extra-mural accoutrements." And this is no rare example. The whole thing, in fact, seems more suitable to a very popular magazine than to the dignity of that exclusive little windmill that forms the HEINEMANN hall-mark.

Our Precisionists.

"TRICYCLE for Sale cheap, 3 wheels."—*Suburban Paper.*



Junior Sub. "THE COLONEL SAYS WILL YOU DISMISS THE PARADE, SIR?"
Newly-mounted Captain. "CONFOUND IT! DO IT YOURSELF, SMITH. I'M BUSY RIDING."

CHARIVARIA.

WE are in a position to state that the efficiency of Germany's new submersible Zeppelins has been greatly exaggerated.

* * *

Many schemes for coping with our £2,100,000,000 War indebtedness are before the authorities, and at least one dear old lady has written suggesting that they should hold a bazaar.

* * *

It is stated that the monkey market at Constantinople, which for hundreds of years has supplied the baboons found in Turkish harems, has closed down. German competition is said to be responsible for the incident.

* * *

The Government's indifference to the balloon type of aircraft has received a further illustration. They have rejected Highgate's fat conscript.

* * *

German scientists are now making explosives out of heather. Fortunately the secret of making Highlanders out of the same material still remains in our hands.

Deference to one's superiors in rank is all very well up to a point, but we should never go so far as to allow an article by a titled war-correspondent to be headed "The Great Offensive at Verdun."

* * *

British songsters, says a writer in *The Daily Chronicle*, are now being illegally used to regale the wealthy gourmets of the West End in place of the foreign varieties, which can no longer be imported. For ourselves, who are nothing if not British, we are glad of any sign that native musicians are coming by their own.

* * *

The practice of interning travellers in Tube and other stations during the progress of Zeppelin raids on the North-East Coast having become extremely popular, it is suggested that some much-needed revenue might be obtained by imposing a small tax—a penny, say, per hour—upon those who thus enjoy the protection and hospitality of our railways.

* * *

It is officially announced that Oxford is to have no more Rhodes Kolossals.

Lord ROBERT CECIL admitted in Parliament last week that the contraband list is to be enlarged, and it is rumoured that, notwithstanding the serious effect the step may have in the United States and elsewhere, the list will be extended to include munitions of war.

* * *

A prominent City barber points out to an *Evening News* correspondent that it would be most unfortunate if the high cost of shaves should result in a discontinuance of the practice of tipping the operator, and adds that only two of the services have increased in price. He means, of course, to draw attention to the fact that sporting chatter, dislocation of the neck, and the removal of superfluous portions of the ears are still provided free of charge.

Anti-Climax.

From a *feuilleton* (showing what our serial fictionists have to put up with):—

"'To-morrow?' repeated Rosalie, dully. 'I'm afraid I can't to-morrow.'

To-morrow——!

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow."—*Daily Mirror.*

OF COCOA

AND CERTAIN OLD ASSOCIATIONS REVIVED BY A DRAUGHT OF THIS NUTRITIOUS BEAN.

["The rate on cocoa is raised from 1½*d.* to 6*d.* per lb." (Loud cheers). *The CHANCELLOR'S Budget Speech.*]

Now, ere the price thereof goes soaring up,
Ere yet the devastating tax comes in,
I wish to wallow in the temperate cup
(Loud cheers) that not inebriates, like gin;
Ho, waiter! bring me—nay, I do not jest—
A cocoa of the best!

Noblest of all non-alcoholic brews,
Rich nectar of the Nonconformist Press,
Tasting of CADBURY and *The Daily News*,
Of passive martyrs and the law's distress,
And redolent of the old narcotic spice
Of peace-at-any-price—

What memories, how intolerably sweet,
Hover about its fat and unctuous fumes!
Of Little England and a half-baked Fleet,
Of German friendship pure as vernal blooms,
And that dear country's hallowed right to dump
Things on us in the lump;

Of tropic isles whereon this beverage springs,
And niggers sweating out their pagan souls;
Of British workmen, flattered even as kings,
So to secure their suffrage at the polls;
Of liberty for all to go on strike
Just when and where they like.

I would renew these wistful dreams to-night;
For, since upon my precious nibs, when ground,
McKENNA'S minions, with to-morrow's light,
Will plant a tax of sixpence in the pound,
My sacred memories, cheap enough before,
Will clearly cost me more. O. S.

ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER.

I LOOK all right, and I feel all right, but the doctor said the Army was no place for me. Having given me a piece of paper which said so, he looked over my head and called out, "Next, please." It was with this document I was going to produce a delicious thrill—what I might call an "electric" moment. I carefully rehearsed what should happen, though I was not quite sure what attitude to adopt—whether to give the impression that I was a member of a pacific society, look elaborately unconcerned or truculently youthful. This, I decided, had better be left to the psychological moment.

I would take my seat or strap in the crowded tram or train. Observing that I wore neither khaki nor armlet someone would want to know why "a big, strong, healthy-looking fellow like you was not in the Army." I should then try to look pacific or elaborately—see above again. But I should say nothing. My studied silence would annoy everybody. I was quite sure of this, because I really can do that sort of silence very well. The inevitable old woman with a bundle would fix me with her watery eye. "The man in the street," who, of course, would now be in the tram or train, would give a brief history of his three sons and one brother-in-law at the Front. The armleted conductor (we are now in the tram) would give my ticket a very rude punch and my penny a very angry stare. When I was quite sure I had been set down as a slacker, I should produce the doctor's certificate of exemption. In my ultra-polite manner, which is nearly as good as my annoying silence, I should hand it to the man whose three sons and one brother-in-law had evidently been writing for more cigarettes. I would then say, "I know you can talk. It is possible you can read. Would you be good enough to read aloud this certificate?" It would be read and then handed back to me. I would fold it carefully and place it in my inside pocket. Looking very tenderly at the long row of rebuked countenances, I should get up and make for the door. This would be the delicious thrill, the electric moment.

The following is what *did* happen.

I was on the Tube. Conditions were favourable, as Sir OLIVER LODGE would say to Mrs. PIPER. The old woman with the bundle was not there, but the shop-girl with three regimental brooches was. Everything was going as well as I could have wished. The shop-girl closed her novel and fingered her brooches. A fat old gentleman sniffed vigorously, and someone asked why "a big, strong, healthy, etc., etc." Nobody seemed to be impressed by my splendid silence, but it was there all the same, and somebody was going to be very sorry before he got home. I touched my tie and lit a fresh cigarette. The air was tense. I could almost see my electric moment walking down the compartment to meet me. We were nearing a station. I felt in my pocket.

I had left the certificate at home!

HOME HELPS FOR NON-COMBATANTS.

THE ARMY AND NAVY EXEMPTIONS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, LIMITED, offer facilities for the evasion of military service.

LADIES supplied to act as Widowed Stepmothers to young Slackers.

GENTLEMEN not desirous of serving should inspect one of our Bijou Residences. Bath (h. and c.); rent inclusive. District enjoys best water supply and most lenient Exemption Tribunal in the Home Counties.

PERSONS requiring the Loan of Children may obtain these useful aids to exemption in lots of not less than half-a-dozen (mixed), by the day, week, or month, as desired.

FLAT FOOT IN TWELVE DAYS! A GENUINE DISCOVERY.

Gentlemen wishing to acquire this useful impediment may do so with secrecy and despatch on application (with fee). No *permanent* disability need be feared, a certain cure being guaranteed within one calendar month after date of signing peace, upon payment of a further fee.

LEARN TO FAINT.

One Correspondence Course will teach you this useful art in two and a half lessons.

Do you want NOT to go to the Front? Then try our LITTLE WHITE LIVER PILLS and you will never have another worry. *Dose:* One, once. Sold everywhere.

HOW TO LOOK OLD. A USEFUL WRINKLE.

No more worry. No matter *how* youthful your appearance, in TEN MINUTES we can make you look

AS GREY AS GRANDPA.

Call and inspect our appliances. They will convince you.

Are you a MAN OF GENIUS? And young? And in perfect health? We will see that you are saved for your country. In the words of one of our exempted clients:—

"For why should youth aglow with gifts divine
Be driven forth to glut the foreign swine?"



THE GRAPES OF VERDUN.

The Old Fox. "YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH NEARER THEM."

The Cub. "NO, FATHER. HADN'T WE BETTER GIVE IT OUT THAT THEY'RE SOUR?"



His Fiancée. "HE HAD VERY BAD LUCK. HE WAS KNOCKED OVER BY A RICOCHET."
Her Aunt. "REALLY? I DIDN'T KNOW THE GERMANS HAD ANY NATIVE TROOPS FIGHTING FOR THEM."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXVII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—This letter is written in England, but the reason for my presence here is not to be dismissed in a breath or mentioned first anyhow. It is to be led up to gradually, the music being stopped and the audience being asked to refrain from shuffling their feet about and coughing when we come to the critical moment.

Reviewing my military career, I do not look upon myself as great; I look upon myself rather as very great. Even at the beginning of it I had a distinct way with me. I would say to fifty men, "Form fours," and sure enough they would form them. I would then rearrange my ideas and say, "Form two-deep," and there, in the twinkling of an eye, was your two deep. This is not common, I think; it was just something in me, some peculiar gift for which I was not responsible. So pleasing was the effect that I would sometimes go on repeating the process for ten minutes or so, and every time it fell out exactly as I said it would, no one ever daring to suggest that the sooner I settled down to a definite policy, whether in fours or twos, the sooner the War would end.

For six months I continued performing this difficult and dangerous work, only once making the mistake of ordering my men to take a left turn and myself taking a right one. Fortunately this happened in a local town of tortuous by-ways, and so it fell out that I and my platoon only met again later in the day; and a most touching meeting it was. Discussing the matter afterwards with my C.O., I inclined to the view that it was an accident which I, for my part, was quite ready to forgive and forget. My C.O. was, however, out of sorts at the moment; in fact he let his tongue run away with him. He even proposed to put me on the Barrack Square for a month, a suggestion which caused my Adjutant (who was interfering as usual) to smile quite unpleasantly. I just looked them straight in the face and said nothing. This, I think, was little short of masterly on my part, since I knew all the time, and knew that they knew, that there was in fact no Barrack Square thereabouts to put me on.

After this my men did so extraordinarily well that I became a marked man. I was, in fact, invited to step over to France and to give some practical demonstrations in the art of making war. To pack a few articles into a bag and to parade my men was with me the work of a moment. Before starting it was, however, proper to address a pre-battle speech to them. Silence was enjoined and I spoke, spoke simply and honestly as a great soldier should. "Form fours," said I, and paused dramatically. "Form two-deep," I continued, and my meaning was understood. "Form fours," I concluded . . . and we were ready for the worst.

So we moved away for the Field. We did this, I remember, at 5 A.M. Not a moment was to be lost. Our train started at noon and we had three miles to march to the station. Running it pretty close, wasn't it?

Never shall I forget the anxious faces which greeted our arrival at the French port. "Nip up to the trenches," said O.C. megaphone, "and save the situation if you can." Up to the trenches we nipped, covering the distance of sixty miles in less than three weeks. There was no doubt about our willingness and ability to do as we were told; our only difficulty was to

discover in the dark where the situation was. Never shall I forget the tense strain that first night, my men standing to arms through the long hours, with their rifles pointing into the darkness beyond. But not a shot was fired, and when dawn broke all was well. True, the first light revealed the fact that I had got us all with our backs to the enemy, so that if there had been a battle it would have been between ourselves and Mr. Jones's platoon. But you can't have everything; and sense of direction never was my strong point. Never shall I forget our first breakfast in the trenches. It consisted of bacon and eggs, marmalade and tea. How strange and novel an experience it was to be at war!

Never shall I forget . . . Now I know there was something else, but there are such a lot of things that I am never going to forget about this War that I cannot be expected to remember them all. It was something about someone not shaving, and being in the rear rank while the front rank was being inspected, and in the front rank while the rear rank was being inspected. It was by such brilliance of strategy as this that I was able to do the Bosch out of that little dinner he meant to have in Paris. It was owing to the same, and to my being overheard to remark that I could run the blessed War by myself better than this, that I was given a pen and a piece of blotting-paper and told to carry on. After which, of course, the wretched Bosch never even got as far as Calais.

Truly a remarkable man! But hear the crisis of my career.

This letter is written in England. If you would only read your morning paper properly, you would know why. Looking down the Births Column to see if anybody you know has been born, you would have noticed that We, Henry, are the father of a son, a tall, good-looking fellow, who weighs eight, eighteen or eighty pounds (I could not be sure which) and is a man of few words, obviously the strong silent sort.

On hearing the news we at once reported our achievement to the Staff and asked what we were to do about it. We were informed that, as far as we were concerned, the War stood adjourned for eight days. Later, as we stood in the street trying to think it all out and to remodel our demeanour so as to suggest the responsibility and respectability of a father, we were asked severely why we were standing idle, and told that, unless we were seen forthwith moving off for England at the double, action would be taken. So home, where we were very respectfully saluted by the New Draft. A strange but nice woman who had the parade in hand invited us to come a little closer, but this we refused to do, giving as our reason that we were beginning as we meant to go on and that undue familiarity is bad for discipline. We then addressed a few kind words to the Lady in the Case, who appeared to take it all very much as a matter of course, and with her discussed future dispositions. The Army and the Bar were negatived at once; it was suggested (not by us) that we have already in our small family an example sufficiently fortunate of both. He will be a sailor or a financier. There is something about sailors; it is always a pleasure and a pride to take one of them out to dinner in a public place, especially if he's your own. On the other hand the financier alternative is suggested with a view to the possibility (as things tend) that it may be he who has to take us out to dinner.

Yours ever, HENRY.



Mistress. "WELL, JANE, WHAT SORT OF NEWS HAVE YOU FROM YOUR YOUNG MAN AT THE FRONT?"

Jane. "FATAL, MUM."

Mistress. "DEAR, DEAR! I'M VERY SORRY——"

Jane. "YES, MUM. 'E'S BROKE IT OFF, MUM."

"The fall of rain during February in Exeter amounted to 5.39 inches. During the same month 80 hours 58 mins. of sunshine were recorded, being an average of 2 hours 42 mins. per day. The chief tradesmen of the district are responsible for this gratifying result."
Express and Echo (*Exeter*).

They seem to be easily satisfied down in the West. If London tradesmen take to purveying the weather we shall want a little less rain and a good deal more sunshine.

IN PRAISE OF PUSSY.

[Professor ROBERT WALLACE, of Edinburgh University, has been defending the cat as a useful member of society and a defence against the ravages of plague, and encourages the breeding, collecting and distributing of types of cats known to be "superior ratters."]

In these days of stress and passion
Feline charms are out of fashion,
And the cult of Pasht is coldly looked upon;
But cat-lovers may take solace
From the words of ROBERT WALLACE,
Who 's a scientific Edinboro' don.

Cats as lissome merry minxes,
Or impenetrable Sphinxes—
Leonine, aloof, impassive, topaz-eyed—
Leave our staid professor chilly,
For he clearly thinks it silly
To regard them from the decorative side.

It is *not* their grace, now serious,
Now malicious, now mysterious,
That appeals to his utilitarian mind;
But, when viewed as extirpators
Of disease-disseminators,
Then he looks with admiration on their kind.

For if cats should ever shun us
Rats with plague would overrun us,
And they 're bad enough on economic grounds;
For their annual depredation
On the food-stuffs of the nation
He would estimate at twenty million pounds.

True, O Puss, romance is lacking
In your latest champion's backing,
But at least he isn't talking through his hat;
And if, after all, what matters
Is to have "superior ratters"—
Well, he pays the highest homage to the Cat.

HEROISM.

THERE are heroes and heroes. All heroes are heroes: that is certain. But there are some heroes whose heroism involves more thought (shall I say?), more material, than that of others, who are heroic in a kind of rush, without any premeditation—heroic by instinct. Now it seems to me that the rewards of the more complex heroes ought—but let me illustrate.

I have a friend who is a hero. The other day in France he did one of the most desperate things, and did it apparently as a matter of course; and he is to have the V.C. for it. But is the V.C. enough? If it 's enough for the instinctive heroes, is it enough for him? That is my question. The secret history of his deed is known only to me and to himself, and when I give you an idea of it you will be able to answer.

I will tell you.

Never mind what the deed was. All I will say is that it is comparable to the glorious feat of Lieutenant WARNEFORD, who bombed the Zeppelin from above and sent it crashing down. My friend is an aviator too, and since I am not allowed to describe his great performance in detail let us pretend that it was an exact replica of the WARNEFORD triumph. Armed with his bombs he saw the approaching Zepp and flew high, six or seven thousand feet, to get above it. So far he had merely obeyed the dictates of his brave impulsive nature. He had given no thought to the chances of danger or death, but had flown direct to his duty. So far he was instinctive. But my friend, as well as being unusually brave, is a singularly retiring kind of man. He hates publicity, ostentation. Very shy and very quiet, he moves about the world unperceived, and has all the reluctances of the anchorite. Nothing but his deep feeling about the War could have got him to do anything as prominent as aviation, so that it is not unnatural that, as he mounted higher and higher and came nearer and nearer to the desired point over the Zepp, he should suddenly realise what it would mean for him if he succeeded in bringing it down.

Not that he had too much time for such reflections, for until the envelope intervened between him and the Zepp's marksmen he was being blazed at steadily. Bullets whistled about him. But one thinks swiftly, and in a flash he saw the extremely distasteful consequences to humility, and the dislocation of his secluded way of life if, dropping his bombs accurately, he earned (as he was bound to do) the Victoria Cross. All this he saw, and was properly furious at his bad luck—at the trick that destiny had played on him. He then dropped the bombs, the envelope ignited, and the Zepp, with its crew and its deadly cargo, fell to earth and was blown to atoms.

Now my point is that for such a hero as my friend, whose whole soul is to be outraged by publicity and *réclame*, and much of whose dearly-loved privacy is to be lost for ever, there ought to be a V.C. above and beyond the ordinary V.C.—a super V.C.; for he performed not one deed, but two: he not only destroyed the Zepp but he surrendered his sanctuary.

An Exhibition of Mr. Punch's War Cartoons is now being held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

TO THE PRINCE OF ARTILLERYMEN

WHO RECENTLY BROUGHT DOWN A ZEPPELIN.

WHEN, Gunner, through the breech you passed
That wingéd messenger of death,
And having made the breech-block fast,
With pounding heart and bated breath
Drew back the rod of tempered steel
That frees the charge and fires the fuse,
I would have given much to feel
My feet in your distinguished shoes.

But when your deadly missile burst
Right on the rover, checked his speed,
And made him rock like one whose thirst
Has frankly caused him to exceed,
You must have felt as feels a god
To whom whole nations bend the knee—
Whichever of the dozen odd
Disputant gunners you may be.

"Who can tell but what Rumania's watchful eye will yet sound the bugle note which at the psychological moment will unite the Balkan thrones?"—*Shanghai Mercury.*

Rumania seems to have something more than a speaking eye. It even plays tunes.

From a German paper quoted by *The Times*:—

"The German people fully recognises the nicely retiring manner of the Kaiser during this war."

The Allies are confident that it will receive further recognition before long.

In an article entitled "The Superiority of German Strategy" the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says:—

"The road before us is, however, long and calls for great achievements. We are not lacking in strength. Let us wait and see."

Mr. ASQUITH is wondering what this flattery portends.

"I have spoken of the good there is in grooves, in the groovy way of life . . . Who can be blind to the fact that life in a groove leads to bigotry and nar-grooves, in the groovy way of life?"

"*Claudius Clear*" in "*The British Weekly.*"

Not we. We have never been blind to anything of the sort.

"LITTLE LADY, during all these months thoughts entirely with you, treasuring up unbleaching memory of happy hours spent together."—*Advertisement in "The Times."*

Presumably in the wash-house. Unless some confusion arose, in the mind of the advertiser, between dying and bleaching.

ECONOMY IN DRESS: THE NEW SMARTNESS.



"It's lovely, but I'm afraid thirty guineas is too much for me."

"It *is* a good deal, but Madam must remember this is a genuine old dress. We guarantee it to have been in constant wear for at least five years."



"I say! that's a smart frock, if you like!"

"H'm, yes. But it's only imitation—not real old."



"I like it, but it looks dreadfully new."

"If you feel that, Madam, might I suggest that you have it soiled by our special process? We only charge three guineas extra."



"Come along, Mabel. Don't make your mouth water looking in there. Old clothes are not for the likes of us."



Visitor. "AND HOW DID YOU *know* WHEN YOU WERE WOUNDED?" *Tommy.* "SAW IT IN *THE DAILY MAIL*."

MATCH PLAY.

SINCE the Budget was produced the match-mendicant is at work more industriously than ever, patting his pockets and looking round expectantly at his fellow-travellers. The surreptitious filling of private boxes in restaurants and club smoke-rooms is rapidly on the increase. Yet if men would only meet the proposed match-tax calmly and thoughtfully they might still remain honest and independent.

There are too many three-match men. Just as the tennis-player sends down the first ball into the net with a fine abandon, and is more careful with the second, so the three-match man strikes his first match without arresting his progress along the street, only slows down a little with the second, and not until the third is in his fingers does he look about for a doorway.

If deep doorways and public telephone boxes were put to better use by the smokers of England much waste of matches would be avoided.

And why do not men buy their matches in a businesslike way? Every man should ask to see them before making a purchase. He should compare the brands, take note of the length and thickness of the sticks, examine the size and quality of the heads, test the durability of the sides of the boxes, compare the numbers in the various boxes, test the breaking strain of the matches and the strength of the flares when struck, and time with a stop-watch the burning of a certain length of match.

Many matches are ruined and wasted by harsh treatment. Strong men are apt to use their strength like giants in striking their matches, with the result that the matches break, or their heads are pulled off, or the side of the box is irreparably injured. Remember that the striking of a match is more of a wrist movement than an arm movement. The man who strikes a match straight from the shoulder deserves to lose it; and the average match is not made to be struck even from the elbow. Many a man, puzzled at his lack of success in striking matches, will find the secret of his failure in too vigorous a use of the forearm. The best plan—one that is adopted by our leading actors and other experts—is to stand firmly with the feet about fourteen inches apart, hold the box between the thumb and fingers of the left hand (be careful to avoid the unsightly method, which some strikers adopt, of holding it in the palm), take the match about one inch and an eighth from the head with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, bend back the right wrist until the head of the match is two and a half inches from the end of the box, and with a swift but not too sudden wrist-movement away from you rub the head of the match against the side of the box. A little careful practice will soon get one into the way of judging the distance accurately, so that, on the one hand, the box is not missed, and, on the other hand, the head of the match is not too severely strafed.

"Five Zeppelins were seen off the East Coast between nine and ten last night. They appeared to be rather larger machines than those visiting the coast on previous occasions. Measures were taken."

Western Evening Herald.

We always use a simple foot-rule for this purpose.

"Forty Thousand American inhabitants at Erzram were massacred by the Turks."

Zululand Times.

More trouble for President WILSON.



A WILLING VICTIM.

John Bull (*to Claude Duval McKenna*). "THIS HAS INDEED BEEN A PLEASANT MEETING. YOU 'RE QUITE SURE YOU 'VE GOT ALL YOU WANT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 4th.—When introducing a Budget designed to raise a revenue of seventy or eighty millions, Mr. GLADSTONE was wont to speak for four or five hours. Mr. MCKENNA, confronted with the task of raising over five hundred millions, polished off the job in exactly seventy-five minutes. Mr. GLADSTONE used to consider it necessary to prepare the way for each new impost by an elaborate argument. That was all very well in peace-time. But we are at war, when more than ever time is money, and so Mr. MCKENNA was content to rely upon the imperative formula of the gentlemen of the road, "Stand and deliver."

For a moment, it is true, he reverted to the old traditions of Budget-night. After observing that there was no parallel in history to the willingness to be taxed which had been displayed by the British people, he declared that it would be a mistake to drive this spirit of public sacrifice too hard. The difficulty which many people had in maintaining a standard of life suitable to their condition was described in such moving terms as to convince some of Mr. MCKENNA's more ingenuous hearers that the income-tax was not going to be raised after all.

They were quickly disillusionised. The rich will have to contribute (with super-tax) close on half their incomes; the comparatively well-to-do a fourth; even the class to whose special hardships the CHANCELLOR had just made such pathetic allusion will have to pay an additional sixpence in the pound. If in the circumstances some of them feel inclined to echo *Sir Peter Teazle's* remark to *Joseph*, "Oh, damn your sentiment," I think they may be excused.

That, however, was Mr. MCKENNA's only lapse. The rest of his speech was ruthlessly and refreshingly practical. The millions were ticked off as rapidly, and almost as mechanically, as the two-pences in the other taxis. Five millions from cinemas, horse-races, and other amusements, three from railway tickets, seven from sugar, two from mineral waters, another two from coffee and cocoa (even the great Liberal drink cannot escape under a Cocoalition), and nearly a million from motor vehicles.

Forty-five years ago Mr. LOWE proposed to extract "*ex luce lucellum*" by putting a tax of a half-penny a box upon matches, and was duly punished for his pun. When the matchmakers of the East-end (quite as dangerous in their way as those of the West-end) marched in procession to the House of Commons, the Government bowed before the storm. Undeterred by their fate, Mr. MCKENNA now proposes to put a tax of 4*d.* on every thousand matches, and expects to get two millions out of it. But it must not be forgotten that there are substitutes for matches; and I should not be surprised if Mr. MCKENNA himself has to put up with a spill.



A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY.

A Peace Budget. MR. GLADSTONE. — *A War Budget.* MR. MCKENNA.



SIR GEORGE REID REFRESHINGLY CHEERFUL.

Not much criticism was however to be heard to-night, though Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN gave it as his opinion that Ireland ought to be omitted from the Budget altogether. With him was Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, whose principal complaint was that the tax on railway tickets would put a premium on foreign travel. People would go to Paris instead of Dublin, and Switzerland instead of Killarney. Here somebody tactlessly reminded him that a war was going on in Europe, and shunted him on to a less picturesque line of argument.

Wednesday, April 5th.—Congratulations are due to the Earl of MEATH on a long-delayed triumph. For fifteen years he has been trying to convince the British Government that there is an institution called Empire Day. Throughout the Dominions, May 24th, QUEEN VICTORIA'S birthday, is kept as a public holiday, and even in the Old Country, despite official discouragement, the Union Jack is hoisted on thousands of schools and saluted by millions of children. To the suggestion that the public offices should be similarly adorned the Government, under the erroneous belief that patriotism and militarism were identical, has hitherto maintained an unflagging opposition. But to-day Lord CREWE admitted that the proposal was reasonable.

Sir GEORGE REID has made the surprising discovery that there are a number of excellent speakers in the House of Commons who do not speak, but concentrate themselves upon the despatch of business. Perhaps this was his genial way of indicating the more obvious fact that there are others of a precisely opposite kind. He himself is an excellent speaker who speaks; but concentration is perhaps hardly his strongest point, and he wandered to-day over so many fields that the CHAIRMAN had more than once, with obvious regret, to recall him to the strict path of the Finance Bill, which ultimately passed its first reading, amid cheers that it would have done the KAISER good to hear.

Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING, having been prevented by the Budget from making his usual Tuesday speech, delivered it to-day, and had a success which was, I trust, as gratifying to him as it was surprising to the House.



Wife. "DO YOU THINK THE ZEPPELINS WILL COME HERE?"
Husband. "VERY POSSIBLY, I SHOULD SAY."
Wife. "THEN I SHAN'T START THE SPRING CLEANING."

At the close of his now customary catalogue of the defects he has discovered in our air-service, he offered personally to organize raids upon the enemy's aircraft headquarters, and ventured to believe that he could bag as many Zeppelins in a day as the Government could bring down in a year by their present methods of misplaced guns and misplaced confidence.

Mr. TENNANT did not think our confidence was misplaced. But he would certainly accept Mr. BILLING'S offer, and would confer with him as to how to make the best use of his services. It seems probable, therefore, that for some little time the House will have to do without its weekly lecture from the Member for East Herts. Under the shadow of this impending bereavement Mr. TENNANT is bearing up as well as can be expected.

Thursday, April 6th.—Everyone was delighted to see the PRIME MINISTER back in his place to-day after his three weeks' absence. Members on both sides cheered loudly and long as he entered the House. They also displayed a gratifying curiosity regarding his views on various subjects, and to that end had put down no fewer than thirty-two questions for his consideration. The amount of information they received was hardly commensurate with the industry displayed in framing them. Mr. ASQUITH made, however, one announcement of great moment. The Government are now considering how many recruits they have got, and how many they still want. They will then announce their decision as to the method to be adopted for obtaining more, and will give a day for its discussion. This is to be done before Easter. Asked how long the House would adjourn for, Mr. ASQUITH replied, with obvious sincerity, "I hope for some time."

The great crisis of which we have heard so much in the newspapers is thus postponed. But a little crisis, not altogether unconnected with the other, had still to be resolved. The Government had a motion down to stop the payment of double salaries to Members on service, and to this Sir FREDERICK BANBURY had tabled an amendment providing that Parliamentary salaries should be dropped altogether. Mr. DUKE and other Unionists subsequently put down another amendment, designed to stop the discussion of the larger question on the ground that it was a breach of the party truce.

The SPEAKER however decided that Sir FREDERICK was entitled to first cut at the Banbury cake. He made, as I thought, a very fair and not unduly partisan use of his opportunity, arguing that the conditions of Parliamentary life had changed since the War, and that as Members were no longer called upon to work hard they should save the country a quarter-of-a-million by dropping their salaries.

No one, I think, was prepared for the tremendous blast of invective which came from Mr. DUKE. In language which seemed to cause some trepidation even to the Ministers he was supporting he denounced his right hon. friend for introducing "this stale and stinking bone of contention," and plainly hinted that it was part of a plot to get rid of the PRIME MINISTER. If that eminent temperance advocate, Sir THOMAS WHITTAKER, had not poured water into Mr. DUKE'S wine, and emptied the House in the process, there might have been a painful scene.

AT THE PLAY.

"Disraeli."

Our early-Victorian oligarchs disdained their Disraeli as a mountebank because he wore the wrong waistcoats and had genius instead of commonsense. If he had grown to be the least like Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's *Disraeli*, if he had taken to standing over Governors of the Bank of England and forcing them to sign documents under threat of smashing up their silly old bank, if he had been such a judge of men as to have made that prize ass, *Lord Deeford*, his secretary, or conducted his *ménage* at Downing Street in the highly diverting manner exhibited in Mr. Parker's second Act, one trembles to think what they would have called him—and done to him. And whether, if the Bank had ever had such a Governor as *Sir Michael Probert*, England would have ever been in a position to buy a single share in the Suez Canal or any other venture, is a question for the curious to consider.

No wonder the Americans enjoyed *Disraeli!* Reinhardt should pirate it for Berlin, as it would lend some colour to the imaginative Dr. Hellferich's airy dissertations on English finance. Can it be that our author is a hyphenated patriot in disguise and that this is merely a ramification of the so thorough German Press Bureau's activities? Perish the thought!

At the opening of the play, with *Mr. Disraeli* and his wife as guests at Glastonbury Towers, all went well. The almost uncanny lifelikeness of Mr. Dennis Eadie's make-up, the steady flow of the great man's good things, which had been discerningly culled and quite skilfully put together, his swift parries and kindly thrusts, his charming tenderness towards that best of wives, the shining heroine of the crushed thumb, all this was admirable, was eminently believable—that is if you except the exaggerated futility and insolence of the aristocratic background. It was when the adventuress got going; when casements began to be mysteriously unlocked by fair hands, and pretty ears applied to keyholes at vital moments of quite improbable disclosures to more than improbable young men; when important despatches and secret codes began to be left about in conspicuous places, in rooms conveniently vacated for notoriously suspect plotters; when the Prime Minister began to bounce and prance and to lay booby traps, into which not his enemies but his incomparable secretary promptly blundered—it was then that things went crooked.

It is perhaps not to be regretted. Nothing is more diverting to the perceptive playgoer than these little dramatic simplicities; as when, the great Suez deal having been completed—a fact that it was enormously important to conceal from the Press and the country (and the adventuress)—a telegram with full details in the plainest of plain English is despatched from the local post-office to the great financier who had made the deal possible. The charming *naïveté* of the family gathering at the Foreign Office



"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands?"
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Benjamin Disraeli . . . . Mr. Dennis Eadie.
Mrs. Noel Travers . . . . Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat.

(it might have been Mme. Tussaud's) and the adorable ingenuousness of the idea of bringing down a great international financier by holding up his cargo of bullion in a foreign port, should lead no one to complain that high politics are dull.

I wouldn't have missed Mr. Dennis Eadie's *Disraeli* for a good deal. Where it was at all possible—which it was in general; Mr. Parker only sprinkled his extravagances—the ease and plausibility of it were quite admirable. This adroit player gave us the tact, the wit, the gallantry, the generosity, the romantic exuberance. It was a fine performance, and it will be finer as its firm outline is filled in. The play, for all its vagaries, may even serve to remind a careless age of its too lightly forgotten spacious dead. Miss Mary Jerrold's *Lady Beaconsfield* was, I suppose, more in the nature of an imaginary portrait. It was beautiful and convincing. As a stage adventuress Mlle. Dorziat was most attractive, if only she had been credible. She had no business to be in any of the situations in which she found herself, and must have needed all her skill to conceal the fact from herself. Miss Mary Glynne as *The Lady Clarissa*, the portentous *Duchess of Glastonbury's* pretty daughter and the doomed bride of the egregious *Deeford*, was quite charming to watch and hear. Mr. Cyril Raymond should, I am sure, mitigate the asinine priggishness of the young viscount's bearing in the First Act. His conversion from this to the merely crass stupidity of the second was too much for us to bear. Mr. Vincent Sternroyd as *Mr. Hugh Meyers* looked quite as if he might have been able to put his hand on two million; Mr. Harben as *Sir Michael Probert* just as if he would sign any document which was put before him under threat or suggestion. Mr. Campbell Gullan, as the adventuress's husband, made himself the kind of clerk that no one would have trusted for a moment with even the petty cash. These things I know are necessary and I acquit him of any artistic impropriety. But you will go to see this piece chiefly for the sake of Mr. Eadie's *tour de force*, for the thrill of the rather pleasant sensation (mingled with a slightly horrified suspicion of sacrilege) of seeing a queer resurrection, and for the fragrance of a touching little idyll of married friendship—one of the most enduring of *Disraeliana*. T.

A Special Matinée, at which the Queen will be present, is to be given at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, at 2.30, on Friday, April 14th, in aid of of the Y.W.C.A.'s fund for providing Hostels, Canteens and Rest Rooms for women engaged in munition and other war-work. Among the artists who have promised to appear are Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Joseph Coyne, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Dennis Eadie, Miss Lily Elsie, Madame Genée, Mr. Robert Hale, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. George Robey and Miss Irene Vanbrugh. The Matinée has been organised by Miss Olga Nethersole, and the stage will be under the direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault.

Applications for seats should be addressed to the Manager, Box Office, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Cheques to be made payable to Lady Sydenham.



Officer (to Sentry on fire-step in the trenches). "Anything to report, Sentry?"

Sentry (who has been gazing steadily at wire entanglements). "All quiet, Sir, except them posts out there. If I watch 'em long enough they start forming fours."

THEATRICAL ECONOMY.

We learn that at a recent matinée performance of a play by Mr. W. B. Yeats, "instead of scenery a Chorus of singers was introduced, who described the scene as well as commenting upon the action." In these times that call for frugality other managements would do well to copy. One might mount an entire West-End Society comedy, and bring as it were the scent of Hay Hill across the footlights, at no greater expense than the cost of a back-curtain and a Chorus. The latter might go something as follows:—

This is the morning-room of the heroine's
house in Half Moon Street;
Noble and large is the room, with three win-
dows, two doors and a fireplace
(Goodness knows how many more in the wall
through which we are looking).
Nobly and well is it furnished, with chairs
and with tables and couches,
Couches beyond computation, and all of them
soon to be sat on;
So may you see that the play will be dialogue
rather than action.
Pleasant and fresh in the footlights the chintzes
with which they are covered,
Giving a summer effect, helped out by the
plants in the fireplace.
Curtains at each of the windows are flooded
with limelight of amber,
Whence you may learn that the time is a
fine afternoon in the season.
Centre of back a piano, whose makers are
told on the programme,
Promises snatches of song, or it may be a
heartbroken solo.
Carpets and rugs and the like you can fill in
without any prompting;
Pictures and china and books, and photographs
circled in silver.
Yes, you may take it from us that the piece
has been mounted regardless.

[*Enter the leading lady. She just pushes the back-curtains apart and emerges on to the stage, dressed in any old thing (what a saving!). The Chorus continues ecs'atically.*

See where the heroine comes, flinging open
the door from the staircase
(Marked you the head of the stairs and the
artist-proof on the landing?
That 's what I call realistic). She 's threaded
her way through the couches,
Sinks upon one for an instant, then rises and
walks to the window,
Showing the back of her gown to be fully as
chic as the front part.
So to the door (in the curtain) and slams it
with signs of emotion,
Slams it so hard and so fierce that the walls
of the room are a-quiver;
Even the opposite side of the roadway, as seen
through the windows,
Shares in the general movement, as though it
were struck by an earthquake.

And so on. You catch the idea? Bare boards, a passion and a Chorus; and the management would save enough to make the amusement-tax a matter of indifference.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

V.—Swiss Cottage.

I heard a Jodeller
In a Swiss cottage
Eating a crust
And a bowlful of pottage.

He jodelled and jodelled
'Twixt every bite;
He jodelled until
Not a crumb was in sight.

He jodelled and jodelled
'Twixt every sup;
He jodelled until
He had drunk it all up.

He put down his bowl
And he came to the door,
And jodelled and jodelled
And jodelled for more!

"The exportation of the following goods is prohibited to all destinations:—

Acetic acid, cinematograph films, ferro-molybdenum, ferro-silicon, ferro-tungsten, gramophone and other sound records, photographic sensitive firms, &c., &c."

Liverpool Daily Post.

"Two photographers from Devonport, who had been already deferred ten groups, asked that their claims should be heard *in camera*."

Western Morning News.

No doubt they belonged to one of the sensitive firms above mentioned.

ROOSEVELT IN THE RING.

EVERY Englishman who has taken even a very humble part in the consideration and discussion of public affairs is or ought to be aware that the most gratuitous error he can commit is to take a side in American politics and to criticise American public men from the British point of view. From that error I propose to abstain most rigorously. It is the right of Americans to criticise their own Government and the public acts of their statesmen, and on that right I shall not infringe. It cannot, however, be improper for an Englishman to set out before his fellow-countrymen the utterances of a great American on matters which vitally affect not only America but the whole civilised world. Mr. ROOSEVELT—for Mr. ROOSEVELT is the great American of whom I speak—has done more than give utterance to his opinions; he has deliberately collected them into a book, *Fear God and Take Your Own Part* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and has thus invited us to read and consider his views. I accept his invitation and trust I shall not abuse the privilege.

It is a refreshment to go about with Mr. ROOSEVELT through the pages of this book. Here are no doubts and no hesitations, no timidity and no blurred outlines. Everything is clear cut and well defined. Where Mr. ROOSEVELT blames he blames with a vigour which is overwhelming; where he approves he approves with a resonant zeal and enjoyment. He has no drop of English blood in his veins—he himself has said it more than once—yet he is strong in his praise of our conduct and even stronger in his denunciation of the faithlessness and inhumanity of Germany. The contemplation of German atrocities and of what he considers to be America's weak compliance with them fills him with a rage which is fortunately articulate. His indictment of Germany is as vigorous as the most ardent pro-Ally can desire. It would be agreeable to watch the KAISER'S face if he should happen to take up this book in an idle moment between one front and another.



AFTER THE AIR RAID.

"ARE YOU HURT, SIR?"

"YES, BUT NOT HALF SO BADLY AS THE CHAP WHO TRIED TO PINCH MY SOUVENIR."

Mr. ROOSEVELT'S position can be best defined in his own words. "We Americans," he says, "must pay to the great truths set forth by Lincoln a loyalty of the heart and not of the lips only. In this crisis I hold that we have signally failed in our duty to Belgium and Armenia, and in our duty to ourselves. In this crisis I hold that the Allies are standing for the principles to which Abraham Lincoln said this country was dedicated; and the rulers of Germany have, in practical fashion, shown this to be the case by conducting a campaign against Americans on the ocean, which has resulted in the wholesale murder of American men, women and children, and by conducting within our own borders a campaign of the bomb and the torch against American industries. They have carried on war against our people; for wholesale and repeated killing is war, even though the killing takes the shape of assassination of non-combatants, instead of battle against armed men."

Here again is a passage which is not lacking in emphasis: "Of course, incidentally, we have earned contempt and derision by our conduct in connection with the hundreds of Americans thus killed in time of peace without action on our part. The United States Senator or Governor of a State or other public representative who takes the position that our citizens should not, in accordance with their lawful rights, travel on such ships, and that we need not take action about their deaths, occupies a position precisely and exactly as base and as cowardly (and I use those words with scientific precision) as if his wife's face were slapped on the public streets and the only action he took was to tell her to stay in the house."

This, too, on the hyphenated is good: "As regards the German-Americans who assail me in this contest because they are really mere transported Germans, hostile to this country and to human rights, I feel, not sorrow, but stern disapproval. I am not interested in their attitude toward me, but I am greatly interested in their attitude toward this nation. I am standing for the larger Americanism, for true Americanism; and as regards my attitude in this matter I do not ask as a favour, but challenge as a right, the support of all good American citizens, no matter where born and no matter of what creed or national origin." That puts the matter in a nutshell.

I might continue with pithy extracts until the columns of *Punch* were filled to overflowing, and even then I should not have exhausted the interest of this virile and timely book. The reading of it can only serve to confirm an Englishman's faith in his country's cause. Thank you, Mr. ROOSEVELT, for your admirable tonic.

VICTORIA.

HE entered the train at St. James' Park—a dark-eyed young Belgian wearing the new khaki uniform of KING ALBERT'S heroic Army. I had watched him hobbling along the platform, and my own boots and puttees being coated with mud after a day's trench-digging in Surrey I drew them in as he took the corner seat opposite mine, stretching out rather stiffly before him the leg which had no doubt stopped a Bosch's bullet. Here was the opportunity for an interesting exchange of views. I was mentally rehearsing a few bright opening sentences in French when the train again stopped. Half twisting in his seat he peered uncertainly out of window.

"Victoria," I informed him; but he obviously didn't understand. I raised my voice.

"Victoria Station," I told him again. "Er—er, *Victoire*."

His stick fell clattering to the floor, his mouth broadened into a fraternal smile, and, seizing both my hands, he worked them like pump-handles.

"*Ah, bon, bon! A la victoire! Vivent les Alliés!*"

"BRAZIL.—The British Consul at Porto Alegre states that there appears to be a prospect of the work of repaving the town being carried out in the near future. The contract provides for the repaving of an area of 500,000 square miles at a total cost of £223,200."
Morning Paper.

If these figures are correct Porto Alegre must have the record for cheap paving, always excepting an even warmer place where good intentions are the material employed.



Sergeant-Major (lecturing the young officers of a new battalion of an old regiment). "You 'aven't got to make traditions; you've only got to keep 'em. You was the Blankshire Regiment in 1810. You are the Blankshire Regiment in 1916. Never more clearly 'as 'istory repeated itself."

"CONKY'S" UNCLE.

There are some men whose patronymics are swallowed up in their nicknames, and my friend "Conky" is one of these. He has quite a decorative surname of his own, but it never counted. For the rest he is the possessor of a big booming bass voice, which he uses with more gusto than art. He is, apart from a certain pride in his musical accomplishments, a very good fellow; and so is Mrs. "Conky"—an amiable and agreeable woman, whose only fault is an excessive anxiety for the comfort of her guests, leading her at times to forget, in the words of the Chinese proverb, that "inattention is often the highest form of civility."

They are a devoted couple, and the only cloud on their happiness was caused by Conky's expectations from a mysterious and eccentric uncle. For a long time I was inclined to disbelieve in his existence, as he never "materialised." But I was converted from my scepticism, some three years ago, when, on meeting Conky, I was informed that Uncle Joseph had invited himself on a short visit. My friend betrayed a certain agitation. "You know," he said, "it is twenty years since I saw him last, when he came to look me up at school, and rather frightened me."

"Frightened you! But how?"

"Well, you see, he's got a way of thinking aloud, and it's rather embarrassing. I don't mind being called 'Conky,' as you know, but it was rather trying to hear him say, 'I hope his nose has stopped growing.' However, I couldn't very well put him off now. I'm his only nephew; he's an old man, and said to be very rich." Conky sighed, but added more hopefully, "Anyhow, I'm sure Marjorie will rise to the occasion." Personally I was by no means so sure. I felt that Marjorie might overdo it: also that Conky, who loved the sound of his voice, might be tempted to soothe the old man with intempestive gusts of song.

Unhappily my misgivings were realised. A few weeks later, on my way home from the club, I called in late one afternoon on the Conkys. They greeted me cordially as usual, but I could see something was amiss, and soon it all came out. The visit had been a fiasco. Uncle Joseph had been very friendly and even courteous, but at intervals he thought aloud with devastating frankness. Marjorie had exhausted herself in the labours of hospitality, but all in vain. Conky had sung, but the voice of the charmer had failed. And just as Uncle Joseph was going he observed in a final burst of candour, "Goo-ood people, very goo-ood people; but *she*'s a second-rate Martha, and *he* sings like a bank-holiday trombone-player on Blackpool sands."

From that day till a week ago I never heard Conky or his wife allude to Uncle Joseph. The memory was too painful. And yet it is impossible to deny that the experience was salutary. Marjorie is certainly less overwhelming in her hospitality, and Conky less prodigal of song. And when Conky told me last week that Uncle Joseph had died and left him £10,000, I felt that the old man had atoned handsomely for his unconscious indulgence in a habit for which, after all, a good deal was to be said.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The latest of our novelists to succumb to the temptations of the school story is Mr. E. F. Benson; and I am pleased to add that in *David Blaize* (Hodder and Stoughton) he seems to have scored a notable success. It is the record of a not specially distinguished, but entirely charming, lad during his career at his private and public schools. Incidentally, as such records must, it becomes the history of certain other boys, two especially, and of *David's* relations with them. It is this that is the real motive of the book. The friendship between *Maddox* and *David*, its dangers and its rewards, seems to me to have been handled with the rarest delicacy and judgment. The hazards of the theme are obvious. There have been books in plenty before now that, essaying to navigate the uncharted seas of schoolboy friendship, have foundered beneath the waves of sloppiness that are so ready to engulph them. The more credit then to Mr. Benson for bringing his barque triumphantly to harbour. To drop metaphor, the captious or the forgetful may call the whole sentimental—as if one could write about boys and leave out what is the greatest common factor of the race. But the sentiment is never mawkish. There is indeed an atmosphere of clean, fresh-smelling youth about the book that is vastly refreshing. Friendship and games make up the matter of it; there is nothing that I could repeat by way of plot; but if you care for a close and sympathetic study of boyhood at its happiest here is the book for your money. Finally I may mention that, though in sympathetic studies of boyhood the pedagogue receives as a rule scant courtesy, Mr. Benson's masters are (with one unimportant exception) such delightful persons that I can only hope that they are actual and not imaginary portraits.

You will get quite a serviceable impression of what the highlands and highlanders of Serbia and Montenegro were like in war, behind the lines when the lines still held, from *The Luck of Thirteen* (Smith, Elder), by Jan Gordon (colourist) and Cora his wife, if you are not blinded by the perpetual flashes of brightness—such flashes as "somebody had gnawed a piece from one of the wheels" as an explanation of jolting; "the twistiest stream, which seemed as though it had been designed by a lump of mercury on a wobbling plate;" the trees in the mist "seemed to stand about with their hands in their pockets, like vegetable Charlie ——" But no! I am hanged if I will write the accursed name. This plucky pair of souls had put in some stiff months of typhus-fighting with a medical mission in the early months of the war, and these are impressions of the holiday which they took thereafter among those fateful hills, with a little carrying of despatches, retrieving of stores and a good deal of parasite-hunting thrown in, until they were finally caught up in the tragic Serbian retreat; still remaining, of course, incurably "bright." I think I detect a certain amount of the too-British attitude that contemns what is strange and is more than a little scornful of poverty, official and private. And I suppose the artist's wife will scoff if I tell her that I was shocked that she should have taken some shots at the Austrians with a Montenegrin machine gun, as if war was just a cock-shy for tourists. But I was. If Mr. Jan Gordon found a good deal more colour in his subjects than we other fellows would have been able to see, that's what an artist's for.



SALVE.

Returning Soldier. "'Ullo, Mother!"

His Wife (*with stoic self-control*). "'Ullo, Fred. Better wipe yer boots before you come in—after them muddy trenches."

In *Jitny and the Boys* (Smith, Elder) there are those elements of patriotism, humour and pathos which I find so desirable in War-time books. *Jitny* was neither man nor woman, but a motor-car, and without disparaging those who drove her and rode in her I am bound to say that she was as much alive as any one of them. She certainly talked—or was responsible for—a lot of motor-shop, and I took it all in with the greatest ease and comfort. *Jitny* indeed is a great car, but she is not exactly the heroine of a novel. She is just the sit-point from which a very human family surveys the world at a time when that world is undergoing a vast upheaval. In the father of this family Mr. Bennet Copplestone has scored an unqualified success, but the boys are perhaps a little old for their years. This, however, is no great matter, for the essential fact is that the book is full of the thoughts which make us proud to-day and help us to face to-morrow. Yes, *Jitny* has my blessing.

Little Willie goes for more Loot.

"In the Woevre the Germans attempted on three occasions to capture from us an earthquake."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

A schoolgirl's translation:—"*La marquise recommanda son âme à Dieu.*" "The Marquis wished his donkey good-bye."

"A number of officers in the province of Yunnan, China, hatched a plot to behead the Governor-General at Urumtsi, and proclaim the independence of the province of Sinkiang. The Governor, discovering the plot, invited ten of the conspirators to an official dinner, at which he beheaded them in turn."—*Reuter.*

"Another glass of wine, Mr. Wung Ti?" "No? Very well, then, if you would kindly stand up a moment and place your neck on the back of your chair—— Thank you. After the savoury I shall have the pleasure of calling upon the next on my list, Mr. Ah Sin," and so on. Quite a jolly dinner-party.



Overworked and exasperated Colonel (who has told Adjutant to answer the telephone). "WELL, WHAT THE BLAZES DO THEY WANT?" *Adjutant.* "IT'S THE C.O. OF THE BLANKSHIRES, SIR; WANTS YOU TO REPEAT THE FUNNY-STORY YOU TOLD HIM LAST NIGHT AT MESS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE recent Zeppelin raids have not been without their advantages. In a spirit of emulation an ambitious hen at Acton has laid an egg weighing 5¼ oz.

* * *

The opponents of Colonel ROOSEVELT regard the advice given in the title of his new book, *Fear God and take your own part*, to be unusually moderate as coming from one who, whatever he may have said to the contrary, is very generally suspected of being prepared to take the part that is at present being played by President WILSON.

* * *

At a meeting of the "No-Conscription Fellowship" last week, Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN referred to the Conscientious Objectors as the "Salt of the Earth." Perhaps, but we don't care to have them rubbed into us.

* * *

Germany has addressed a Note to the United States explaining that the *Sussex* could not possibly have been torpedoed for the reason that the submarine commander who sank the vessel had no difficulty in drawing a picture of her which closely resembled a totally different ship.

It is announced that the care of the great vine at Hampton Court has been taken over by the Office of Works from the Board of Green Cloth. It is rumoured that the latter body, which has been of late somewhat lost sight of, is to be entrusted with the general supervision of our aerial forces.

* * *

So successful have been the electrically-heated footwarmers supplied to the police of Pittsburg, Pa, that the State Department is said to be contemplating their adoption.

* * *

For shouting "The Zepps are coming!" a Grimsby girl has been fined £1. It was urged in defence that the girl suffered from hallucinations, one of which was that she was a daily newspaper proprietor.

* * *

While announcing in Parliament last week that the Zoo would have to pay the Amusement Tax the CHANCELLOR promised to "keep an open mind in regard to any representations that might be made on the subject." Mr. MCKENNA, we understand, has since received a strong representation from the hippopotamus, protesting that, while he and his fellow-pachyderms are commonly considered as instructive, their natural dignity precludes them from attempting to provide amusement in any form.

* * *

"In twenty years' time," says Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING, "the aeroplane will bring about universal peace." This statement will come as a distinct shock to many who imagined that with Mr. BILLING at Westminster it might be expected to achieve this desirable result in about twenty days.

* * *

The Gaslight and Coke Co., in the interests of economy, are proposing to abandon the painting of street lamp-posts. The chief patrons of these institutions, they say, will be quite satisfied as long as the lamp-posts still feel the same to the touch.

* * *

A woman doctor has lately advanced the theory that talking leads to long life; but an attested married man of our acquaintance assures us that this is a mistake, and that it merely makes it seem longer.

"BURY MARRIED MEN AND LORD DERBY."
Provincial Paper.

A tempting solution of the Government's problem, but perhaps a little too mediæval for these times.

METHODS OF A GERMAN MISSIONARY.

[See note to Cartoon on opposite page.]

The Sultan soliloquises:—

MEHMOUD, the gilt is off your idol's crown;
Clear shows the clay beneath the chipped enamel;
In sporting phrase, your dibs have been planked down
On the wrong camel.

This WILLIAM had a God he called his peer,
And yet must needs take on a new religion;
Spoke well of ALLAH; in His Shadow's ear
Cooed like a pigeon;

Pressed you to join him in a Holy War;
Advanced the wherewithal you badly needed;
And taught you how to go for Christian gore
The same as he did.

And now, where Afric's fountains fling their balm,
In his last place within the sun, 'tis written
With how remote a love for dear Islām
Your Bosch was bitten.

He hoped to stamp your creed out, branch and root;
This missionary meant to take your Arabs
And crush their souls beneath his mailéd boot
Like crawling scarabs.

And if they still ignored his ponderous heel,
If still their faith in Allah stood unshaken,
He looked to stimulate a local zeal
For heathen bacon!

MEHMOUD, it is too much! Sick Man you are,
Yet in your veins I hope enough of vigour is
To tell this WILLIAM he has gone too far
With his damned piggeries! O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXVII.

(*From Dr. LIEBKNECHT.*)

IF such trifling matters as the meeting of the Reichstag now occupy any portion of your Majesty's attention, it may please you to learn that my membership of that august body has been temporarily suspended. At the same time I should be sorry that your Majesty should labour under any misapprehension as to what happened. No doubt I was forbidden to speak, though I am the representative of people whose voices have a right to be heard even in the unhappy Parliament which is all that the German Empire is allowed to provide for the subjects of the German KAISER. But I wish you to understand that I was not silenced before I had said aloud nearly everything that I had in my mind to say. It is true that I did not make any formal speech. The bellowing blockheads who now arrogate to themselves the name of patriots and all the virtues of patriotism were easily able to prevent me from doing this, and I was forced, therefore, to confine myself to short and sharp interjections thrown in at appropriate moments while BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, that arch-impostor, was proving to the whole world that even if Germany had a good case he is the last man who would be able to place it in a convincing manner before the judgment of the world.

Your Majesty has had a long practice in the use of words. You pride yourself on the glorious and beneficial effect of such speeches as that in which you condescendingly praised the Almighty for having allied Himself with you, very much, as it appeared, to His own advantage, or that other speech in which you announced to your conscripts their duty to shoot down their parents if in some momentary whim you ordered them to do it, or even that other brave and Imperial harangue in which you declared your humane and merciful designs on the Chinese people. I have no doubt, then, that if you could be induced to speak your opinion fairly and openly you would admit that, though you yourself could, of course, have done better, I did not do so very badly in my little bout with poor BETHMANN. At any rate I spoke the truth, which is an inconvenient course of conduct, and made BETHMANN look the fool that everybody (except, perhaps, your Majesty) knows him to be.

Indeed, your Majesty, a fool who is also arrogant is a very terrible thing. When BETHMANN, for instance, spoke of Germany's love for her neighbours, and in particular for the small nations, he delivered himself into my hands. All I had to do—and I did it—was to remind him that he proved his love by jumping upon them and strangling them. In a moment the whole fabric of his stupid argument was shattered and he was left gaping open-mouthed and without an answer before the whole world. The incident showed the man's mind and his disposition in a lightning flash, and from all countries, even from wretched Belgium and from ruined Serbia, there came a laugh of hatred and contempt. Why are we so hated? Not because we are great and powerful and prosperous, but because we make our greatness an incubus, our power a tyranny and our prosperity an offence.

Fools like BETHMANN do not see this. They and their fellow-fools, some of them quite brilliant men, with high notions on literature and music and the drama, are for ever in a state of jealous fear. They have the mania of persecution and imagine that all other countries are leagued against them for the purpose of wiping Germany off the map. Then they lose their unfortunate heads and strike out blindly to right and left. The other nations have no course open to them except to defend themselves as best they may, and then Herr BETHMANN and his superior fools shout out that this wicked defensive proves up to the hilt that when they spoke of conspiracies they were fully justified and that Germany for her own safety must smash and in the end control every other country under the sun.

And yet, your Majesty, the time will come when we must have peace. This pouring out of blood, this tremendous waste of money and lives must some day have an end. Those are the best patriots who would put a stop to it as soon as possible, for the longer you defer peace the more difficult it becomes to make it. We have been told of great victories, but they profit us not at all. All is desolation and cruelty and confusion. And those who think most of Germany know best how bitterly she needs peace.

Your truth-telling but suspended subject,

LIEBKNECHT.

"THE LIAR'S PUNISHMENT.

The Matin points out the predicament in which the German High Command must have found itself yesterday when editing its daily *communiqué*. No doubt it wished to place on record with all customary exaggeration the slight advantage gained on the slopes of the Dead Man. But how can the German High Command state this convincingly when for over a week it has solemnly announced the complete capture of the Dead Man? It has therefore to maintain silence as the only expedient."—*Evening News.*

On the principle: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

"We are told that the maximum of the income-tax duty will be reached at five shillings in the pound, a figure that will recall the Budgets of the Neapolitan wars."—*Irish Paper.*

When, as now, Vesuvians were so heavily taxed.



LOVE ME, LOVE MY PIG.

[Captured documents show that the German Government had schemed to stamp out Mohammedanism in East Africa both by force and by the encouragement of pig-breeding.]

GRASS VALLEY ARMISTICE.

"'E DIDN'T mean to do it," he said, touching the bandages on his head. "Oh no, quite an accident. It was a foo-de-joy — doorin' the armistice. Wot, haven't you 'eard of Grass Valley Armistice?"

I said I couldn't recall it for the moment.

"It was doorin' September," he said; lasted two hours. Sergeant Duffin started it.

"'E was out on a patrol one night, and suddenly 'e comes rushin' back over the parapet and goes chargin' down to the Major's dug-out with a face like this 'ere sheet.

"'They'me comin',' ses Binks 'oo was next to me, and we were just goin' to loose off a round or two, when we 'eard ole Duffy 'ollerin' in the Major's bunk.

"'Barbed wire 's gone, Sir,' 'e ses.

"'Wot?' ses the Major.

"''Ave to report the wire 's gone,' ses Duffy again.

"'Tell Lootenant Bann,' drawls the ole man, as if someone 'ad told 'im tea was ready.

"When Bann 'ears the noos, 'e fires a light up.

"'Can't see none,' 'e mutters, quite annoyed, and off 'e goes over the top to find out for sure. In 'alf-an-hour 'e was back again.

"'The blighters 'ave pinched our wire,' 'e ses to the Major. 'They 've drawed across them chevoo-der-freezes I put out, and stuck them on their own dirty scrap-'eap.'

"'Fetch 'em back,' says the Major, very off-'and like.

"'Right-O,' says Bann. 'Right-O.' For 'e 'd spent three solid hours puttin' the wire out.

"'Fetch a pick an' some rope,' 'e ses to Duffy. 'I 'm goin' to 'arpoon our wire.' Then he ties the rope to the 'andle of the pick and trots off over the parapet.

"After a bit we 'ears the pick land amongst the barbed wire with a rattle like a bike smash, an' the next minit back comes young Bann, sprintin' like a 'are an' uncoilin' the rope on the way.

"'Now then,' he shouts, jumpin' into the trench, 'man the rope!' an' we lines up ready down the communication trench. ''Aul away,' 'e 'ollers, an' back we goes, pullin' like transport-mules.

"It give a few inches to start with, an' then a foot or two, an' then, just when the wire must 'ave been 'alf-way 'ome it suddenly stuck fast.

"'Must 'ave caught on summat,' ses Bann, an' sets off with 'is wire-cutters to clear it.

"''Eave,' grunts ole Jones at the end of the rope. ''Eave-o, my 'earties,' an' then 'e knocks up against the ration-party comin' 'ome down the communication trench. ''Ang on, mates,' 'e shouts to them, an' down goes the bully bif, an' the next minit a loud rip an' some bad language told us 'is coat couldn't stand it.

"We got some more chaps at it then, but the rope never budged an inch.

"Then Bann comes runnin' back again, very excited-lookin'. 'Look out!' he shouts; 'the Bosches 'ave got a rope 'itched on, too.'

"Sure enough, the next minit the Germans puts their weight on, and pulls 'alf of us right over the bloomin' parapet.



WAR ECONOMY.

Street Hawker (to chatty old lady). "YES, MUM, I'M BEING BADLY 'IT. YER SEE, ALL MY BISNESS COMES UNDER THE 'EAD OF LUXURIES."

"The Major comes along then, and when 'e sees the state of things 'e looks quite solemn, for there was only Lootenant Bann and ole Jones left in the trench.

"Where 's the team?' 'e snaps, as severe as if you 'd come on parade without your rifle.

"'Fall in, tug-o-war team,' sings out Duffy, and our eight, 'oo 'ad been lookin' on rather superior like, moistens their 'ands and stands to.

"'This is your work,' ses the Major to them, very significant.

"'Take the strain,' 'ollers Duffy, and the evenin' doo fair streamed out of the rope when they put their weight on. Back goes our team, two foot at least, whilst the lads cheers and yells as if we was winnin' the divisional prize on Salisbury Plain again.

"By this time the Bosches was just as excited as we were. They was rushin' about in the open with our men, 'owling their lingo and firin' off their rifles for encouragement. I stopped a shot somebody 'ad aimed at the sky for joy.

"When ole Binks and the German chap 'oo 'ad done it was carryin' me back to our trench, I saw the Major come rushin' past.

"'Go it, men,' 'e sings out to our chaps, and then off 'e sprints again, to finish a bet he was makin' with the German officer.

"For an hour and a 'alf the excitement was awful. Up and down went that wire until the place looked like a ploughed field. First we gained an inch, then Germany 'ad a couple, then England gets one back, and up goes our caps again. Everybody was rushin' about yellin', and ole Binks, 'oo knows a bit of German, made a nice bit of money at interpretin'.

"Then things suddenly got worse. Our eight 'ung on like 'eroes, everyone swearin' 'e wouldn't loose that rope if 'e was pulled into the KAYSER's bloomin' bedroom; but sure enough the Huns was slowly winnin'. Inch by inch we saw our chaps give way, black in the face at the notion of bein' beat. The Bosches yelled like 'eathens, and was shakin' hands with everybody. Then all of a sudden young Bann comes rushin' up to the Major, 'oo was takin' four to one with a chap from Coburg.

"'Stop, Sir!' I 'ears 'im shout. 'Stop the contest! The dirty blighters are usin' a *windlass*.'

"'Wot?' 'owls the Major, goin' purple at the thought of international laws bein' disregarded like that.

"'Take the men off the rope,' 'e orders. 'We hunderstood we was pullin' with gentlemen,' 'e ses very dignified, and then thinkin', no doubt, of the four to one in dollars 'e 'd 'ave won if they 'd played fair 'e orders us to stand to and give them ten rounds rapid; and 'e used such language on the telephone that the Artillery thought we was attacked, and loosed off every shell they could lay hands on. So the War started again, you see."

He touched his head and thought a minute. "That was Grass Valley Armistice," he said finally, and relapsed into silence.

"In Prize Court Attorney-General read affidavit showing there were gangs in Germany, America and other neutral countries engaged in evading our blockade."

Liverpool Echo.

It will take more than an affidavit to convince us that Germany is a neutral.



OUR ADOPTED ALIENS.

He. "That's Mannheim—chap I was speaking about."
She. "Made in Germany, I suppose?"
He. "No. Made in England—only born in Germany."

SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

His Day, April 23rd.

Saint George he was a fighting man, as all the tales do tell;
He fought a battle long ago, and fought it wondrous well;
With his helmet and his hauberk and his good cross-hilted sword,
Oh, he rode a-slaying Dragons to the glory of the Lord.
And when his time on earth was done he found he could not rest
Where the year is always Summer in the Islands of the Blest,
So back he came to earth again to see what he could do,
And they cradled him in England—
In England, April England—
Oh, they cradled him in England where the golden willows blew!

Saint George he was a fighting man and loved a fighting breed,
And whenever England wants him now he's ready to her need;
From Creçy field to Neuve Chapelle, he's there with hand and sword,
And he sailed with Drake from Devon to the glory of the Lord.
His arm is strong to smite the wrong and break the tyrant's pride;
He was there when Nelson triumphed, he was there when Gordon died;
He sees his Red-Cross ensign float on all the winds that blow,
But ah! his heart's in England—
In England, April England—
His heart it dreams of England where the golden willows grow.

Saint George he was a fighting man; he's here and fighting still,
While any wrong is yet to right or Dragon yet to kill;
And faith! he's finding work this day to suit his war-worn sword,
For he's strafing Huns in Flanders to the glory of the Lord!
Saint George he is a fighting man, but, when the fighting's past,
And dead amid the trampled fields the fiercest and the last
Of all the Dragons earth has known beneath his feet lies low,
Ah, his heart will turn to England—
To England, April England—
He'll come home to rest in England where the golden willows blow.

GLORY O' ENGLAND.

(*At the "Plough and Horses."*)

"GLORY o' England be passin', sure 'nough."

"She been passin' ever since I been 'ere to tell o' it, seems to me. 'Ow be she passin' now more 'n ordinary times, Luther Cherriman?"

"Way as is nearest to sudden death, George. 'Er young men gettin' that soft an' sloppy-like that there ain't no tellin' some of 'em from gals."

"Gals be comin' 'long won'erful—not much to complain o' wi' they. Drivin' motors, they be, an' diggin' an' all."

"Times be changin' fast; nigh time women wore the breeches an' done wi' it, now."

"I did think as our lads was doin' their bit middlin' well, too, out to Front. I did seem to 'ear they 'd counted f'r a German or two, first an' last."

"Fightin' Germans is a man's *work* just to present—if 'e be strong 'nough an' young 'nough an' all rest of it. But ye can't judge a man by 'is work 'lone, not to make a proper man of 'im. Sport did used to be the glory o' England in my young days. An' now the young uns ain't got spunk 'nough to shoot a rabbit."

"That be an 'ard sayin', Luther, if ye like. 'Oo be you 'ludin' to partic'lar?"

"I be 'ludin' to young Squire—'oo did ought to set a good 'xample in this 'ere village, if anyone ought."

"'E were th' first to go when th' War broke out, though 'e be th' only son of 'is parents. An' more 'n 'alf of our chaps went 'cos of 'im, so 'tis said."

"That 's all right, far as it goes——"

"I 've 'eard say as 'e 've got a few more t' join ev'ry blessed time 'e 've been 'ome on leave. They do say 'e be mortal keen."

"I don't say nothin' 'bout 'im shootin' Germans—I knows nothin' 'bout that. But in these 'ome fields I 'ave seen what I 'ave seen—no longer ago 'n yesterday."

"Be it too much to ask ye, then, what ye 'ave seen, Luther?"

"I seen a sight as tells me glory o' England be on th' wane. I seen young Squire loppin' 'bout 'ome fields an' 'is bits o' span'els at 'is 'eels same as ever. An' yet 'e looked that strange like I couldn't take m' eyes off of 'im. An' then it come over me all of a sudden what 'twas. 'Where be y'r gun, Sir?' I shouts to 'im over th' stile."

"What did 'e say to question personal as that?"

"'E come up to me an' I sees 'e got bunch o' daffodils in 'is 'and. 'These things smell o' Heaven,' 'e says, smilin' quiet. 'My gun is in the rack, Cherriman,' 'e says, 'where it 's like to be.' 'Lor' love me, Sir,' says I, 'that do be strange, surelye, wi' th' rabbits 'oppin' 'round y' feet like a lot o' gals courtin' o' ye.' 'Strange,' 'e says; 'but we lives in strange times now, Cherriman. An' I 've seen slaughter 'nough in Flanders to serve me for th' moment,' 'e says."

"'E said that?"

"'E did. An' white 'e went as 'e said it—you see the white comin' up under the brown of 'im."

"Pickin' daffs?"

"Like some bloomin' gal."

"Didn't 'e say nothin' more?"

"'You dunno what it 's like,' 'e says, 'to be back in this old place—to smell the good old Sussex clay, to watch the plovers flyin', to pick these flowers. You dunno what it 's like, Cherriman,' 'e says, 'seein' you ain't come back to it from 'ell. Rabbits be safe 'nough from me now,' 'e says, an' drops his daffs all unknowin' like an' goes off at a mooney stride. An' 'e finest shot in th' county, some do say—an' I believes 'em!'"

"Teh, Luther—stop yer jaw! There be young Squire a-comin'. An' bless me if 'e ain't . . ."

"Here, you two old rascals, I 've been looking for you—for you, anyhow, Cherriman. Here 's a rabbit apiece for your suppers—shot 'em myself."

"Thank ye kindly, Sir. But I thought as you 'd give up shootin'?"

"I thought so too, Cherriman—till I saw your face in the field yesterday. And then I said to myself, I must regain Cherriman's respect if it means the hardest bit of shooting I 've ever done here or in Flanders."

"That 's right, Sir! Don't do to let glory o' England die. Thank ye kindly for rabbits, Sir—us 'll enjoy' em proper."

"Hope you 'll break your last tooth on them, Cherriman—that 's what I hope."

"Glory o' England 's more to me, Sir, 'n an 'ole set o' teeth at my time o' life."

"MARRIED MEN
PROPOSALS EXPLAINED."
"Evening News" poster.

Are not these revelations just a little hard on our friends' wives?

The Art of Journalistic Expansion.

"The 'Russky Invalid' states: 'The Caucasus army has performed a miracle which in military history will be remembered for years to come.'"—*The Age* (*Melbourne*).

"'General Russky, though an invalid, and his Caucasus army,' declares *The Messenger*, 'have performed a miracle which military history will remember for years to come.'"
The Argus (*Melbourne*).

THE ROLLING STONE.

AT Cambridge, where on field or flood
He shone like a GOLDIE or a STUDD,
He was an intellectual "blood."

He made the grimmest dons unbend,
And missed his First, right at the end,
For he cut his Tripos—to nurse a friend.

Then he wrote a novel. The weekly press
Declared it was worthy of R.L.S.;
But it wasn't a great financial success.

So, after a spell at the Bar, he flew
To the rubber-fields in remote Peru,
But stayed there only a month or two.

For he suddenly conceived a plan
Of studying music at Milan,
Where he sang in the style of the great god Pan.

I heard him sing in the Albert Hall
In the chorus of MENDELSSOHN'S *St. Paul*,
And his voice was the loudest of them all.

Next he leased a Colorado mine,
And dealt in Californian wine,
And rented a rancho in the Argentine.

But whatever the job and whatever the pay
I certainly never knew him to stay
Anywhere as long as a year and a day—

Except one job, which is not yet done,
Though twenty months ago begun,
Of holding and hammering the Hun.

His horoscope I have never scanned,
But as long as there 's any fighting on hand
The rolling stone has come to a stand.

Irreplaceable.

Evidence of a conscientious and candid objector:—

"I am sure the Rector could not get anyone to take my place, as Cowley is now empty, and there are no loafers about."
Gloucester Citizen.

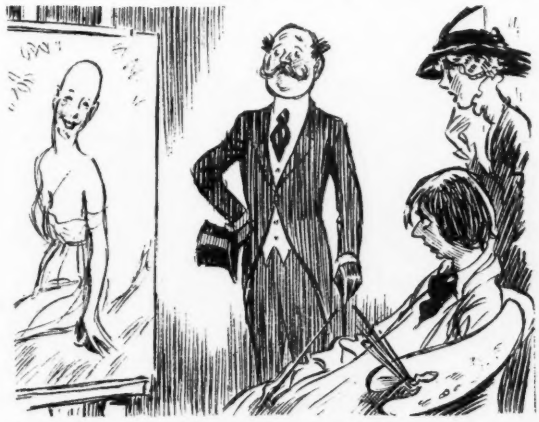
"The first cases to come before the tribunal were appeals from three Thirsk butchers, for the exemption of their respective slaughtermen. Mr. Johnson said he killed himself about 20 years ago. He thought he would start again."—*Darlington and Stockton Times.*

Very difficult to repeat the first fine careless rapture of a successful suicide.

"No, while it is a crime to spend money extravagantly on dress, it is just as emphatically one to abstain from it altogether."
Daily Chronicle.

If *The Daily Chronicle* says so, we accept it. There is no paper for whose judgment we have a more profound regard.

MR. PUNCH'S POTTED FILMS. THE DRAMA OF STUDIO LIFE.



Clarence Allardyce, the rising young artist, cannot in all London find a model worthy to pose for the hair in his masterpiece, "The Wood Nymph." On the eve of the exhibition he tells his trouble to his friend, Charles Carfax, who, with his fiancée, has visited the studio.



That evening, as he sits in his studio bewailing his lot, a mysterious visitor is ushered in.



She unveils her head, and in due course the masterpiece is finished.



The next day a fashionable crowd throngs Allardyce's studio to view the picture before its departure to the exhibition. Among them is Carfax, who, recognising his fiancée's hair, is overcome with rage and threatens to destroy the picture.



As he is about to execute his fell purpose he is stopped by his fiancée. "Stay!" she cries. "It is not as you suppose. It *is* my hair, but—I wear a wig. I sent it to him by post." By this noble lie she saves the picture at the cost of her matrimonial hopes.



Cast off by Carfax, the heroine visits the exhibition alone. There she is found by Clarence, who asks her to share with him the fame and fortune which she has brought him.



Face Massage Specialist. "NO DOUBT, SIR, YOUR SPEECHES ON FRIGHTFULNESS HAVE AFFECTED YOUR EXPRESSION."
Prussian Orator. "WELL, YOU MUST DO THE BEST YOU CAN FOR ME. TO-NIGHT I HAVE TO SPEAK ON 'OUR LOVE FOR THE SMALLER NATIONS.'"

ROUND ABOUT THE RESTAURANTS.

THE famous QUEX having relinquished the raree show of London—its lunches, its beauties, its theatres, its celebrities and its suppers—to take part in this boring and extremely inconvenient War, how proper that he should be succeeded by a younger *flâneur*! Behold then QUEX MINIMUS busy as a chronicler in your service.

* * *

Met Sir Loney Loon at the Fitz, where I had the greatest difficulty in finding a host. Succeeded, however, at last, but as he was an unknown person I do not mention him here. Sir Loney told me he was thinking of standing as Independent candidate when next there is a vacancy, being so utterly tired of the Coalition and all its incompetencies. Fancy, said he, after at least ten years of existence, aviation not being perfect! And the iniquity of any hitch whatever in any department after nearly two years of war! All I can say is I hope the famous magnate wins.

* * *

Heard Lord and Lady Provender eating their soup at the Barlton grill, where I had an excellent position behind the screen. His lordship looks older than he did in 1893, when he was in India. Her ladyship was wearing the famous Sheepshanks agates.

* * *

Talked to Dicky Post, the famous trainer, after Newmarket. He said it was most gratifying to see how finely racing men took the War. No one could visit the historic course and not realise what a wonderful country England was. To see the jockeys doing their bit on this mount and that, no matter how they might kick or plunge or buck, was a real tonic and indicated what stuff they were made of. He said that M. HUMBERT'S recent article on the need for the Allies of France to be as much in earnest as she was, had a very favourable reception on the Heath.

* * *

Met, at Liro's, Harry Wagtail, who is the author of most of the best *bons mots* of the day, although they go into circulation usually under other men's names. Paying the new income-tax, he said, will be like selling the gold in your teeth to discharge the dentist's bill.

* * *

Watched a famous millionaire at the Vasoy wondering whether he dare flout public opinion and the economy campaign by eating a plover's egg. Finally he got under the table to eat it unperceived, and was most surprised to find me there. QUEX MINIMUS.

"MIGHT BE DUE TO PICTURES.
"Magistrate and three Leeds youths charged with warehouse-breaking."
Yorkshire Evening News.

We regret to see that the demoralizing influence of the cinema appears to have extended to the Bench.

"On arrival at the Hook there was nothing left whatever in the way of eatables, and even the greater part of those saved were still in their nightdresses."—*Scotsman.*

Pommes de terre en robe de chambre, we presume.

"A MEMORY.—Thirty-nine years ago Miss Mary Rorke was playing with John Hare, now Sir John, in the famous old play, 'Old Men and New Acres.'"—*Daily Paper.*

A treacherous memory.



THE REPUDIATION.

Martin Luther (*to* Shakespeare). "I SEE MY COUNTRYMEN CLAIM YOU AS ONE OF THEM. YOU MAY THANK GOD THAT YOU 'RE NOT THAT. THEY HAVE MADE MY WITTENBERG—AY, AND ALL GERMANY—TO STINK IN MY NOSTRILS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 10th.—Some sadness mingled with the cheers that greeted the moving of the writ for the Wimbledon Division. The House is pleased that Mr. Henry Chaplin's long services to the State should have received the customary reward of a peerage, but it will miss his genial and majestic presence. Though an unfortunate accident in 1906 (a year prolific in electoral casualties) debarred him from becoming the titular Father of the House, his venerable appearance, his courtly and old-world bearing, and his full-bodied eloquence gave him an uncontested claim to be regarded as its Grandfather. Lord Claud Hamilton, the only other survivor of the Parliament of 1868, will now feel very lonely.

The best things said at a public meeting are often uttered by an anonymous "Voice." Mr. Will Thorne is the "Voice" of the House of Commons. Endowed with a fine pair of lungs and a style of delivery that resembles the cork coming out of a ginger-beer bottle he frequently expresses in his explosive style the collective opinion of his fellow-Members. At Question time Lord Robert Cecil referred to the abominable treatment of British prisoners of war at the Wittenberg camp, and said that steps were being taken to circulate in neutral countries the report of Mr. Justice Younger's Committee. There was a sudden "Pop," and out came Mr. Thorne with "Send it to the conscientious objectors."

On the Second Reading of the Budget Mr. Thomas O'Connor, as the Speaker punctiliously calls him, led off with a vigorous attack upon the match-tax. The discovery, made many years ago, that match-making as then conducted caused a painful disease of the jaw first aroused T.P.'s sympathetic interest. He now displayed an intimate acquaintance with the details of the industry and discoursed learnedly on the shortage of muriate of potash for the heads and of aspen for the splints. His argument briefly amounted to this—that the manufacturers of matches, like those of mustard, depended for their profits upon the amount wasted, and that to check public extravagance would destroy the trade.

The aspens on the Treasury Bench did not quiver visibly under this assault. They were more amenable to the criticisms on the railway-tax, which would fall very hardly upon commercial travellers and other business people. Mr. McKenna promised to give careful consideration to the criticisms before the Committee stage. Possibly it has occurred to him that as the Government have undertaken to bring the net receipts of the railway companies up to the 1914 level the Exchequer might have to pay out of one pocket nearly as much as it puts into the other.



Grandfather's new hat.



POP!

Mr. Will Thorne.

Tuesday, April 11th.—One of the French Deputies visiting Westminster thinks us a queer people. He had heard last night the Prime Minister's stout declaration of the Allies' resolve to bring Prussia's military domination to an end. Again this afternoon he had been told on the same high authority that the late Conference in Paris had reaffirmed the entire solidarity of the Allies and established the complete identity of their views. Then he had walked across the corridor to the House of Lords, expecting, no doubt, to hear the same sentiments expressed in even loftier language. Instead, he had to listen to Lord Courtney, in the traditional yellow waistcoat, declaiming with all the vigour of his *première jaunesse* against the notion that we should enter into any fiscal relations with our Allies that might imperil the sacred principles of Free Trade.

Lord Courtney believes that there is in Germany a large and powerful peace-party, which must not be frightened by any threats of reprisals, and he commends to the Allies in 1916 the example of Bismarck in letting the Austrians off easily in 1866. Our visitor was a little relieved by the explanation that the orator was an interesting survival of a school of thought now passed away, and represented no one but himself. But he was again puzzled when Lord Bryce, who knows as much about the manners of the gentle Hun as anybody (witness his report on the atrocities in Belgium), joined in the appeal that we should be nice to Germany after the War.

He was, however, somewhat comforted when Lord Crewe made it plain that the Government did not share Lord Courtney's illusions about the strength of the German peace-party, and, having regard to the manner in which Germany had in the past combined commercial expansion with political intrigue, could not hold out hopes that after the War we should do business with her in the same old easy-going way. But if our French friend is still not quite convinced that British



MARRIED MEN TRACKING DOWN THE SINGLE.

"I am unable to say what steps the married men may take to track the single."—*Mr. Tennant, in the House.*

statesmen fully realize what the War means to him and his country I don't think we can altogether blame him.

In the Commons Mr. Pemberton Billing developed his usual Tuesday "hate." But on this occasion there was no reply from the Government heavy batteries; little Mr. Rea explaining that as the Hon. Member had failed to warn them of his intention to bombard they had no ammunition ready.

Wednesday, April 12th.—Although, like another noble Earl, Lord Selborne is "not an agricultural labourer," he does his best to play the part, and save our food-producers from the maw of the hungry recruiting officer. A representative of the Board of Agriculture now holds a watching brief at every local Tribunal, to see that the Military representative does not have things too much his own way. No wonder that the taxes mount up faster than the recruiting returns.

Time was when Mr. Swift MacNeill successfully dissembled his affection for the House of Lords. To-day his principal object in life is to purge the roll of that illustrious House of the peerages now held by the enemy Dukes of Cumberland and Albany. The Prime Minister was strangely unsympathetic. Legislation would be necessary, and would occupy too much time. "Three minutes," suggested Sir Arthur Markham; but Mr. Asquith was still obdurate, and seemed to think that as the Dukes in question had lost their Garters they were sufficiently down-at-heel already.

When packing his Budget a wise Chancellor of the Exchequer always includes some little tit-bit that he can throw to the wolves if they become too insistent. In the present case the tax on railway tickets was marked for abandonment at the outset, and to-day it met its expected fate.

The Amusements tax was strenuously opposed by Mr. Barnes, on the ground that most of the money would come from the poor; but Mr. McKenna frankly replied that that was just what he intended. He agreed, however, to consider the claim of the Zoo to exemption. The match-makers were partially appeased by a promise that mechanical lighters should not be overlooked. The Chancellor is now in some doubt as to whether he or Æschylus has produced the more notable version of "Prometheus Bound."

Thursday, April 13th.—A provincial paper lately referred to Mr. McKenna as the "Cancellor"—a humorous compositor's way, no doubt, of indicating the modifications in the Budget. Hardly one of the proposed new taxes has survived intact. Even the tax on mineral waters has had to undergo considerable alteration. It was devised to get some contribution towards the nation's needs from those who wear the blue ribbon of a beerless life, and to that end the tax was to be collected by means of a stamp on each individual bottle. But the manufacturers successfully protested that the boys and girls who affix the labels already adorning these gaseous wares could not be trusted to put on stamps as well. Mr. Montagu announced this afternoon that the manufacturers would be taxed direct on their certified output. But he did so with obvious reluctance, and as if what was once a sparkling proposition had become indubitably flat and possibly unprofitable.

Our Stylists.

"Now and again a mirthless laugh rose silently to the red banks of her lips."
Grand Magazine.

Signature to a legal notice:—

"Montgomeryshire Horse Repository, E.C., Solicitors for the said Administratrix."
Manchester Guardian.

If "the law is a hass" you are tempted to say,
These equine attorneys will answer, "Neigh, neigh."

Fashions for Female Humourists.

"Blouses of the useful variety have jokes in various designs, the sleeves cut in one with the joke are generally a modification."
Provincial Paper.

Our more subtle contributors prefer the latter kind, enabling them to laugh up their sleeve.

A NIGHT OUT WITH A ZEPPELIN.

By KARL VON WEEKEND
(HYPHENATED NEUTRAL).

PART I.

Somewhere in Germany,
April 1st, 1916.

I HAD just partaken of the frugal breakfast to which I had been invited at General Headquarters and was in the act of helping my distinguished host, Feldmarschall von und zu Grosskopf-Esel, to remove some fragments of sauerkraut from his ears, when a superbly-mounted orderly dashed up and handed me a missive bearing the significant superscription, "General Staff." I must confess that to me the messenger's manner seemed sufficiently deferential. Not to my friend the Major-General, who, with a sudden and well-placed kick in the stomach, sent the unfortunate despatch-bearer hurtling down the steps. It was not for me to inquire what the trouble was, and I mention the incident as one more illustration of the iron discipline that has driven the gallant troops of the Fatherland to victory on all fronts.

Imagine my gratification on finding that the letter was an invitation to inspect on the following morning the latest Zeppelin sheds at —— and to be a passenger on board one of the new airships that was scheduled to pay a surprise visit to the fortress of London that same evening, weather permitting.

Punctually at seven on the following morning I found von und zu Grosskopf-Esel waiting for me in the huge twenty-cylinder roadster which the General Staff customarily places at the disposal of American newspaper correspondents. Within the hour we were at ——, where I was turned over to the good offices of Herr Ober-Leutnant von Dachswurst, of the Imperial Flying Corps, who immediately conducted me to the shed from which (when the weather is propitious) the aerial monsters depart upon their errands of doom.

I had expected to see two, or at most three, Zeppelins in the great shed. Imagine my astonishment on beholding no fewer than a hundred huge engines of destruction tugging impatiently at their moorings. I was speechless. But the Ober-Leutnant read my thoughts. "What would you say," he asked, smiling drily, "if I were to tell you that Germany to-day possesses no fewer than one hundred such fleets of airships as you see before you?" So overcome was I that I scarcely had the strength to ask him why, up to that time, attacks had been usually carried out with two or three ships only. He smiled still more enigmatically. "You must not ask me that," he said, "or at least you must first ask the Grand Admiral why his five hundred submersible battle cruisers are still at anchor in Kiel Harbour, or the General Staff why five million of Germany's finest veteran troops are still doing the goose-step in the Potsdam Thiergarten, or Herr HELFFERICH why the rate of exchange has not been corrected by releasing some small portion of the ten thousand billion marks that lie in the Imperial treasury at Spandau! Be patient," he added. "Our perfidious enemies will bite the dust whenever it suits our glorious leaders to say the word."

I muttered something about the enormous German casualty lists. The Ober-Leutnant smiled more enigmatically than ever. "A ruse to deceive our enemies," he said. "Would it surprise you to know that up to date the total German losses on all fronts amount to seventeen killed and ninety-one wounded and missing, while our material losses have so far been confined to three field guns left over from the Franco-German War and five dozen cases of collapsible sausage rolls?"

It was incredible, yet I could not but accept the statement as true, and have in fact had ample opportunity since of verifying the assertions of the gallant officer.

"But come," he said; "it is time we were on board."

The Zeppelins that were actually selected to conduct the proposed operations were housed in another shed, and thither we repaired. We were greeted at the gangway by the famous Captain Sigismund von Münchhausen, a gruff but hearty old mariner, who immediately escorted me into his cabin and insisted on my enjoying a cigar and a glass of schnapps with him. Once again I was struck with that almost Oriental charm of manner which seems to lift the German Higher Command above the plane occupied by the rest of the Occidental world.

It was no doubt my impatience that caused me to interrupt the gallant Captain's delightful flow of racy anecdote to ask when we should start. My host smiled enigmatically. "By now," he said, "we should be somewhere over the Dogger Bank."

It was true. So perfectly had all things been appointed that while I had been consuming a single glass of schnapps the huge airship had completed half the journey.

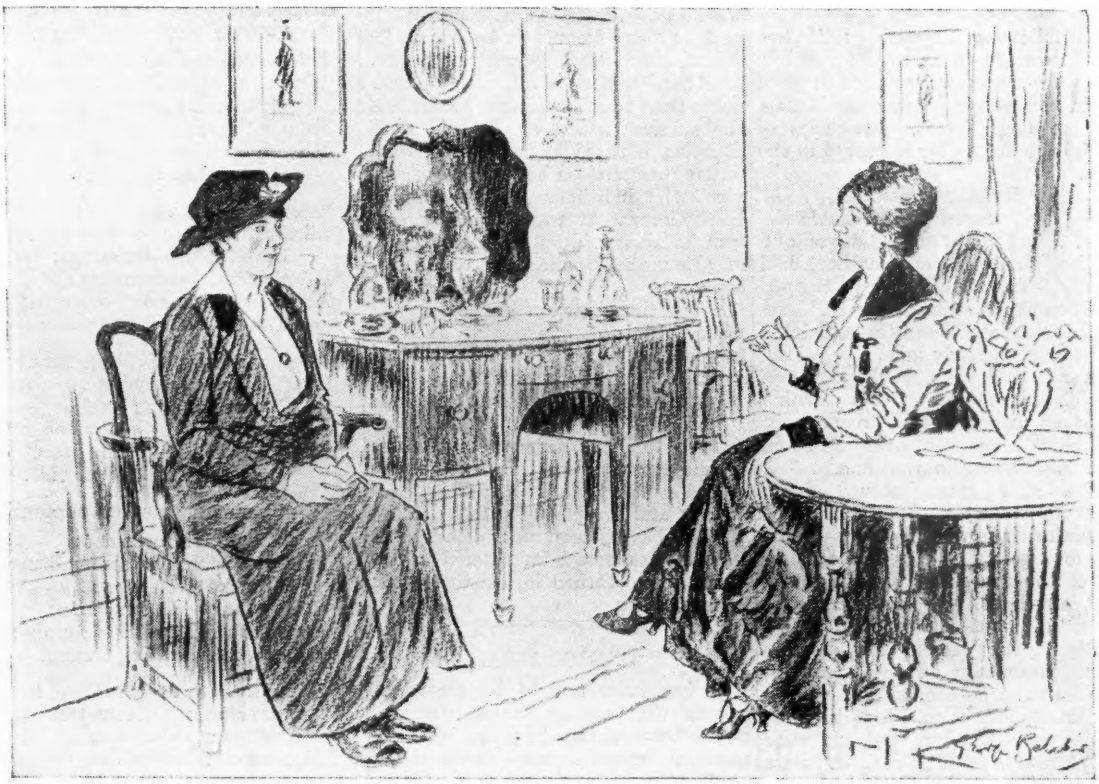
We now emerged from the cabin. As we approached the rail a sailor stepped up to the Captain, saluted and asked permission to speak. As far as I could gather, the wretched man complained of seasickness and asked to be put ashore. There was no mistaking the Captain's answer. "Ja wohl!" he roared, and with a mighty kick sent the luckless seaman hurtling over the rail and into the abyss below. A momentary sense of pity seized me, but it quickly occurred to me that only by such drastic means could be kept alive the splendid spirit of chivalry that has made the German airman victorious throughout the firmament.

It was now quite dark, but far beneath us could be seen with the aid of a telescope little points of light. Perfidious England, the author of all Germany's troubles, lay helpless beneath us.

(*To be continued.*)



Constable (failing to notice insignia of "Special"). "NAH, THEN, YOU! GET A MOVE ON YER, UNLESS YER WANTS TO BE RUN IN FOR LOITERING!"



"You advertised as chauffeurette-maid." "Yes, Madam."
"What were your duties at your last place?" "I drove and cleaned the cars single-handed."
"And as maid?" "I took down my lady at night and assembled her in the morning, Madam."

TO CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Strange that the most *farouche* of all the ladies
Rightly renowned as drivers of the quill,
Who hated all publicity like Hades,
And showed in self-advancement little skill,
Who did not write for Smiths and Browns and Bradys,
But at the prompting of her own sweet will—
Her most obsequious partisans should find
In penmen of the parasitic kind.

In vain did Mrs. Gaskell, wise and gracious,
Paint us your portrait, delicate yet true;
Sensation-mongers, strident and voracious,
Must needs explore your inner life anew,
Clutching with fingers ruthlessly tenacious
At the remotest semblance of a clue;
Raking the dustbins for unprinted matter,
And prodigal of cheap and tasteless chatter.

And now in days of endless storms and stresses
Comes your Centenary, with odes and lays,
And lantern slides and lectures and addresses,
And all the modern ritual of praise;
With columns in *The Sphere* of C. K. S.'s
Comments upon your life and work and ways,
Judicial summings-up of old disputes
And photographs of Patrick Brontë's boots.

And men and maids will doubtless march with banners
To prove their worship of your "massive brain";
And intellectual Chicago "canners"
Will send their relics from across the main;
And critics will discuss your various manners,
And Harold Begbie will pronounce you "sane";
In short, you 'll be the bookman's prey and quarry
At many a high-class literary "swarry."

Well, well, brave Charlotte, though our admiration
Prompts some of us your memory to revere
In ways less vocal in their adulation,
You will not hold our homage less sincere
If we refrain from pouring a libation
In orthodox Centenary small-beer,
But choose to greet in silent awe and wonder
The stormy spirit of the child of Thunder.

Commercial Candour.

"Messrs. —— & Co., Ltd., Court Dress-fakers, &c."
Provincial Paper.

"Our Youngest General.

He was educated at Glasgow University and Gottingen University, and entered the army in 1716."—*Bangalore Daily Post.*

Our Indian contemporary is misinformed. Several of our Generals are younger than that.

AN UNRECORDED ENGAGEMENT.

THE following interesting letter has been forwarded to us by the relatives of one of our wounded heroes. It gives a vivid idea of his impressions during a severe engagement, particulars of which have not so far appeared in the Press.

"*Red Cross Hospital,*
Somewhere in England.

". . . And now I must tell you of a very hot time that our lot here had recently. The attack was due to open at 5.30 in the afternoon. We had been warned to expect it, and the appointed hour found us ready in our positions. We were five deep, strongly posted on deck chairs; moreover, the warning had given us opportunity to construct a defensive rampart of evergreens and pot-plants before the front line.

"The engagement opened fairly punctually with a furious pianoforte bombardment, accompanied by asphyxiating footlights. Owing to the closeness of the range and the weight of metal employed, our first rank gave way a little, but subsequently rallied smartly. The attack now became general, the enemy advancing first in detached units, subsequently in column or quartette formation. A stuborn resistance was put up, but we were nearly forced to recoil before a desperate charge by *The Men of Harlech.*

"Hardly had we contrived to withstand these, when, with blood-curdling cries, the Funny Men dashed forward and fell upon us. The engagement was at this point so fierce that it was impossible to obtain more than a confused impression of it. I saw several of my brave comrades doubled up. Puns and lachrymatory wheezes darkened the air. At last, after a specially violent offensive, in which he was supported by the full strength of his piano, the enemy retired, followed by salvoes from our ranks, and left us, at least temporarily, masters of the situation.

"A lull ensued, during which, however, in spite of the curtain behind which the enemy endeavoured to mask his preparations, we were convinced, from certain unmistakable signs, that a fresh and possibly more violent attack was shortly to develop. Nor was this view wrong; for, when the curtain lifted, we at once saw that our worst fears were justified. Confronting us were the 1st Amateur Thespians, the most dreaded battalion in the enemy's Volunteer forces, and one reputed to have decimated more British classics than any two professional regiments.

"The methods of this body have changed very little during the last half-century. They still employ for choice the old *Box-and-Cox* attack, which has proved so effective in the past, followed frequently by *A Case for Eviction* or else *Gentlemen Boarders.* Bold to the point of rashness, no difficulties are found to daunt them; and the stoutest hearts might well quail at being exposed to the fury of their onslaught. Indeed how any of us survived the half-hour that followed I hardly know. It was a nightmare of smashed china, dropped cups, shouts of 'Bouncer, Bouncer!' and general confusion.

"But time was on our side; and when, towards seven o'clock, the curtain fell again, we knew that, holding as we did almost our original positions, we were victorious. Our exact casualties I have not yet heard, but they are certain to have been heavy. The ground lately held by the enemy presented a spectacle of appalling confusion; and everything pointed to the struggle having been most determined. Restoratives were administered to our men, and we turned in, exhausted but happy."

PERSONALIA.

IT has been noticed by close observers that among curious developments brought about by the War the personal advertisements have been growing increasingly intimate. Mars and Venus again are associated. So far only the Classes have been conspicuous. Why not the Masses too? Something like this:—

WILL LADY wearing handsome garnet necklace and ostrich feathers in large hat in front row of gallery of Britannia Theatre, who threw orange at Gordon Highlander in pit, injuring his left eye, meet him Sunday evening, Marble Arch, 7 sharp?—Box F.3.

WILL GIRL seated second table on left at Lockhart's, 17th April, 6.30, eating cold meat-pie, communicate with Bedfordshire Corporal with arm in sling, two tables away?—Box 183.

LONELY MARRIED MAN invites correspondence while waiting for single men to do their duty.—Box 84.

SAW YOU marching past Charing Cross Station, three a-breast, whistling "Keep the Home Fires Burning," Saturday night at 10.15, and called out to you from top of omnibus. Please write.—Box 10.

"LOST, gold CHAIN and PENDANT, containing sailor and baby; 5/- reward."
Liverpool Echo.

Small enough, even for the baby.

ECONOMY IN THE PRESS.

I.—THE EDITORIAL PAGE.

HERE upon our middle page,
Where the correspondents rage,
Grim and dour and dry,
Here with counsel bold and sage
War on lollipops we wage,
Smiting hip and thigh.

"Pare potatoes very thin;
All the virtue's in the skin;
Save the peel for soups;
Drop cigars; abandon gin;
Leave the bristles on your chin;
Tie your hair in loops.

"Golf and ties and collars shun;
Lunch upon a penny bun;
Butter not your bread;
Save your pennies—every one
Helps to crush the brutal Hun."
Thus and thus we've said.

II.—THE ADVERTISEMENT PAGES.

Now the advertiser comes;
Hush the sound of warning drums;
Hear his siren song:
"Leave your economic sums;
Leave the task of saving crumbs;
Join the shopping throng.

"Come to Blank's—the thing to do!
Here are chiffons, ninons too,
Quilts for Fido's cot;
Silken robe and satin shoe,
Figured fabrics, gold and blue,
Bangles, pearls—what not?

"Bon-bons, perfumes, trifles gay—
Still you 'll find a fresh display
Where the last one ends;
New sensations every day!
Motor round without delay!
Come, and bring your friends!"

In Its Proper Element.

"No appointments have been made in the place of Lord Derby and Lord Montagu [who have resigned their seats on the Joint Air Committee], and the Committee is, for the present, *en l'air.*"—*The Times.*

"Amongst the sights which never fail to draw the attention of curious Londoners is that of girls perched high up on enormous vans manipulating the reins and guiding fresh nurses through the maze of city traffic."
"*Star*" (*Ch.Ch. N.Z.*)

There must be some mistake here. The nurses we see in London are always perfectly sober.

Mr. BLATCHFORD on the match-tax:—

"In this insidious manipulation of the thin end of the Tory wedge do we not perceive the cloven hoof of the serpent casting its shadow before?"—*Weekly Dispatch.*

No; all we see is Mr. BLATCHFORD laboriously trying to emulate Sir BOYLE ROCHE.



OUR SPOILT WARRIORS.

Tommy. "I went to a place a bit further down the road for supper last night. I don't go there again."
Lady Muriel Beltravers-Montmorency. "Oh, what's the matter with it?"
Tommy. "What's the matter with it? Why, they have paid waitresses there."

NOT RUNNING TO SEED.

To Reginald Cressingham, Esq.

Dear Sir (or Madam),—Looking over our records a few days ago, we noticed that you had not been so good a customer of ours for Seeds during the past twelve months as you used to be; and the more we looked at that record the more we wondered what we had done that caused you to practically stop dealing with us.

Finally we decided to drop you a line and ask you whether you will kindly tell us, personally, frankly, whether there is anything we have not done that we should have done.

Unfortunately accidents will happen at times, and if one has happened in this case we hope you will tell us about it so that we can try to put it right the day we get your letter. It does not make any difference what the trouble is, we will do our best to make it good.

Your faithful and obedient Servants,
Goodenough & Sons.

To Messrs. Goodenough & Sons.

Dear Sirs,—I regret to say there *is* a reason for discontinuing my seed order, and I am pleased to hear you will do your best to make the trouble good; but I am half afraid you will not be able to "put it right the day you get my letter."

The fact is there is a European War going on just now, and it has sadly upset our gardening plans. Instead of having eight men (counting a husband) about the place, I am now reduced to one gardener, and he will shortly be called up in a married group, unless the flat foot he is assiduously cultivating softens the heart of the Exemption Tribunal.

I am sorry I have no time to tell you more about this War, but I must now go and dig the vegetables.

Yours faithfully,
Helena Cressingham.

"Stabbing Affray due to a Girl's Charm.
In the village of Sharwida, Zagazig district, lives a girl who is a paragraph of beauty."
Egyptian Mail.

This barely does her justice. She seems to have been quite the penny novelette.

"In the Argonne we carried out a coup demain this morning."—*Evening Paper.*

It is a good General who never puts off till to-morrow what he can do this morning.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

VI.—Chalk Farm.

Certain farmers farm in fruit, and some farm in grain,
Others farm in dairy-stuff, and many farm in vain,
But I know a place for a Sunday morning's walk
Where the Farmer and his Family only farm in Chalk.
The Farmer and his Family before you walk back
Will bid you in to sit awhile and share their midday snack;
O they that live in Chalk Farm they live at their ease,
For the Farmer and his Family can't tell Chalk from Cheese.

VII.—The Spaniards.

Three Spaniards dwell on Hampstead Heath:
One has a scowl and a knife in a sheath;
One twangs a guitar in the bright moonlight;
One chases a bull round a bush all night!

"In talking of flying, Boillot only returned to a pastime that he had been one of the first to practise."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Just like our Mr. Billing.

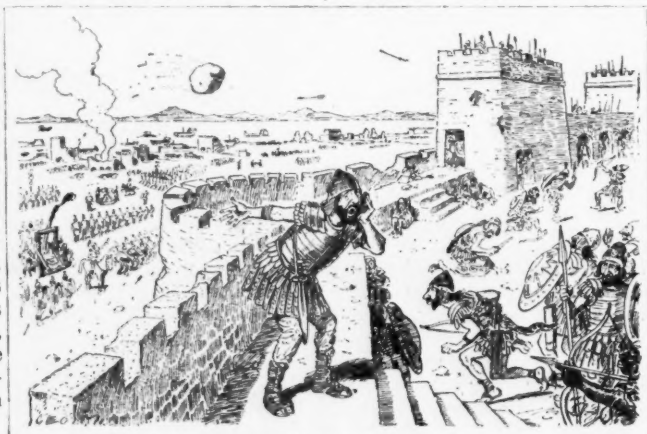
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Miss Pandora (HEINEMANN) is proclaimed by its publishers to be a first novel. Probably, however, it will not also be a last, as the author, M. E. NORMAN, has a considerable gift for tale-telling. Perhaps I may be permitted to hope that he (or she) will use it next time to illuminate a rather more attractive set of characters. I don't think that the circle in which *Pandora* moved contains a single person whom I should wish to meet twice. There was *Pandora* herself, who was dark and Spanish-looking, with an origin wrapped in mild mystery. There was her friend, a futile lady-novelist; there were three quite disagreeable men, a spoilt child and an old lady suffering from senile dementia. Oh, and I nearly forgot the sniffy neighbour, who, having cut *Pandora* dead for half the book, was revealed in the second half as her mother. Add to this that *Pandora* had a past (and a present too, for that matter) with the husband of the lady novelist, and you will, I think, agree with me that they were a queer lot. Also I have seldom read a novel with such an unsatisfactory ending. It almost seemed as though M. E. NORMAN, having got the affair into a tangle, was too bored to unravel it. I am by no means sure, for example, that he (or she) had any clearer ideas about *Pandora's* paternity than I have. The depressing conclusion is that, while I readily admit that the writing of it shows originality and promise, *Miss Pandora* is hardly the novel I should have expected to be produced in a paper famine.

Before I began to unweave *The Web of Fräulein* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) a dreadful and, as it turned out, an unnecessary fear seized me that Miss KATHARINE TYNAN had written a spy-novel of the present day. Imagine then my relief when I found that the story dates back some thirty or forty years, and that, although *Fräulein* was really as pestilential a woman as ever became governess to a respectable British family, espionage was not part of her game. With uncanny skill Miss TYNAN relates the influence that this flat-footed German woman gained in the *Allanson* household; but I must protest, in justice to our race, that we have not many families so lacking in enterprise as to allow themselves to be enmeshed in such a web as this. In short I can dislike this German product very cordially but without for a moment understanding the source of the devastating power she had over others. You must not, however, imagine that the web casts a gloom over the whole book, for when *Fräulein* is not on the scene—and we do have some holidays from her—those *Allansons* whom she had not marked down could be attractively natural and gay; and the younger *Allanson* girl is as delightful a portrait as any in Miss TYNAN'S generous gallery.

I think I never met a writer who splashed language about with a greater recklessness than Miss MARION HILL. I see that one of the reviews of that previous best seller of hers, *The Lure of Crooning Water*, speaks of its literary charm. Well, there are, of course, many varieties of charm, but "literary" is hardly the epithet that I should myself apply to the undoubted attractions of *A Slack Wire* (LONG). This very bustling story of the marriage between a variety artist and a quiet, not to say somewhat prigsome, young engineer is told for the most part in the purest American, an engaging and vivid medium with which I am but imperfectly acquainted. Further, Miss HILL'S command of words seems to be gloriously unhampered by tradition. "It was with a supercargo of relief even heavier than usual that he found it" is a sample that I select at random. No, I certainly do not think that "literary" would be the epithet. But I am far from saying that there is no charm in the tale, of a sort. Not specially original perhaps the situation of the Bohemian wife brought to an ultra-Philistine home; but Miss HILL manages to keep it going briskly enough. And, as I have hinted, you never know what she will say next, or how. The whole thing would make such an admirable film-play that I can hardly believe this idea to have been absent from the intention of its author. The final sensation-scene, in which *Violet* uses her old wire-walking agility to prevent a catastrophe (never ask me how!), would make a fortune on the screen. Poor *Violet*, I may tell you, had been born in England, and, on the death of her rightful guardians, was "farmed off to peasants, who boarded her because it would cancel their poor-tax." I feel somehow that if I could grasp this reference it would make much in *Violet* clear. But so far it eludes me.



HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

At the Siege of Carthage.

"LOOK OUT, BOYS! HERE COMES ANOTHER SAUCY SCIPIO!"

If powers of absorption are still left to you for any battles save those of to-day, you will find a vivid account of Flodden in *The Crimson Field* (WARD, LOCK). I won't believe it is Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE'S fault that the fighting scenes of his story left me cold; the blame lies rather with the Hunnish times in which we live. While describing the beauty of the Yorkshire dales and the lives of their inhabitants, Mr. SUTCLIFFE held me in the hollow of his hand. But when he started to tell of the valiant deeds of the yeoman-hero, *Sylvester Demain*, who was knighted on the field of battle and won the maiden of high degree, I was released from that bondage. Indeed, I think Mr. SUTCLIFFE was no more anxious to leave the dales than I was, for, when the march to Flodden begins, his style becomes almost bewilderingly jumpy, so often does he look over his shoulder to see—and let us know—what is happening to those who were left behind. The fight, however, when it does come, is strenuous enough, and in the midst of it KING JAMES—German papers please copy—stands out as a pattern of chivalry.

A Dickens Revival.

"WANTED—Fat Boy for yard: 10s. weekly."
Dublin "Daily Independent."

Eighteen tailors from Leeds have been arrested at Dublin as deserters from the Army. As nine tailors make a man this is a net gain of two recruits.

CHARIVARIA.

General Villa, in pursuit of whom a United States army has already penetrated four hundred miles into Mexico, is alleged to have died. It is not considered likely, however, that he will escape as easily as all that.

* * *

"Germans net the Sound," says a recent issue of a contemporary. We don't know what profit they will get out of it, but we ourselves in these hard times are only too glad to net anything.

* * *

Bags of coffee taken from a Norwegian steamer and destined for German consumption have been found to contain rubber. Once more the immeasurable superiority of the German chemist as a deviser of synthetic substitutes for ordinary household commodities is clearly illustrated. What a contrast to our own scientists, whose use of this most valuable food substitute has never gone far beyond an occasional fowl or beefsteak.

* * *

It has been suggested that in honour of the tercentenary of Shakspeare's birth Barclay's brewery should be replaced by a new theatre, a replica of the old Globe Theatre, whose site it is supposed to occupy; and Mr. Reginald McKenna is understood to have stated that it is quite immaterial to him.

* * *

"Horseflesh is on sale in the West End," says *The Daily Telegraph*, "and the public analyst at Westminster reports having examined a smoked horseflesh sausage and found it genuine." It is only fair to our readers, however, to point out that the method of testing sausages now in vogue, *i.e.* with a stethoscope, is only useful for ascertaining the identity of the animal (if any) contained therein, and is valueless in the case of sausages that are filled with sawdust, india-rubber shavings, horsehair and other vegetables.

* * *

Wandsworth Borough has refused the offer of a horse trough on the ground that there are not enough horses to use it. But there are always plenty of shirkers.

Colonel Churchill was reported on Tuesday last as having been seen entering the side door of No. 11, Downing Street. It was, of course, the critical stage door.

* * *

The Austrian Government has issued an appeal for dogs "for sanitary purposes." The valuable properties of the dog for sterilising sausage casings have long been a secret of the Teuton.

Commercial Candour.

"Real Harris Hand-Knitted Socks, 1*s.* 6*d.*: worth 2*s.* 6*d.*; unwearable."—*Scotch Paper.*



Shopkeeper. "Yes, I want a good useful lad to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

Applicant. "And what becomes of me when the door slams?"

A Chance for the Illiterate.

"Wanted, a good, all-round Gardener; illegible."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Gardener.—Wanted at once, clever experienced man, with good knowledge of toms., cucs., mums., &c., to work up small nursery."
Provincial Paper.

One with a knowledge of nursery language preferred.

"Manchester, Eng. The election of directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce resulted in the return of eighteen out of twenty-two directors who are definitely committed to the policy of no free trade with the 60th Canadian Battalion."
Victoria Colonist (B.C.).

We hope the battalion will not retaliate by refusing protection to Manchester, Eng.

THE CURSE OF BABEL.

Let me tell you about the Baronne de Blanqueville and her grandson.

The Baronne is a Belgian lady who came to England in the early days of the refugee movement, and established herself here in our village.

With her came her younger daughter and Lou-lou, the infant son of an elder daughter, who had for some reason to be left behind in Belgium.

Lou-lou was a year old when, with his grandmother and his aunt, he settled in England as an *émigré*. He was then inarticulate; now he has gained the use of his tongue.

He has had a little English nursemaid to attend on him, and he has become a familiar object in many English families of the neighbourhood.

In fact, he has had a very English bringing up, and now that he is more than two years old and can talk, he insists on talking English with volubility and understanding it with completeness.

I may mention, by the way, that someone has taught him some expressions unusual in so young a mouth. The other day I met him in his perambulator. He said, "I take the air. I'm damn comfable;" whereupon the nursemaid blushed and chid him.

That, however, is not the point—at any rate, not the whole of it.

What I wish to make clear is this: the Baronne neither speaks nor understands English, whereas Lou-lou speaks a great deal of English and no French at all. He rejects that language with a violent shake of his curly head. He stamps his small foot and tells his adoring grandmother to speak English or leave him alone.

Thus a gulf has begun to yawn between the Baronne and her beloved Lou-lou. Communications are all but broken off. Lou-lou's aunt is in better case, for she is slowly acquiring English; but the Baronne, I think, will never learn *any* English.

What is to be done?

"The rage for flower-trimming is nothing short of an obeisance."—*Evening Paper.*

In spite of the War we still bow to the decrees of fashion.

THE JOY TAX.

[By one who is prepared to accept it like a patriot without further protest.]

Now Spring comes laughing down the sky
To see her buds all busy hatching;
With tender green the woods are gay,
And birds, as is their April way,
Chirp merrily on the bough, and I
Chirp, too, because it's catching.

Full many a joy I must eschew
And to the tempter's voice "No! No!" say;
With taxes laid on all delights
Must miss, with other mirthful sights,
On Monday next my annual view
Of England's Art Exposé.

I must forgo (and bear the worst
With what I can of noble calm) a
Pure bliss from which I only part
With horrid pain about the heart—
I mean the humour unrehearsed
Of serious British drama.

But, thank the Lord, I need not miss
The birds that in their leafy nook coo;
Young Spring is mine to taste at large,
The Ministry has made no charge
For earth that warms to April's kiss;
They haven't taxed the cuckoo! O. S.

A VOLUNTEER CASUALTY.

WE were "standing easy" prior to the assault on the undefended heights of Spanker's Hill when the voice of the platoon-commander disturbed our thoughts of home and loved ones, and particularly of our Sunday dinners, which would be very much out of season before we could get at them.

"Number 4," he said, in a tone that thrilled us to the bottom twist of our puttees, "these Body-Snatchers (thus coarsely he alluded to the Ambulance Section) have been following us all day and haven't had a single casualty so far. That is why, in the coming advance, I shall be wounded. Sergeant, you will take over the command, should the worst befall. Smith and Williams, as you are both big and heavy, you'd better be knocked out too."

It was with mingled feelings that I heard my name mentioned. In the first place, a feeling of annoyance was engendered at having my proportions thus publicly referred to. But other, and I trust worthier, thoughts came to me, and, turning to my neighbour, I gave him a few last messages of a suitably moving nature to be delivered to my friends. The kind-hearted fellow was deeply affected, and in a voice broken by emotion offered to take charge of my loose change, and asked for my watch as a keepsake. I thanked him with tears in my eyes, but said that the burial party would forward all my valuables to my relations.

Our conversation was interrupted by the command "Platoon—'SHUN. To the left, to six paces, EX-TEND." By an oversight the preliminary formation usually adopted as a precaution against artillery had been omitted, and in a moment we were advancing up the hill in open order.

Scarcely had we started when our officer, the pride of the platoon, threw up his hands and fell. A moment later, chancing on a piece of tempting grass, I decided to lie down, and with a choking gurgle collapsed. As I lay on my back in an appropriate attitude (copied from the cinema) I wondered when the stretcher-party would appear, for the grass was damp and the April wind was chilly; but it was not long before a bright boy, rather over than under military age, ran up and, after a brief glance at me, began to signal with great vigour. He meant well, and out of consideration for his feelings I restrained a desire to tell him that he was creating a beastly draught. However, I asked him if he had any brandy, and, on receiving an answer in the negative, groaned deeply.

"Are you very bad?" he asked.

"No," I replied; "but if I lie here much longer I'll catch cold. Tell your people to hurry up."

When the stretcher-party arrived they decided that I had been shot in the chest, and, to get at the wound, began to remove my garments, till arrested by some virile language thrown off from the part affected. Then they began to carry me towards the gate of the park, despite the fact that the stretcher had been meant to hold someone about six inches shorter than I. Almost immediately the rear man, tripping on a root, fell on top of me, and the front man, being brought to a sudden stop, sat on my feet. When we had sorted ourselves out, and I had stopped talking, more from lack of breath than of matter, we resumed our journey.

After a matter of some three hundred yards the bearers began to feel tired, and, suddenly rolling me off the stretcher, they informed me that I was discharged as cured. Thus rapidly does a soldier of the Volunteers recover. It speaks volumes not only for their high state of physical condition but for the resilience of their *moral*.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"Bucharest, 8.—The 'Universul' has opened a list of subscriptions in favour of the widows and victims of the coming Austro-Roumanian WAR."—*Balkan News.*

"'WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD' AT THE —— PICTURE THEATRE."—*Hastings Observer.*

The management doesn't mind so long as the fools rush in.

"The Smyth-Pigotts are the owners of Brockley Court and Brockley Hall, near Congresbury, a pretty village which—like Majoribanks—is pronounced Coomesbury."—*Daily Sketch.*

Just as, according to the old story, Cholmondeley is pronounced Marjoribanks.

"Monster Carnival! In aid of Returned Soldiers' Association. Novel Attractions!!! Realistic Egyptian Pillage, just as our soldiers saw it. Egyptian goods can be purchased here."—*Adelaide Register.*

We hope this does not mean that our gallant Anzacs have been spoiling the Egyptians.

"A LADY would like to let her beautifully furnished HOUSE or part, or three or four paying guests; from £2 10s. each."
Bournemouth Daily Echo.

We have heard of paying guests whom their hosts would have been glad to part with at an even lower figure.

"Notice.—Found, a Broadwood Piano. Apply, Barrack Warden, No. 1, Barrack Store,—— Barracks."—*Aldershot Command Orders.*

We think some recent criticism of Army administration is undeserved. Care is evidently taken in regard to even little things carelessly left about by the soldier.

"When the election does come there will be no need to ask these useless M.P.'s to resign. They can be kicked out, and there are plenty of workmen in the country who are ready to lend a hand at the kicking. The genuine Labour M.P. is known now, so also is the impostor, who, like the party hack, hails from nowhere."
Letter in "The Times."

We suppose the manual kick, as described above, is the non-party hack.



SERBIA COMES AGAIN.

The Bulgar. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—One of these days I will tell you the more intimate history of the Corps to which I have the honour to belong, and this will give you some cause for mirth. Its members are of all sorts, ages and origins, and they have had between them some odd experiences since that first day when, parading hastily in Kensington Gardens, they wished they hadn't been quite so glib, in their anxiety to get to war, about professing full knowledge of the ways and wiles of the motor bicycle. One at least of them paid the price of inexactitude then and there; he still shudders to think how, put to the test, he unintentionally left the Park for a no less fashionable but much more crowded thoroughfare, to arrive eventually, in the prone position, in a byway of Piccadilly, where small fragments of the machine may still be collected by industrious seekers of curios.

Another, whom the low cunning of the Criminal Bar enabled to avoid the immediate test, paid the full price, with compound interest, later on. Casual observers of the retreat, had there been any, would have become familiar with the sight of him bringing up the rear—a very poor last. To see him arrive, perspiring, over the brow of a hill, with his faithful motor at his side, was to know that the Huns were at the bottom of it. On one occasion they even beat him in the day's march, but were too kind or too blind to seize their advantage. As usual he was taking his obsession along with him, though, if he had but known, he might have got it to do the work by the simple formality of turning the petrol tap from OFF to ON. His was ever a curious life, from the first moment of his joining the Army in tails, a bowler hat, and a large sword wrapped in a homely newspaper. But the inward fun of it all is not for the present, Charles; our dear old friends, the Exigencies, forbidding.

I am reminded of it all by having just crossed with one of the later-joined members. He came fresh from the line to a Head-quarters, and he was walking about in a lane, working off some of his awe of his new surroundings, when he was overtaken by a car containing a General, who stopped and asked him what he was. So imposing was the account he gave of himself that it was said to him, "No doubt, then, you 'll know the way to ——," a village at the back of beyond, where a division was lying at rest. In the Army, at any rate at a Head-quarters, we all know everything. So he said, "No doubt, Sir," hoping, if the worst came to the worst, to give some vague directions and not to be present when they were found wanting. But it was his bad luck to have struck one of the more affable Generals. Could he spare the time to come along and direct the driver?

So on to the box he got (it was a closed car) and, with the General's eye always upon his back, he did his best as guide, a task for which his previous career of stockbroker had ill qualified him. The first thing to happen was that the car, proceeding down a narrow lane, got well into the middle of a battalion on the march, which, when the car was firmly jammed amongst the transport, ceased to be on the march, and took a generous ten minutes' halt . . . The second thing to happen was a level crossing, which, as they approached it, changed its mind about being a road and became a railway. A nice long train duly arrived, and (this needs no exaggeration) stayed there, with a few restless movements, for twenty minutes by the clock. . . The third thing to happen was that he lost himself (and the General); the fourth was the falling of dusk, and the fifth a ploughed field, with which my friend, alighting, had to confess that he was not so intimately acquainted as he could have wished.

Had there been a scene, he could, he says, have endured the worst bravely, standing to attention and taking it as it came. Not so, however; his was the wrong sort of General for the purpose. As does the partner at the dance, over whose priceless gown you have upset the indelible ice, he said it didn't matter. He said he 'd give the division a miss, and return whence they had come. This they began to do, when they had got the car out of the ploughed field, and this they went on doing until the sixth thing happened, which was a burst tyre.

Again, had there been a scene, my man could have explained that this wasn't his fault; but no one *said* it was his fault. Equally it was never openly alleged that he was to blame for the driver's not being prepared with a spare wheel ready for use. But his embarrassment was such that my man was grateful to heaven for reminding him at this juncture of the existence of R.F.C. Head-quarters, about a kilometre away. He said he 'd run and borrow a wheel off them, and before the General could say him nay he 'd started. . . . He ran all the way, and burst, panting, into the officers' mess, where he had the misfortune to strike another itinerant General.

It never rains but it pours, and the area seemed to be infested with Generals of quite the wrong sort. He couldn't have hit upon a more kind and genial and inappropriate one than this. No, he wouldn't allow a word of apology or explanation from this exhausted lieutenant until the latter had rested and refreshed himself with a cup of tea. No, not out of that pot; it had been standing too long. Tea which had stood should not be drunk, for reasons detailed at length. No doubt the Colonel, whose guest he was, would order some more to be made. It would take two minutes—it did take twenty. No, no; there was nothing to say and nothing need be said. It was this General's particular wish that he should be at peace and make himself at home. Let him make his explanations and apologies later.

Whatever you would have done, my overwhelmed friend temporized. He was just edging the conversation round



THE TRENCH TOUCH.

Warrior in bunker (to caddie, who is seeing if the course is clear). "KEEP DOWN, YOU FOOL!"



OUR AMAZON CORPS "STANDING EASY."

to the other General, waiting alone in the dark wet road, when the General in the nice warm room rose to go, commanding my friend not to disturb himself on that account. Being a man of some years he was a slow goer; being a General, he was not to be interrupted in his going . . .

I don't know exactly how it all ended, nor, you may not be surprised to learn, does my friend, though he is always expecting to hear.

There was also on our boat a subaltern, coming to France for the first time. He wanted me to tell him all about it. How well I know these subalterns who want to know all about it. I was one myself once. Does he ask you what it's like in the mud? Does he listen if you give him details of bloodshed? Does he inquire about the food, the washing facilities, parapet or parados; what a time-fuse does when its time has expired, or even as to the use and abuse of the entrenching tool? No, he's for war only, and there's only one question in war: Do you or do you not need a Sam Browne belt in the trenches?

It is an old question; there is no solution. I told him that some say one thing and some say another, and, as both are authorities with whom you are not in a position to argue, the only way to get out of the difficulty is to keep out of the trenches.

Yours ever, Henry.

From a hotel advertisement:—

"Excellent Cuisine. Separate Stables."
West-Country Paper.

The Wise King must have had a presentiment of this arrangement when he wrote: "Better a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

"The Premier (Sir Alexander Peacock) said that many years ago, when the world rang with the atrocities of Turks, Rev. Dr. Parker startled the whole world when, in a fiery address on those awful atrocities which were visited on the Christians, he cried, 'Dod damn the Sultan.' Now, when they heard of the cruelties and indescribable sufferings which had been visited upon the innocent people in order to satisfy the ideas of one man they could say, 'Kod damn the Kaiser.' (Great cheers)."—*Sydney Daily Telegraph.*

Strong language for a Premier! But the printer has done his best to tone it down.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

VIII.—Orchard Street.

The fruit hangs ripe, the fruit hangs sweet,
High and low in my Orchard Street,
Apples and pears, cherries and plums,
Something for everyone who comes.
If you're a Pedlar
I'll give you a medlar;
If you're a Prince
I'll give you a quince;
If you're a Queen,
A nectarine;
If you're the King
Take anything,
Apricots, mulberries, melons or red and white
Currants like rubies and pearls on a string!
Little girls each
Shall have a peach,
Boys shall have grapes that hang just out of reach—
Nothing's to pay, whatever you eat
Of the fruit that grows in my Orchard Street.

"USEFL. hlp. ckng. no wshg. fam. 2."
Morning Paper.

Th. is rl. wd. plp. ecnmy.

A NIGHT OUT WITH A ZEPPELIN.

By KARL VON WEEKEND
(HYPHENATED NEUTRAL).

(*Concluded.*)

BENEATH us—beneath, in a manner of speaking, the iron heel of the all-conquering Fatherland—lay perfidious England. I, as a mere layman, had, of course, not the vaguest idea as to precisely what vital portion of the doomed island was immediately below us. Not so my host, the Captain Sigismund von Münchhausen, who suddenly snapped together the stethoscope through which he had been gazing and rapped out a monosyllabic order down the speaking tube at his right hand.

"We are now," he said, turning courteously to me, "diametrically above the entrenched camp of Little Tillingham-under-Hill." A fearful crash sounded from the depths below and a voice muttered something through the speaking tube. "A hit!" cried the Captain without emotion. "Ober-Leutnant von Dachswurst reports that the Arsenal, three munitions factories and two infant schools are in flames. Ah! Now we have reached Birmingham!" Another crash rent the abysm. "Now Glasgow!" A third terrific explosion was audible.

"But," I cried, "we can't have got from Birmingham to Glasgow in thirty-five seconds." For a moment the Captain's eyes flashed angrily. He clenched his feet, and, remembering the horrible fate of the seasick sailor, I crouched against the bulwark. With an effort, however, the man mastered himself. I was relieved to see an enigmatic smile overspread his countenance.

"It is plain," he said, in the voice of one patiently rebuking a child, "that you do not know what a German airship can do. Ah! ha! There goes Bristol!" he added, as further detonations smote upon our ears.

And so the hideous carnage proceeded. Grasmere, Aberystwith, Stratford-on-Avon, Freshwater Bay and the Lizard—with dreadful precision these teeming hives of English industry were laid waste, incinerated, scattered to the winds in fine impalpable dust. I thought sadly of the brave men in khaki that were being cut off by the thousand in their prime (for the gallant Captain had taken the utmost precaution not to drop any of his bombs in the neighbourhood of non-combatants). But, after all, I mused, they will soon be replaced by intelligent Germans, a blessing that civilization will not be slow to appreciate.

At this moment the Captain approached me with an object in his hand. "You neutrals," he said, "have been deceived before now by the ridiculous reports disseminated by our enemies as to the results of these raids. But here is the proof." He then explained to me that to every Zeppelin was attached a large sinker or plummet, which was covered with grease and lowered from a drum to a few yards above the spot where the bomb was destined to fall. To this plummet adhered fragments of various objects, animate or other, which the explosion of the missile hurled into the air. Such a fragment the Captain was now extending for my observation. I admitted that to my uninitiated eye it closely resembled a portion of the outer surface of a cow or some kindred animal. "You are indeed ignorant," said my host, smiling in the same enigmatic way. "The object is undoubtedly a fragment of the propeller shaft of a large vessel, which satisfies me that at Swanage, where our last bomb was dropped, a portion of the High Seas Fleet was anchored. And as a matter of fact," he added, producing a small dark object from his pocket, "here is a part of Sir JOHN JELLICOE's necktie. Notice how precisely it tallies with the descriptions furnished by our secret agents, one of whom is actually engaged about the Admiral's person disguised as a pastry-cook."

Here, then, was the proof. One could not doubt the evidence of one's senses. But mine had been subjected to an unusual test that night, and when the Captain, well satisfied with his night's work, courteously invited me to have another glass of schnapps with him I accepted with alacrity. The glass was hardly at my lips when an orderly announced that we were at anchor in the shed. Thanking the brave Captain for the most wonderful experience of a not uninteresting lifetime, I hurried away to my hotel and fell into a deep slumber. When I awoke late that afternoon my manservant placed in my hand the last edition of the London *Times*. It stated that there had been a Zeppelin raid, and that 19 civilians, three cows, four churches, two rows of cottages, one omnibus, and no soldiers had been destroyed.

I smiled—enigmatically.

"SOCIALIST WORKING MAN, aged 25, would welcome companionship of Socialist exempted conscientious objector, chiefly for week-end cycling; or athletic lady holding similar views would suit, residing North Kent area."
Socialist Paper.

It would be much better for him to meet an athletic lady not holding similar views.

THE OCC. POET'S APOLOGIA.

WHERE the moon's unmitigated crescent,
Sailing through the amethystine deeps,
With a smile sardonic and senescent
Down upon our Armageddon peeps;
Thither, drawn by sympathy ecstatic,
Like a shooting star my spirit flies
From the company of gross, lymphatic
Souls entangled by terrestrial ties.

Where the sombre azimuths are booming,
Flecked with argent elemental foam,
And the stately colocynths are blooming
In a salicylic monochrome;
There, transported on pellucid pinions,
Sick of common sense I seek repose,
Far from the disconsolate dominions
Tainted by the tyranny of prose.

O'er the whole translunar gamut ranging,
There my astral body slides and skims,
Choriambic melodies exchanging
With the apolaustic cherubims;
Weaving in a polyphonic pattern
Harmonies that mock at clefs and bars;
Toying with the shining rings of Saturn,
Throwing star-dust in the eyes of Mars.

There, suspended in a sumptuous limbo,
Like a happier version of the boy
Drawn by Mr. BLACKWOOD in his *Jimbo*,
I shall taste of bliss without alloy;
Other minstrels may indulge in fighting,
I myself cannot so far forget
As to shun the raptures of inditing
Occ. verse for the *Bestspinster Gazette*.

For our "Glimpses of the Obvious":

"An interesting feature in the prone trees was that they all fell in one direction, showing the direction from which the blast came."
Morning Paper.

"So soft and loose was the earth that the trench walls had to be rivetted."
Daily Sketch.

A very curious treatment. Personally we always use a safety-pin.

"Inquiries are being received at Lloyds for insurance to pay total loss in case of peace being declared during the present war."
Montreal Gazette.

We ourselves should take our chance of this contingency.

"The total import value of matches is less than £1,000,000 per annum, and if £2,000,000 is to be collected, it will make matches 6d. or even more per dozen."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Mr. MCKENNA surely cannot have realized this.

MR. PUNCH'S POTTED FILMS. THE SENTIMENTAL DRAMA.



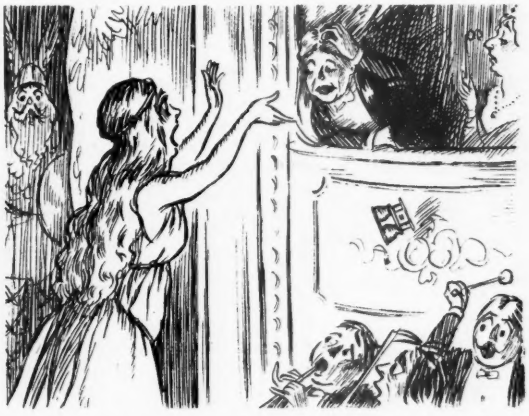
Reginald Carstairs, reading during the vacation at a remote country village, falls in love with the landlady's fair daughter, Rosie. In the old orchard she would sing to him "Pansy Faces."



Reginald's haughty father will not hear of his union with the rustic girl, and marries him to a wealthy heiress. He continually annoys her by picking out on the piano the music of an old song. And so they reach a loveless middle-age.



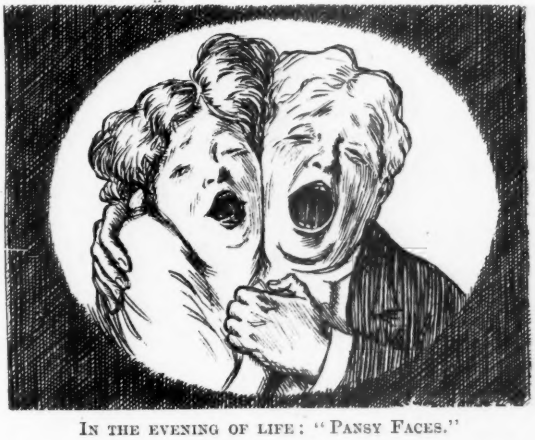
In the meantime Rosie has had her voice cultivated, and, under the name of "La Belle Rossignolette," has taken the Continent by storm. In the midst of her greatest triumphs, however, she is often *distraite*.



Coming at length to London, she appears in Grand Opera. For her first night Carstairs, little knowing her true identity, has taken the stage-box. She recognises him, and, instead of singing her opening song, electrifies the house by giving "Pansy Faces."



In the sensation that ensues the theatre catches fire. Rosie rescues Reginald, but his wife perishes in the flames.



In the evening of life: "Pansy Faces."



THE ABOVE SQUAD, CONTAINING AN EX-CONTORTIONIST, HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTION:—"AT THE COMMAND 'BACKWARD BEND,' PLACE THE HANDS ON THE HIPS AND BEND BACK AS FAR AS POSSIBLE."

MORE EYE-WASH.

WHENE'ER I see some high brass-hatted man
Inspect the Depôt with his ribboned train,
When all seems spick and absolutely span
And no man spits and nothing gives him pain,
I think what blissful ignorance is theirs
Who only see us on inspection days,
And wonder, could they catch us unawares,
Would they be still so eloquent of praise?

They think the soldiers are a cleanly type,
For all their brass is bright with elbow-fat,
Burnished their bayonets and oiled their hyp;
Do they suppose they always look like that?
They see the quarters beautiful and gay,
Yet never realise, with all their lore,
Those bright new beds were issued yesterday
And will to-morrow be returned to store.

They doubtless say, "Was ever drill so deft?
Were ever rifles so precisely sloped?
Observe that section change direction left
So much, much better than the best we hoped;"
But little know with what grim enterprise
For week on week that clever-looking crew
Have practised up for their especial eyes
The sole manœuvre they can safely do.

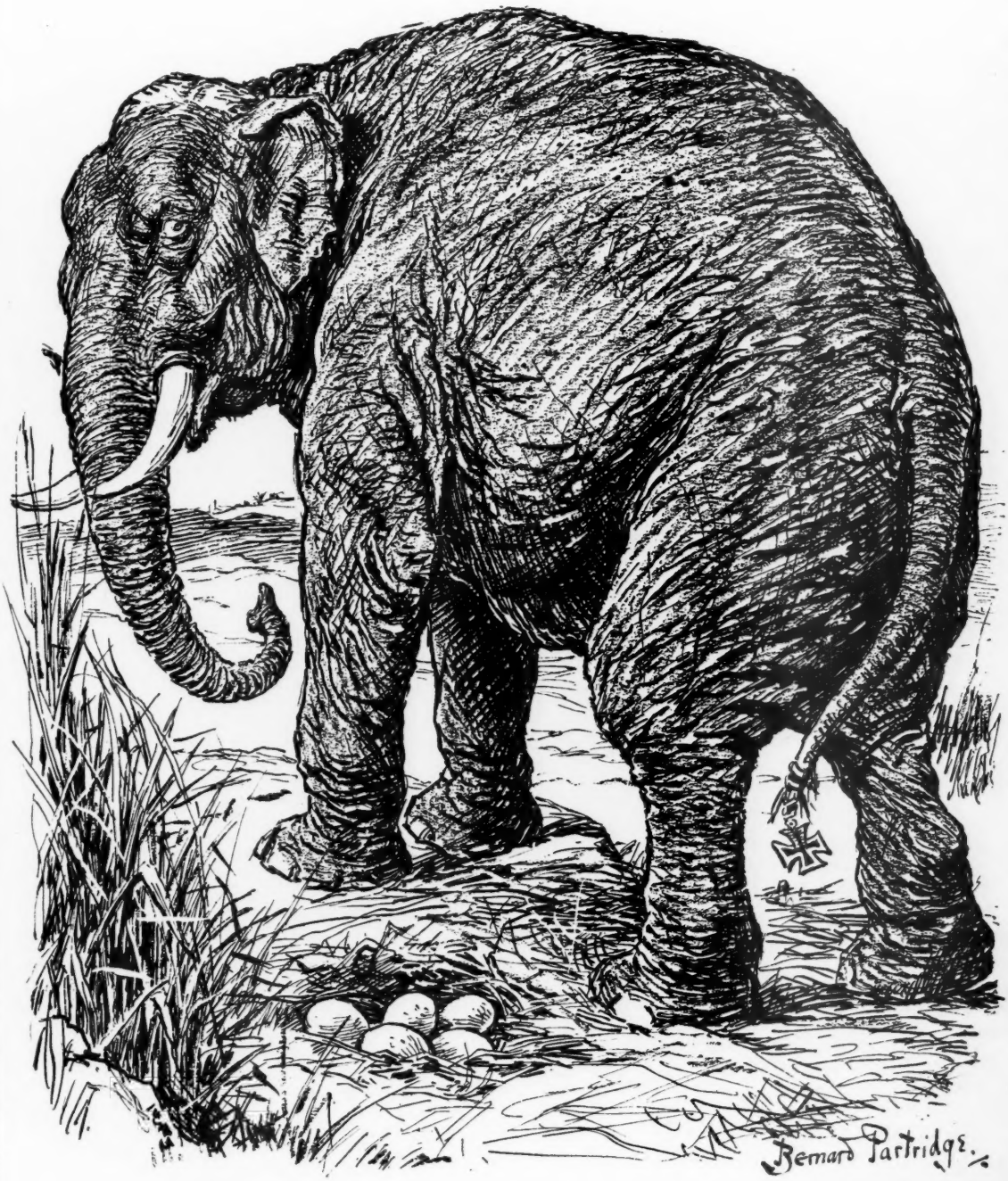
And I could tell where many a canker gnaws
Within the walls they fancy free from sin;
I know how officers infringe their laws,
I know the corners where the men climb in;
I know who broke the woodland fence to bits
And what platoon attacked the Shirley cow,
While the dull Staff, for all their frantic chits,
Know not the truth of that distressing row.

These are the things I think they should be taught,
But, since I know what ages must elapse,
What forms be filled, what signatures be sought,
Ere I have speech with such exalted chaps,
I here announce that they are much misled,
That they should see us when we think them far,
Should steal upon us, all unheralded,
And find what frauds, what awful frauds we are.

"I was astonished that not a Londoner raised a cheer for the fine Bankers' Battalion of the Fusiliers which marched through the City to-day. We are really absurdly shy."
"*Quex Junior*" in "*Evening News*," *April 15.*

"The older comrades, who are keeping banks going in the absence of the younger patriots, turned out to cheer their comrades."
"*Evening News*," *same date.*

The older bankers, we must presume, are all from the provinces, and not so shy.



THE CHAMPION OF THE SMALLER NATIONS.

Imperial Pachyderm. "OUR HEART GOES OUT TO THESE POOR LITTLE UNPROTECTED EGGS. THEY WANT MOTHERING. WE WILL SIT ON THEM." [*Does so.*]

[With Mr. Punch's apologies to a noble animal.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



COLONEL CHURCHILL (arriving post-haste at the House of Commons from the Front, on April 18). "COME I TOO LATE FOR THE PREMIER'S STATEMENT?"

Constable. "ON THE CONTRARY, SIR, YOU 'RE A DAY TOO EARLY."

[The Constable was in error. He should have said a week.]

Monday, April 17th. — The hon. Member who described the present Parliamentary situation as "a cabal every afternoon and a crisis every second day" is justified of his epigram. The lobbies this afternoon were full of agitated whisperers, with much talk of a divided Cabinet and this and that Minister on the brink of resignation, because they cannot agree upon the number of men they want for the Army or the best method of obtaining them. All of which must be very comforting to our enemies.

Some anxiety is felt on the Treasury Bench owing to the marked shortage of Members from Ireland. Hitherto, whenever the Government has seemed to be in danger, Mr. REDMOND'S followers have trooped over from Dublin to the rescue. But to-day most of them are absent. Some attribute their defection to chagrin at their short-sightedness in resisting the appointment of Mr. CAMPBELL as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. As Attorney-General they fear he will exert a much more potent influence in Irish affairs.

Faithful among the faithless, Mr. GINNELL was in his place. He is not interested in the troubles of the British Government. His present obsession is the alleged over-taxation of his own beloved country. In order that he might have due verge and scope to expatiate upon that grievance he pressed the PRIME MINISTER to arrange an early sitting on Wednesday and also to suspend the eleven o'clock rule. At this naïve suggestion the House relieved its tension with a hearty laugh.

How much truth there may be in the stories of Ministerial dissension I do not know; but there is undoubtedly a CAVE on the Treasury Bench. In the absence of the CHANCELLOR he took charge of the Report Stage of the Finance Bill, and very well he acquitted himself. Incidentally the SOLICITOR-GENERAL had the honour of bringing about a notable reconciliation. Among the few occupants of the Nationalist benches were Mr. DILLON and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, who for some years past have rarely met without a collision. Accordingly when Mr. DILLON had resisted a proposal to fine any visitor to an entertainment who did not pay the Amusements-tax, it was confidently expected that Mr. HEALY would find excellent reasons for asserting that this was the best clause in the whole Bill, and that only a melancholy humbug would oppose it. Instead he vigorously supported his former foe with an argument that I am sure Mr. DILLON would never have thought of. "Was it not a weird proposal," he asked, "that a child who had unwittingly walked through a turnstile should forthwith become a convict and lose its Old-Age Pension?"

Tuesday, April 18th. — When one has at last screwed up one's courage to have a tooth out, there is nothing more unnerving than to be told by the dentist that he cannot operate to-day and that one must come again to-morrow. The House of Commons felt like that this afternoon. Members had flocked from all parts of the kingdom—Nationalist Ireland excepted—to hear the PRIME MINISTER'S promised statement. Col. CHURCHILL, Lord HUGH CECIL (with a patch on his lofty brow denoting a recent casualty), and other warrior-statesmen had reluctantly torn themselves from the attractions of the trenches to do their duty at Westminster. The Ladies' Gallery was filled to overflowing.

Then the ominous word went round, "No statement to-day." Sure enough, when the PRIME MINISTER rose and hushed the buzz of conversation that had rendered Questions inaudible, it was merely to observe that there were still some points outstanding, that no statement would be adequate without their adjustment, and that he would therefore postpone his motion for the Easter adjournment until to-morrow. Sir EDWARD CARSON'S motion demanding compulsory service for all men of military age would, if necessary, be discussed on Thursday.

Members hastened out into the Lobby to chatter about the new phase of the

crisis and to speculate as to what were the points outstanding, and whether the Minister of Munitions was or was not the prickliest of them. To the noise and flurry created by their exit Mr. McKenna owes it that his Finance Bill will appear in the Journals of the House as having been passed without a dissenting voice. Mr. Whitley, who was in the Chair, has not the commanding tones of Mr. Lowther, and when he put the question, "That this Bill be now read a Third time," nobody rose to speak. Accordingly he declared that the "Ays" had it, and though several Members then protested that they had not heard the question put, and urged that it should be put again, he politely but firmly declined to oblige them.

In an incautious moment yesterday Mr. Tennant advised Mr. Snowden to use his imagination. I should have thought the advice was superfluous, for, to judge by some of the stories that the Member for Blackburn is in the habit of retailing to the House regarding the persecution of conscientious objectors by callous N.C.O.'s, his imagination is working overtime. On the motion for the adjournment Mr. Tennant had to listen to several more of them. He was rewarded for his patience by obtaining an unexpected testimonial from Mr. King, who in his most patronising tones declared that he was sorry for the Under Secretary, who was really "a great deal better than the average man in the street."

In readiness for the Prime Minister's anticipated statement, Lord Milner had put down a motion in the House of Lords in favour of compulsory service for all men of military age; and, despite the changed circumstances, he persisted in moving it, and made an admirable speech in its support. Lord Crewe, indeed, found it unanswerable for the time being, as Downing Street was "still thinking." He could not say when its thoughts would be resolved into decision, but hoped it might be to-morrow — or, if not to-morrow, Thursday — or, if not Thursday, then perhaps Monday. Lord Crewe has not sat at Mr. Asquith's feet all these years without catching something of his methods.

Wednesday, April 19th.—The House was even more crowded and anxious than yesterday. In the Peers' Gallery a dim figure, carrying a bunch of primroses and looking astonishingly like Mr. Dennis Eadie, was heard to murmur, "I wonder whether England loves Coalitions any more than she did in my time." The present Prime Minister appears to think that she does, for, after remarking that continued disagreement on material points threatened a break-up of the Government, he ventured to describe that contingency as a national disaster. The Liberals thought so too, and cheered loudly; the Unionists were not quite so sure, and Sir Edward Carson, beside whom sat Col. Churchill, looking as if he had never heard of Ulster, indicated that, while he would be the last man to refuse the Government time for repentance and reformation, he would in the meantime keep his Resolution on the Paper for use if necessary when the House met again.



First Stoker (weary). "I'd like to find the merchant 'oo invented boilers!"
Second Stoker (also weary). "Boilers be blowed! I'm lookin' for the blighter 'oo found out that coal would burn."

"Wanted. Reliable Woman to Wash Mondays, 2s. 6d. daily."—*Llanelly Star.*

Some Mondays are so black.

"War Work for capable open-air Woman of leisure. Wanted to help sister of man called up to run sole grocery shop in lovely country."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

Why wasn't he called up to fight?

The Observer rebuked *The Daily News* for unkindness in remarking that at a certain point in the recent "Poets' Reading," Mr. Birrell, "who had been sitting with his head in his hands, looked up delighted." But was it quite nice of *The Observer* itself to say in its account of the same function that "the Prime Minister looked in when the readings were in progress, and remained for some time talking with many friends"?



Peppery Senior (through din of Bosches' "morning hate"). "LATE FOR BREAKFAST AGAIN."
Very Junior Officer (apologetically). "SORRY, SIR. DIDN'T HEAR THE GONG."

THE PHILATELIST.

THIS was the day appointed, after considerable discussion, for our visit to London, and at an early hour Frederick and I were ready for the journey. Frederick, who is tending slowly, as it seems to me, towards an as yet sufficiently remote ninth birthday, had been vigorously and successfully scrubbed till he shone with an unwonted absence of grime; his hair had been temporarily battened down; his Eton collar was speckless, and his knickerbocker suit, while not aggressively new, was appropriate and free from visible rents. I cannot say he was impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, but he was eager and fully determined to purchase as many stamps as could be secured for the generous prize of money bestowed upon him by a lady who had observed his progress in the study of Nature—beetles, moths, tadpoles and the like—and had noted his ever-growing passion for postage-stamps.

London he looked upon as one gigantic repository of stamps. I spoke to him of Trafalgar Square and the Nelson Column and the Landseer Lions. He replied by informing me that there was a certain issue of Mauritius which was valued at £1,200. "If," he said, "I could get that some day I shouldn't want to collect any more."

"It seems," I said, "a lot of money to pay for a small piece of paper."

"Yes," he agreed, "it is; but perhaps I could get it cheap in some old shop which didn't know much about it."

I then tried to divert his attention to the prospect of having luncheon with me at the Rhadamanthus Club, but he begged me not to interrupt him, as he was endeavouring to calculate how many years it would take him to get together the sum if he could manage to save two-pence a week out of his pocket-money. After a short mental struggle, however, he gave it up and banished the blue Mauritius, or whatever it is, from his ambitions and his conversation.

Before we started Francesca addressed a few earnest words to me about the proper care of a boy in London.

"Be sure," she said, "to see that he keeps his hands clean. I should hate to think that he was wandering about Piccadilly and Pall Mall with dirty hands."

"He'll have to wander," I said, "with such hands as Nature provides for him. No little boy can ever keep his hands clean anywhere for more than half a minute at a stretch."

"But you might give him an occasional wash, you know."

"I will do everything," I said, "that may become a father, short of carrying about a wash-hand basin and a jug of water and a piece of soap and a towel through Piccadilly and Pall Mall."

"And his hair," she said,—"you'll not let it get too untidy, will you?"

"I'll brush it when I can," I said; "but you must remember that a little boy without a Catherine-wheel of hair on the back of his head is only fit for a museum. I must insist on his keeping his Catherine-wheel substantially intact."

Well, at last we got off in the train on our adventure, I with a morning paper, and Frederick deep in a stamp-catalogue, from which he occasionally brought forth things old and new. In due time we reached our destination and stood triumphant in the stamp-shop. It was not a large shop, but it was a rich shop, owning countless valuable varieties, and Frederick, whose hands were now of the subfusc hue which Cambridge insists on for the garments of her candidates, was soon engaged in an animated discussion with



Subaltern (proudly, as devastating motor-cyclist dashes by). "ONE OF OURS."

the affable and amused proprietor. At last the five shillings were exhausted and the deal was complete, the last item consisting of a perfectly terrific set of Gaboon stamps, each decorated with the fuzzy head of a spear-bearing native warrior. It speaks volumes for the power and courage of our French allies that they should have been able to overcome these savage and formidable tribesmen, and reduce them to the order that is implied by the existence of a post-office and the possession of stamps.

We now found that we had about forty minutes to spare. It is hardly necessary to say that, being in the immediate neighbourhood of the Strand, we devoted the time to a Cinema. The change from the Gaboon and its truculent inhabitants to a highly sentimentalised fishing-village was something of a wrench, but Frederick, clutching his purchases and his catalogue as if his life depended on stamps, was equal to it. He bore without flinching the storms and the wrecks, and the bodies of drowned men tossed upon the shore. Nor did he audibly disapprove when one fisherman, rescued from death, lost his memory for many years, and eventually regained it in extreme old age amid the rejoicings of his relatives and neighbours.

Thence we passed by a happy change to the detached and melancholy malice of Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN, of whom I can now say, *Vidi tantum*. Mr. CHAPLIN'S victim on this occasion was a well-dressed foreign gentleman of perfect manners but fiery temper, who was compelled to suffer a series of dreadful indignities. We left him struggling silently but furiously against an adhesive lobster salad which Mr. CHAPLIN had, in an absent-minded moment, plastered over his face.

We now went on to the Rhadamanthus. Here the rite of washing and brushing was duly performed, Frederick remarking with obvious regret that if it had only been on the Cinema he would have had to throw the soap at me and splash the water in my face. "But," he added, "I shall be able to do it to Alice when I get home." He was not at all overwhelmed by the marble and gilded splendours of our palace, but sat himself down to luncheon as if he had an immemorial right to be there. General Wilbraham (in khaki), Mr. Justice Black, and Mr. Trevor, the eminent publisher, kind old gentlemen, my friends and contemporaries, came up to us and were introduced to the little boy and smiled at him and patted his head, where the indomitable Catherine-wheel still whirled in triumph, and all declared that it was hardly tolerable in another to be so young, and asked him what it felt like, and said that growing up was the great mistake.

And then a strange thing happened. The luncheon-room suddenly became a hall filled with boys. The General and the Judge and the Publisher dwindled and changed. The long-lost hair came back to their heads in great untidy tufts; they put on Eton jackets and collars and grubby hands. In fact, they were little boys again; and Master Wilbraham said he was keeping *Cave*, and Master Black said something was a regular chouse, and Master Trevor declared violently that somebody was a sneak and that somebody else must have tweaks for new clothes. It lasted for a moment, and then, as with a puff of air, it all changed back, and we were again in the luncheon-room of the club, four time-worn veterans and one eager little boy tightly grasping a catalogue of stamps. R. C. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SHOW SHOP."

THE drama is almost the only religion I know that can expose the mysteries of its ritual to the vulgar gaze and yet retain the devotion of its worshippers. There is nothing a British audience so loves as to be taken behind the scenes and shown how it is done—or not done; and then it will attend the next play and go on adoring with the blindest infatuation. Were it not for this astounding gift of resilience one might deplore the prurient curiosity that wants to peep into the hollow image of Isis and get at the machinery of the priesthood.

More human and wholesome is the satisfaction derived from the revelation of amateur foibles, for here we are laughing at ourselves, as in *A Pantomime Rehearsal*. In *The Show Shop* this element was supplied by a young plutocrat who took a small part with a travelling company in order to be near his *fiancée*, the leading lady; and continued in it as *jeune premier* because she refused to be made love to on the stage by anybody else. In assuming a *rôle* for which he was incredibly ill-qualified he seemed likely to facilitate the achievement of his purpose, namely to make the play a hopeless failure and so secure the deliverance of his lady from the thraldom of her mother's ambitions and set her free to marry him.

However, the failure failed to come off, and although he forgot to remove his overcoat (containing the stolen bonds) at a critical juncture on which the Great Situation turned—the error was so deadly that the mother, who had stage-managed the thing and was witnessing the first performance from a box, actually rose in her seat to correct it—the play was a roaring success; and there was nothing for it but a secret marriage, marred by the prospect of a two years' run "on Broadway."

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS, as the amateur, made extraordinarily good fun for us; and there was something fresh in the idea of following up the dress rehearsal with a first night. It not only gave the amateur his chance of making the big mistake against which he had been thoroughly warned, but our own applause allowed the company to put into practice the lessons they had learned in those sacred conventions which regulate the taking of a call.

There are those who say that Transatlantic humour should be interpreted exclusively by a native cast, and that an Anglo-American alliance is a mistake. I trust President WILSON'S recent policy will not be affected by this view. Certainly, though the combination was responsible for the noisiest fun of the farce, the purely American performance of Miss MARGARET MOFFATT at the opening of the First Act was as good as anything in the play. But happily this is not one of those imported creations that overwhelm my uninstructed intelligence with exotic colour and exotic slang.

Mr. EDMUND GWENN, as *Max Rosenbaum*, impresario, was in irresistible form. Miss MARIE LÖHR, in the part of the leading lady, was at her lightest and therefore her best; but Lady TREE (her designing mother), though she played very hard and incisively, could scarcely have satisfied her own very nice sense of humour with what was to be got out of a character that resembled nothing on earth (or the Eastern hemisphere anyhow).

In the midst of all the mirth there was a pathetic passage between a couple of impecunious players, *Johnny Brinkley* (played by Mr. GEORGE ELTON, who had many good things to say and said them well) and *Effie*, his wife, on the theme of the precariousness of their career. It must have melted the cynical heart of many a critic in the audience, and I for one was almost persuaded to confine myself for the future to encomium in these columns.

However, there is no flattery in the compliments I beg to offer to Mr. JAMES FORBES for a very diverting evening. Perhaps the last Act dragged a little, but in any case after the orgy he had given us we were ripe for reaction. With most imported plays one is apt to doubt whether the humour is novel in its essence or merely a matter of unfamiliar form, common enough in its place of origin. But the humour of Mr. FORBES, or at least the best of it, is something more than American.

O. S.

"She heard him blowing his nose on the hall mat, and she understood the major sufficiently to know that this portended something."—*Home Chat.*

We have always regarded this behaviour as ominous, even in the case of civilians.

"Once you have a wife and are tied down to the world, she creates the necessity of a house and saves you from being a wanderer on the face of the earth. No wife, no house. Hence, say our Shastras, it is not the building called the house that is the wife, it is the wife who is the house. And even now, both among the high and the low, it is usual for a Hindu to speak of his wife as his house."

N. G. CHANDAVARKAR in "The Times of India."

We foresee domestic trouble when the Flat system reaches India.

AN ECCENTRIC.

HAVING alighted on strange ground at Chiswick Park Station, I was lost. My destination was HOGARTH'S House—one of the few homes of the illustrious which are preserved for pious pilgrims, but whether to go this way or that I had no notion, nor was there anyone to ask. I therefore turned to the left and, just after being half-blinded by a dusty whirlwind, stopped an errand-boy and was told by him I had done right, and had but to keep on.

I therefore continued, but with so little confidence that a hundred yards further on I stopped another wayfarer, who, however, had no knowledge of any Hogarth but a local laundry of that name, and could not say where it was.

It was then that I fell into the arms of as admirable although peculiar a man as I ever hope to meet, and communicative too. He was one of those elderly men who keep their youth, largely by virtue of cheerful spirits. He was short and active and he wore a cap. He had sandy-grey hair and a touch of sandy-grey whisker; his eye was bright and his cheeks were ruddy. He beamed with contentment. He may not have been, as the diverting Mr. BERRY says in *Tina*, "fearfully crisp," but he was crisp enough.

Did he know Chiswick? Why, he had known it for nearly sixty years. Then he knew HOGARTH'S House? No, he couldn't say he did, but, anyhow, it must be in the other direction, because this, strictly speaking, was Acton Green and not Chiswick at all. To get to Chiswick I ought to have gone the other way. "But a depraved errand-boy——" I began to say, and then realising that the recapitulation of other people's errors is perhaps the idlest form of speech, where nearly all lack necessity, I said instead that the natives did not seem to specialise much in knowledge of their locality; to which he replied that they ought to, for there was no more beautiful place in the world.

"I'm going in the direction you want, myself," he added. "The fact is we're moving, and I've got to get some new blinds, and the shop's on your way."

So we fell into step, I with great difficulty keeping up with his happy buoyancy.

Yes, he admitted, moving was a trial, but his new house was far more comfortable than the old one, and, after all, what's a little trouble?

This was a revolutionary enough remark, but when he went on to ask, Wasn't it a lovely spring morning? I felt shamed completely, for I was still angry with the gusts under the



Tommy (to Jock, on leave). "WHAT ABOUT THE LINGO? SUPPOSE YOU WANT AN EGG OVER THERE, WHAT DO YOU SAY?"
Jock. "YE JUIST SAY, 'OOF.'"
Tommy. "BUT SUPPOSE YOU WANT TWO?"
Jock. "YE SAY 'TWA OOFS,' AND THE SILLY AULD FULE WIFE GIES YE THREE, AND YE JUIST GIE HER BACK ONE. MAN, IT'S AN AWFU' EASY LANGUAGE."

scudding sky. And it had been a lovely night, too, he added. Not a cloud all night. And a moon! such a moon! He never remembered a lovelier night. How did he know so much about the night? Why, he was a night watchman. In the General Omnibus Company. Had been for years. When then did he sleep? Oh, he would soon be in bed, but he liked a walk in the morning. Especially such a morning as this. In two hours' time he'd be fast asleep. Oh no, he didn't mind being on duty at night, and then, being in the General, he could have rides for nothing, and only the other day he'd been to Bushy Park to see the fallen trees. My, what a grand sight! He'd never seen so many fine trees on their sides. Wonderful it was.

Didn't Chiswick look grand in the Spring? he asked me. Such lovely blossom in the gardens. Chiswick had once been famous for its fruit orchards, and many trees still remained. Didn't I think it pretty?

As a matter of fact it was looking to me exactly like other suburbs; but I hadn't the heart to dash so enthusiastic and friendly a creature; so I said I thought Chiswick charming.

And healthy, he went on: there wasn't a healthier place anywhere—all sand. Wherever you dug you'd find sand.

I had a sudden vision of myself, spade in hand, testing this statement; but he allowed no time for such diversions of thought. The goodness of Chiswick and the importance of praising it were too urgent with him.

After passing the station we came to a block of peculiarly hideous flats on the right. There, he said, pointing to them, wasn't that convenient? What could a clerk want better than that? For himself he couldn't ask a better fate than to live at Chiswick. Such a fine High Street, and the biggest music-hall in the suburbs. The picture palaces too. But he was sorry to say that some Chiswick people had taken to going to a new one at Hammersmith. That was a pity, he thought. Had I ever seen such a nice Green?

By this time I was becoming stunned. I pinched myself to discover whether or not I dreamed. A Londoner, or Greater Londoner, pleased with his home; an Englishman of any description satisfied with anything English, and especially just now, when the rule is to cry stinking fish! What could be the matter?

I would try him, I thought, in his most sensitive spot, his pocket; and the opportunity came naturally enough for we were passing the shops in the High Street and he began to extol their merits.

"But isn't everything horribly dear nowadays?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, gaily "it is; but I can remember when it was dearer."

What is one to do with a man like that? Had we not now come to my turning, Duke's Avenue, where he bade me good-bye, I might have discovered that he did not think Lord KITCHENER an imbecile, Mr. BALFOUR a mere salary-hunter, and Mr. ASQUITH a traitor. To such an oddly constructed mind even those things were possible.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BELLOC can, I am sure, write entertainingly about any phase of the French Revolution on his head, and in *The Last Days of the French Monarchy* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) he has apparently done so. I cannot think it will add to his reputation. It will be something if it doesn't hurt it. He has taken a short story, and by a process of dextrous padding and the practice of a method, which is becoming an obsession with him, of going deep into the obvious with much industry and circumstance, he has contrived, with the addition of a number of plates—some of singular irrelevance—a fattish book. Even ignorant persons like this Learned Clerk are apt to be chagrined by being so obviously written down to. On the other hand, naturally, an author who knows his intriguing subject so well and drives so forceful a pen cannot fail to be interesting. The historian seems most concerned to prove, by his familiar and plausible method of going over the ground "in the same season, in the same weather, after the same rains, in the same mist," that the Prussian charge by Valmy Mill miscarried only because the infantry got bogged in marsh that looked like stubble. So now we know!



Kind Old Lady. "I SEE THERE IS AN URGENT APPEAL FOR MORE LITERATURE FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN. I THOUGHT SOME LONELY SOLDIER OR SAILOR MIGHT LIKE TO REVIVE MEMORIES OF THE DEAR HOMELAND WITH THIS VOLUME OF THE POST OFFICE DIRECTORY FOR 1899."

From the list of books already published by Mr. CECIL HEADLAM it is easy to see that he is by choice a topographer rather than a novelist. Indeed the fact is made sufficiently obvious to the reader of *Red Screes* (SMITH, ELDER). Its sub-title is *A Romance of Lakeland*, and so strongly developed is the place-spirit in its author that he is constantly breaking the rather tenuous thread of his story to introduce long descriptions of Cumberland scenery and people, and as this is most easily done by sending his chief characters for walks in the districts that Mr. HEADLAM wishes to talk about the result is that I seldom read a novel in which the protagonists were kept so sternly on the move. But I am far from saying that the result is not happy enough, especially for those readers who already know and love the neighbourhood that the author handles so well. As for the tale, that, as I have hinted, is nothing to keep you awake o' nights. There is a millionaire in it, with one daughter (whom he hates) and a very unpleasant secretary, who loves the daughter for her prospects and a country lass for her looks; and there is a great deal of the most unconvincing finance that ever I read, even in fiction. As for the secretary's end, it wouldn't be fair to give that away, as it is really the only point at which the plot quickens into sufficient vigour to hold its own with the setting. Mr. HEADLAM obviously both knows and loves the land of red screes; I am doubtful whether he is as much at home with the stock-manipulators of Wall Street or their emotional offspring. And I don't like his introduction of the second heroine—"The girl's head was bare, save for the crowning glory of womanhood." What I mean is, if it hadn't had that much covering—

The King's Men (SECKER) are just our friends, yours and mine *and* Mr. JOHN PALMER's, who have exchanged their tools and toys, their pens, wigs, brushes, books, spats and dreams for stars (one, two or three) and scars; all drawn into the Great Adventure which began on that 4th of August so many long years ago. Dilettante *Pelham*, prig and pacificist not from passion but from detachment, always so unbeatable in argument and always so wrong; sportsman *Rivers*, seeing simply and straight; crank *Smith*; comfortable *Baddeley* in his snug Government berth; poser *Ponsonby*, always doing the thing that's the thing to do; exquisite *Graham*, with his fair lodge in the wilderness—all hallowed by the great consecration. There are, too, the King's women and an unhappy necessary stay-at-home or two, and a big and rather crude contractor, who will be master in his own works. But the young men are the folk Mr. PALMER best understands and presents in turns of clever and vehement talk. I beg you to read this book for these good things and for a tender love of England which shines nobly between the lines of it.

Perhaps *Fauvette*, the heroine of *The Green Orchard* (CASSELL), was too modern to have much acquaintance with the works of the late WILLIAM BLACK. Which was a pity, as a recollection of *A Daughter of Heth* might have withheld her from her impulsive marriage with *Martin Wilderspin*, or from feeling so much like a gold-fish out of water when he took her away from Paris to share a life that was a dreary contrast to all her previous experience. In any case I cannot hold her blameless for the resulting shipwreck. A bride who comes down late for a most critical little dinner to her husband's family, and attires herself (see cover) like a circus-rider, simply is not giving matrimony a fair chance. Moreover I seem to observe that Mr. ANDREW SOUTAR thinks this was rather sporting in his heroine. He certainly loads the dice in her favour, for, when the inevitable had happened and *Martin* and *Fauvette* had separated, the lady sought the consolations of literature and became (as heroines will) the sensation of the hour. Though *The Green Orchard* is a brisk easy-running tale fidelity to life is hardly its strong point. Of course it was not to be expected that *Fauvette* would escape being adored by *Martin's* best friend; the real touch of originality is the final reward of this kind gentleman. For my own part I certainly expected—but to tell you that would be to betray what doesn't happen. The whole affair is a pleasant respite from actuality: more, I fear, it would be impossible to say.

From the description of a polar-bear's escapade in the Edinburgh "Zoo":—

"The keepers now appeared, and with the assistance of gun-firing and much noise the animal was quietly shepherded back to its accustomed place of confinement."

North British Agriculturist.

"Quietly" was a happy thought.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT, it appears, landed in Ireland from a collapsible boat. And by a strange coincidence his arrival synchronised with the outbreak of a collapsible rebellion.

* * *

Hard soap can now be obtained in Germany only by those who purchase bread tickets. The soft variety cannot be obtained at all, the whole supply, it seems, having been commandeered by the Imperial Government for export to the United States.

* * *

£175 worth of radium was lost last week in Dundee. The ease with which bar radium can be melted down and remoulded in the form of cheap jewellery affords, according to the local police, a clear indication that this was the work of thieves.

* * *

A conscientious objector has stated that he had even given up fishing on humanitarian grounds. We fear that his fish stories may have caused some fatal attacks of apoplexy among his audiences.

* * *

According to Sir THOMAS BARLOW "the importation of bananas has had a far-reaching effect on the digestion of our children." Only last Monday week the importation of six bananas had just that kind of effect on the digestion of our own dear little Percy.

* * *

Portugal has decided to expel German sympathisers of whatever nationality. Other clubs please copy.

* * *

From the Eastern Counties comes news that in last week's Zeppelin raid twenty turnips were "completely destroyed." And so the grim work of starving England into submission goes relentlessly on.

* * *

"That boy there," said the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House, in addressing some children from an orphanage, "can easily become a Lord Mayor." Cases of this sort are really not hard to diagnose when you are familiar with the symptoms, and the LORD MAYOR had, of course, noticed the hearty manner in which the lad was attacking his food.

* * *

The latest Shakspearean discovery announced by Sir SIDNEY LEE is that the Bard was a successful man of business; but the really nice people who have lately taken him up have resolved not to let the fact prejudice them against him after all these years.

"Absence of the Polecat from Ireland" is the title of a vigorous article in the current number of *The Field*. While agreeing in substance with the writer, we cannot refrain from commenting on this unexpected departure of a peculiarly moderate organ from its customary restraint in dealing with the political questions of the day.

* * *

The Editor of *The Angler's News* makes public the request that fishermen will provide him with the particulars of any exceptionally big fish which they may catch. Strangely enough he does not suggest that the data should be accompanied, for purposes of verification, by the fish themselves. It is refreshing to know that there is a man left here and there who is not trying to make something out of the War.

* * *

One of the Zeppelins that recently visited England dropped one hundred bombs without causing a single casualty, and a movement is on foot to present the Commander with a pair of white gloves.

* * *

"What I wish to show Mr. Norman," says Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON in *The New Witness*, "is that the fantastic pursuit of the *idée fixe* . . . leads to a *reductio ad absurdum*." One has often had occasion to notice the rapidity with which a young *idée fixe* will dart down a convenient *reductio ad absurdum* when closely pursued.



THE DIVINER.

REPORTER STUDYING A MEMBER'S EXPRESSION AS HE LEAVES THE HOUSE AFTER A SECRET SESSION.

A writer in the current number of *The Fortnightly Review* has elaborated the theory that the War can be won without difficulty by breaking through the German line in the West. It is the ability to grasp these simple but fundamental truths that distinguishes the military genius from the War Office hack.

* * *

The majority of the larger railways have now announced their intention of serving no more meals on trains. While the reason has not been officially stated the authorities are said to be of the opinion that Zeppelins have on several occasions been able to reach important termini by following the smell of cookery.

The Perils of the Tyne.

"A ship's apprentice who attempted the rescue of a man in shark-infested waters to-day, at Newcastle, received the Shipping Federation's diploma and medal."

Morning Paper.

The Infallible Experts.

"In general (continued Count Andrassy), the battle has ceased to be of the nature of a siege, as it was intended to be at the beginning. It is a long-drawn-out and deadly combat between the French and German armies, and the victory of one will undoubtedly be the defeat of the other."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"It is a reasonable conclusion from these facts that . . . the principal attack, supposing that it should actually have taken place, has already been made."

Col. FEYLER *in "The Sunday Times."*

Delphinium Hybrids.

"What looks much handsomer than a sow of Delphiniums in the borders of your garden, and once planted they are always there."—*Garden Work for Amateurs.*

The only drawback is that it is apt to make such a litter.

"Before we are through with it, we may be obliged to have a war outright with Mexico, because the Defacto Government is none too friendly to us."—*Bournemouth Guardian.*

It is not perhaps generally known that President Defacto is a direct descendant of that well-known ruler, Señor A. Priori.

"Outside Dublin the county is tranquil. Mr. Asquith, and three minor cases of disturbance are reported."—*Evening News.*

We deprecate this attempt to import political prejudice into the situation.

"Two ladies obliged to remain in furnished house, Bournemouth, till let, offer free weekly accommodation to middle-aged healthy lady and dog in difficulties through war."

The Common Cause.

Even the pets are feeling the pinch of the Common Cause.

DRESS ECONOMY AND THE CLAIMS OF ART.

[To Lord Spencer on seeing his portrait by Mr. Orpen at the Royal Academy.]

Here at the Press View, ere the opening day
Admits the public on receipt of pay
And all the gallery like a murmurous shell hums,
I stand before your picture, awed and mute,
In reverent worship and an old, old suit
Of baggy ante-bellums.

For, when Britannia first in wrath arose,
I took a vow:—So long as these poor clo's
Together, though reduced to just a mesh, hold,
Never will I, till Victory's trump rings clear
(Save when I purchase military gear),
Cross any tailor's threshold.

Yet, gazing on the garb you figure in,
Shining and perfect as a new-born pin—
The frock-coat built to dazzle gods and men, Sir,
The virgin tie, the collar passing tall,
The flawless crease of trousers which recall
The prime of Bobby Spencer—

I hesitate to blame your lack of thrift;
I would not have your sacred feelings biffed
By harsh reflections from a patriot's war-pen;
Those rich externals which arrest the view
Were but adopted as essential to
The scheme of Mr. Orpen.

Such was the sacrifice you made to Art!
And there are other portraits, very smart—
Sitters who must have borne the same hard trial;
Who waived their loyal taste for cheap attire
And went, superbly tailored, through the fire
Of noble self-denial. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXVIII.

(*From General von Falkenhayn.*)

Almightiest War-Lord,—See how the Fates make sport with us! We began in February to make our great attack upon the fortified position at Verdun. In ten days, so we thought, our massed artillery, firing a ceaseless torrent of projectiles, would have shattered beyond recovery the lines of the enemy, and our irresistible infantry, breaking through like a flood, would have swept away all opposition, and would without doubt have taken the fortress and cleared our way to Paris and to decisive victory. So we believed, having, as it appeared, every reason for our belief, and having taken into account in our careful planning all the chances and vicissitudes to which men and battles are exposed. And now May is come with her buds and blooms, May, when, as your Majesty knows, the heart of every good honest German turns to thoughts of beer-gardens and draughts of foaming liquid, and so far as the capture of Verdun and the opening of the road to Paris are concerned we have done nothing that has any value except for our foes, who have had the satisfaction of seeing us beat ourselves to fragments against the steel wall of their defence. It must be confessed that German blood and German courage have been miserably wasted, and not even our resources, great as they are, can much longer stand the strain which has been imposed upon them.

Your Majesty asks me what under these circumstances it is best to do. Shall we break off our attacks at Verdun and direct our hammer-blows at some other part of the front? Theoretically there is much to be said from the purely military standpoint for such a course; but can your Majesty foresee what the moral effect would be upon our troops in the field and upon the Germans still left behind us in Germany? We might, of course, announce that we had now gained everything we had set out to gain, that the French had lost immense numbers of killed and wounded, that we had taken in unwounded prisoners the equivalent of an army corps, that our booty was incalculable, and that, in fact, the victory was definitely ours. But would Germany believe this statement—Reventlow, of course, would believe it, but then he would believe anything—and above all would the French believe it? I can promise your Majesty that they would believe nothing of the sort, and that they would give some excellent reasons for their disbelief. And the result would be that we should be held not only to have acknowledged our failure, but also to have made ourselves ridiculous in the sight of the whole world. That, I am certain, would be intolerable for your Majesty and for the German people, who have been fed upon a diet of victory, and would be beyond measure disquieted by such an admission of failure as I have mentioned. No, the only thing to do, now that we have been so deeply involved, is to persist in the struggle and hope that we may in the end wear out enemies who have hitherto shown no signs of fatigue.

Fortunately it cannot be said that your Majesty is involved in this lack of the success we all hoped for. Though you are nominally the chief Commander of our Armies it is known that in the actual operations your Majesty has played the modest part of an onlooker rather than a director. Formerly, that is before the breaking out of the War, you were a great planner of plans, and it was understood that, in case of war, you would lead your armies in the field and prove that a Hohenzollern can do anything. But now you have recognised your limitations, and no Emperor can well do more than that. You do not now thrust your advice upon your generals, whatever you may have done at the outset of the War, and, though you may once have dreamed of leading your hosts in a thundering charge upon the foe, you have long since abandoned such visions and have begun to realise that an Emperor is but a man and cannot know everything. This, at least, is my conviction, and I testify it to your Majesty with all the bluntness that befits a soldier who has been honoured by his Sovereign with a high command.

Most dutifully yours, Von Falkenhayn.

Good Hunting.

"The jungle sale held in Warrenpoint in aid of the Warrenpoint District Nursing Association realised the sum of £40. 3s."
Northern Whig.

"Young couple furnishing wishes to buy contents of 3 rooms, including piano, or part of same."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

Their future neighbours are hoping that they will get one without a keyboard.

"There is scarcely a family who have not someone near and dear to them in the fighting line, and by substituting the task of knitting for that of sewing, the well-known lines of Ibid are particularly appropriate:—

'My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.'"
York Herald.

Ibid, who is a close connection of that other voluminous author, *Anon*, seems on this occasion to have plagiarized from Hood.



MAY 7.

COURT OFFICIAL. "I VENTURE TO REMIND THE ALL-HIGHEST THAT WE ARE APPROACHING THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SINKING OF THE *LUSITANIA*. IS IT YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE THAT THE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER PUBLIC HOLIDAY TO CELEBRATE THAT GLORIOUS EVENT?"

KAISER. "GO AWAY! I AM ENGAGED ON SOME VERY DELICATE CORRESPONDENCE."

ON THE SPY TRAIL.

Jimmy's bloodhound, Faithful, had his fortune told the other day—really, I mean; not what the man next door says when Faithful keeps on singing to his cat at night from the bottom of an apple-tree.

Jimmy says the man next door often has gloomy thoughts as to what will happen to Faithful, and he gets up from his warm bed to tell them to him.

Jimmy says Faithful was not expecting to have his fortune told; he was just sitting quietly on the wall near the road, watching the day go by.

Everything was very nice and quiet and peaceful; there was a cat up each of three trees close by, and a hen up another, all being comfortable and quite all right where they were, thank you, because Faithful had inquired.

The man next door was being busy amongst his flowers; he was replanting some that had been planted right on the top of a place where Faithful had laid down some bones to mature.

Things were so quiet that Jimmy was just thinking about taking his bloodhound on the spy trail, when a woman came along with a little hand-organ slung round her neck and a cage containing two small green parrots for telling your fortune.

Bloodhounds are very fond of music, Jimmy says; they sing to it, at least Faithful does. Jimmy says Faithful lifted up his stomach and threw back his head; but he found it a little difficult to keep time at first, because, you see, the notes that were missing in the organ were not the same ones that were missing in Faithful's voice. Jimmy says it is just the same when two people singing a duet both have hiccoughs; unless they hiccough together you always notice something wrong.

The parrots were very clever; they would come out of the cage and perch on the end of a stick the woman held, and then pick a small blue envelope out of a box. Jimmy says that he doesn't think the parrots had ever seen a prize bloodhound like Faithful before, not even in their native haunts, for when Faithful tried to make a fuss of them and love them they kept flying about the cage and moulting their feathers at him.

Faithful picked up one of the feathers, and when one of the parrots came out of the cage to tell fortunes he tried to put the feather back again. But the parrot avoided him and went away.

Faithful did his best to catch it again; he has a very good nose for game, Jimmy says, and he soon tracked the parrot to its lair: it had joined the hen, and the hen was being surprised—you could hear it doing it, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says Faithful sat at the bottom of the tree and tried to look like a birdcage; but his presence seemed to disturb the woman so much that Jimmy had to put the chain on him and lead him away.

Jimmy says Faithful kept yearning to go back and help; he is a good yearner, Jimmy says, and he does it by pushing his head through the collar as far as he can stretch it, and then choking. Jimmy says the butcher is a good yearner too, but he does it by going red in the face and trying to burst his collar with his neck. He did it at Faithful this time. You see Faithful was quietly passing his shop and doing nothing at all to anyone—Jimmy had only just let him loose on the trail—when he caught sight of the butcher's sandy cat lying curled up in the window and going up and down at him with her side. Jimmy says cats are always doing something like that at his bloodhound, and then what can you expect if you will do it?



First Traveller. "THIS 'ERE'S A TERRIBLE WAR, BILL."

Second ditto. "YUS. WHAT'S THE PRICE O' BEER NOW?"

There was a fly-paper on the counter, and after old Faithful had driven the cat into a corner Jimmy saw him suddenly swing his tail at the fly-paper and get firm hold of it; then he squatted down on the counter and wagged the fly-paper at the cat like anything to try and mesmerise it. Jimmy says that when the butcher came into the shop, and Faithful stopped to turn round and see where things were, the butcher yearned at him like anything, and it only made him worse when old Faithful semaphored at him with the fly-paper.

There was only a bluebottle on the fly-paper besides Faithful, Jimmy says, so that it wasn't very crowded; but by the buzz the bluebottle kept on making you would think it owned the fly-paper. Jimmy says his bloodhound had never shared a fly-paper with a bluebottle before, and he kept stopping to answer the bluebottle back instead of keeping to the spy trail.

Jimmy says Faithful had just sent an ultimatum to the bluebottle when there came the sounds of the hand-organ from a house close by.

Jimmy says as soon as Faithful heard the music he seemed to stiffen all at once and become rigid. He looked splendid like that, Jimmy says. One paw up, his tail as straight as he could get it, and the fly-paper at half-mast—everything pointing to sudden death.

Jimmy followed Faithful as hard as he could, and was in time to see him stalking quietly hand over fist across a lawn while the woman was getting one of the green parrots on the end of the stick.

Jimmy knew the man who lived at the house, and who was having his fortune told. He had come there to live a tired life, Jimmy says, and when the War broke out he had put up a big flag-pole with a Union Jack on it as his share.

Jimmy says the parrot had just got the man's fortune in its beak, when Faithful took a standing jump from behind the woman at it. It was awful, Jimmy says. The woman gave a scream and grabbed at the parrot, the man grabbed at Faithful, and Faithful—well, Jimmy says he never knew quite what Faithful did or how he did it, but he emerged with the man's fortune sticking to the fly-paper.

Jimmy says bloodhounds are very sensitive and avoid a commotion; but the man and the woman were not used to his side action in running and they fell over one another.

Jimmy says it was a very funny



Subaltern. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Tommy (formerly a cobbler). "THE CAP'N'S 'ORSE WANTS SOLEING AND 'EELING, SIR."

fortune; it was in a special red envelope and he couldn't understand it at first. You see it only contained the names of some towns and villages, and Jimmy was just wishing that Faithful would leave music and parrots and fly-papers and fortunes alone, and catch German spies instead, when it all came to him because a friend of his mother's lived at one of the villages and some Zeppelin bombs had been dropped there.

The woman had given the man the names of the places where Zeppelin bombs had fallen, and old Faithful had been tracking them down all the time.

Jimmy's head just buzzed with thoughts as he ran to the police-station. They caught the man and the woman, and one of the policemen discovered the flag-pole on the man's lawn, and it turned out to be part of a wireless apparatus to send messages to Germany.

Jimmy says that, when the spies were nicely locked up and settled for the night, one of the policemen got the parrot to tell Faithful's fortune, and when they opened the envelope it said, "Your face is your fortune."

A VERDICT REVISED.

RANDOLPH the rash in cruel phrase defames
The "mediocrities with double names;"
But nowadays we find whole-hearted pleaders
Urging the claims of hyphenated leaders.

For what were Pemberton without the thrilling
Corollary and supplement of Billing?
While Billing by itself, pronounced *tout court*
And shorn of Pemberton, sounds bald and poor.

Without emotion you and I may any day
Light on a Jones unwedded to a Kennedy;
Likewise a Kennedy unlinked with Jones
Will fail to stir the marrow in our bones.

Mark you, moreover, how the order tends
To foster and promote euphonic ends;
For Billing Pemberton sounds flat and dull,
And Jones prefixed to Kennedy is null.

But Pemberton by Billing followed up,
And Kennedy with Jones to fill the cup,
Electrify the nation's tympanum
And strike the voice of sober Reason dumb.

A quotation from BROWNING as rendered by *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The horrors of old."

We regret to see our respected contemporary has not yet abandoned its prejudice against the Upper House.

"A report was read from the Sanitary Inspector who has now joined the 3rd/4th Wilts Regt. This showed that 18 parishes had been infected under the Housing and Town Planning Act, leaving eight parishes still to be dealt with."—*Wiltshire Advertiser.*

In the interests of the uninfected parishes we trust that the Sanitary Inspector will deal faithfully with the Germs.

LUNCHEON CAUSERIES.

A YOUNG lady typist was overheard remarking in a City teashop the other day that she liked SILAS HOCKING better than JOSEPH, because the latter was "rather deep." The remark was significant of the new atmosphere of literary enthusiasm which the feminine invaders of business London have brought with them into the luncheon-hour. We are instituting a causerie for the special benefit of this large class of readers, *i.e.* those who get out of their depth in the transition from SILAS to JOSEPH.

I want to introduce you to-day to a writer whose subtle genius defies analysis but demands reverent appreciation. Ruby L. Binns came into my own intellectual life at a rather critical stage in my reading. Like most young men of the early nineteen-noughts, I had fallen under the spell of Guy Beverley, whose *Only a Mill Hand* and *Squire Darrell's Heir* appeared to us the consummation of the novelettist's art. In those days every other young man you met was mouthing the great renunciation scene from the *Mill Hand*. Small marvel too! As I recall it even now something of the old glamour revives.

"Go!" cried Mary Ellen. "Though you are the Export Manager and I but a poor humble mill-girl, I would sooner beg my bread from door to door than seek it at *your* hand." She eyed him with pitiless scorn. Jasper Dare went out into the night.

Fine? Ay, and more than fine. But we young men of the nineteen-noughts made one big mistake. We thought Guy Beverley had scaled the summit of art; but art has no summit. We thought he had plumbed the depths of psychology; but psychology defies the plumber. I date a new epoch in my life from that day in 19— when I picked up my *Daily Reflector* and read the opening chapter of a new serial, *Her Soldier Sweetheart*, by Ruby L. Binns. That was on a Monday. By Wednesday of that week this unknown writer had revealed to me a New Idea and a New Style. The idea is familiar to most of you now, but in those days the daring conception that a common soldier might turn out to be the missing heir of a baronet rang like a challenge in the ears of the older romanticism. It is her style, however, that is Ruby Binns's most enduring gift to English prose literature. Lean, restrained, economical, it holds (for me) the very spirit of the English race and tongue. Listen:—

She went to the door, thinking she heard something. There was nobody there, so she went back to her work, thinking sadly of her soldier boy. "Cheer up," said Clarice; "perhaps he'll come back soon." "Perhaps," answered Yvonne wanly, "but it does not seem very likely, does it, dear?" The next moment the door opened and a tall soldierly figure entered the room.

English? It is like a May morning on Tooting Common. Beverley would have handled that situation well, no doubt. But could he—could anyone—have achieved the poignancy of that unaffected phrase, "It does not seem very likely"? I said that the depths of Art were unplumbable. True, but Ruby Binns has at least got lower than most.

Next week I want to speak of a new man and a new book, Stott Mackenzie and his *Only a Trailer-Car Conductress*.

THE BEAUTIFUL THING.

You see ugly things in London now-a-days. Oh, yes, but you see beautiful things as well. I saw one yesterday—one of the beautiful things.

It was a cold wet evening, not actually raining but very, very nearly. I stood at the place in Piccadilly where the 'buses stop. There was quite a little crowd waiting, as there always is at this time of day—women with parcels, work-girls going home, a few men. All of them looked tired, and many of them looked cross.

When a 'bus drew up at the curb all these people made a simultaneous plunge for it. Before it had finally stopped they were clinging like a swarm of bees to the steps and rails. It is an arduous game this 'bus-catching, though for those who are young and strong it should perhaps have a certain attraction, combining as it does the allurement of a lottery gamble with the charm of a football scrimmage.

There were only three vacant places, and these, after a desperate struggle, were secured by two athletic-looking girls and a red-haired schoolboy. The conductor waved back the disappointed boarders, and they dropped off sulkily. I watched them a moment and then turned my eyes toward two soldiers, who were crossing the street. Fine, well-set-up men they were, and they carried themselves with the indescribable air of those who have crossed swords with Death and left their opponent, for the time at least, defeated. One of them had a green shade over his left eye. The other carried a stick and walked with a slight limp.

They took up their position a little to the side of the expectant crowd that was already beginning to sway and jostle at the sight of a fresh 'bus, which had just rounded the corner. Small chance for the new-comers, however slightly wounded, in such a *mêlée*, thought I.

The 'bus came rocking along, reeled to the left, staggered to the right, and came uncertainly to a shuddering rest beside the pavement.

And then it was that I saw the Beautiful Thing.

For of that little crowd, some twenty people in all, not a soul moved. Not a man, woman or child took so much as a step forward. They looked at the half-filled 'bus, they looked at the two soldiers, and waited, motionless.

Those two had pressed forward briskly enough, but as they mounted the steps, the man with the green shade giving a helping hand to his companion, the attitude of the crowd seemed suddenly to strike them. The lame man glanced over his shoulder, smiled and murmured something to his friend. His friend turned likewise and stared. He pushed his comrade through the doorway, turned again, and very solemnly raised his hand to his cap in salute. A second later he too vanished within the interior of the 'bus.

And then the rush began.

THE TRUMP CARD.

"*Gold lace has a charm for the fair.*"

WHEN William first became a Lieut.
R.N.V.R., in blue and gold,
Belinda smiled upon his suit
(Which formerly had found her cold);
His manly form and honest face,
She really liked them, I believe;
But, most of all, she loved the lace
Upon his sleeve.

Yet soon a rival courtier came—
A dashing dapper Lieut. R.N.;
And, as this paragon pressed his claim,
Oh, what could William hope for then?
How could a wobbly-braided swain
Vie with the actual Royal Navy,
Whose stripes were half as broad again
And straight, not wavy?

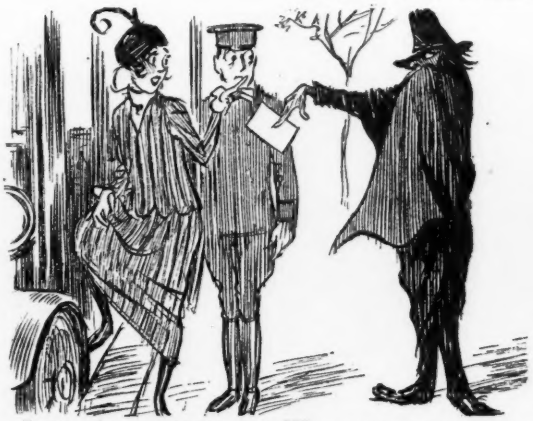
Then William swore (ah, Envy, ah!)
"Belinda *shall* be mine, she SHALL!"
And wrote a note to his papa,
Who 'd just been made an Admiral:—
"Father, now that you'll fly at sea
A two-balled flag in place of pennant,
What do you say to taking me
As flag-lieutenant?"

* * * * *

When William next waylaid his fair,
He had his glittering "aiglets" on;
Rope upon rope of gold was there,
And now his rival's look was wan;
He tried a bitter sneer, to greet
This "peacock preening in the sun";
But Miss Belinda thought them
"sweet" . . .
And William won.

MR. PUNCH'S POTTED FILMS. THE AMERICAN THRILLER.

THE EXPLOITS OF JEMIMA ANN. 159TH EPISODE.



JEMIMA ANN, ENTERING HER 200 H.P. CAR, IS HANDED A MISSIVE. SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE BEARER DETERMINES HER TO TAKE IT TO HER FRIEND, PROFESSOR MACPHERSON, THE DISTINGUISHED INVENTOR.



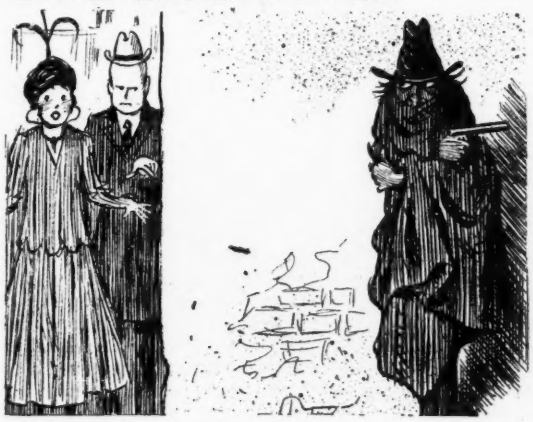
IN THE MEANTIME NEWS HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SCARLET SKULL GANG THAT MACPHERSON HAS INVENTED THE MOST DEADLY SILENT PISTOL EVER CONSTRUCTED. DETERMINED TO GET THE SECRET OF THIS WEAPON, THEY PROCEED SURREPTITIOUSLY TO HIS RESIDENCE, TAKING WITH THEM AN ADJUSTABLE PERISCOPE.



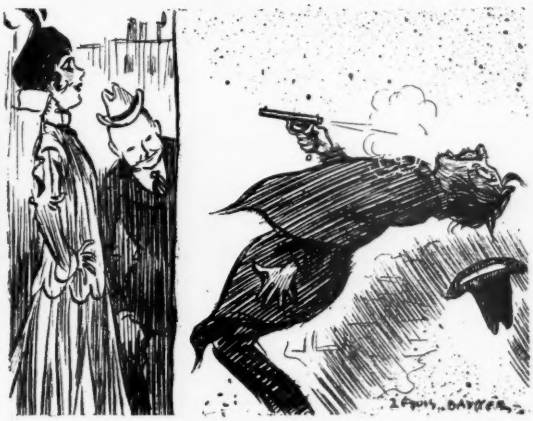
JEMIMA ANN SHOWS MACPHERSON THE MISSIVE. WHILE HE IS EXPLAINING TO HER THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW PISTOL SHE DETECTS THE PERISCOPE. MACPHERSON CONTINUES HIS EXPLANATION, BUT MAKES A VITAL CHANGE IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WEAPON.



THE SCARLET SKULL GANG, IN THEIR SECRET ARMOURY, CONSTRUCT A PISTOL FROM THE INFORMATION CLANDESTINELY OBTAINED THROUGH THE PERISCOPE.



MACPHERSON HAS ADVISED JEMIMA ANN TO KEEP THE APPOINTMENT REQUESTED IN THE MISSIVE. HE ACCOMPANIES HER TO THE CORNER, AND THEN BIDS HER TO PROCEED ALONE WITHOUT FEAR.



END OF 159TH EPISODE. 160TH EPISODE TO-MORROW.



Disgusted Tommy (to prisoner). "YOU CAN'T 'ELP BEIN' A BLOOMIN' BOSCH, BUT YER MIGHT BLOW AHT YER CHEST, OR 'OLD YER 'EAD UP, OR SOMETHINK! LUMME! I'M ASHAMED TO BE SEEN WALKIN' WITH YER!"

THE LATEST SOLAR MYTH.

[Mr. J. H. WILLIS, a Norwich scientist, writing in *The Morning Post*, condemns the daylight-saving movement on the ground that too much sunshine is enervating and that life is more virile in Northern latitudes.]

THOUGH the daylight-saving measure, which ingenious WILLETT planned
To illume the work and leisure of the toilers of the land,
Has not yet convinced the nation, or unto the mass appealed,
Still without exaggeration it can claim to hold the field.

But of late a man of science—Mr. WILLIS is his name—
In a mood of flat defiance bans the daylight-saving game;
And, relentlessly pooh-poohing the delights of sunny days,
Recommends the prompt tabooing of the cult of solar rays.

All the hardy Northern races are efficient, in his view,
Just because they live in places where the sunlit hours are few,
And, conversely, peoples broiling in the horrid torrid zones
Have no grit or zest for toiling and no marrow in their bones.

There was once a commentator, if I rightly recollect,
Who, discussing the Equator, treated it with disrespect;
But his temperate impeachment, though it showed a mental twist,
Pales before the drastic preachment of the Norwich scientist.

Metaphorically speaking, it 's a symptom of the Hun
To be always bent on seeking after places in the sun;
But I'd rather choose to follow what my deadliest foes applaud
Than to ostracise Apollo as an enervating fraud.

No, you don't convince me, WILLIS, with your scientific chat,
And my slangy daughter, Phyllis, says you're talking through your hat;
For, while many drug-concoctors merit death by *sus: per coll.*,
I believe the best of doctors is our old friend Doctor Sol.

Hours recorded on the dial, "hours serene," assuage more ills
Than the lancet or the phial or a wilderness of pills;
And if cranks of anti-solar leanings long for gloom, they should
Emigrate to circumpolar regions and remain for good.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

WE record with sincere grief the death of Lieutenant ALEC LEITH JOHNSTON, who was killed in action on April 22nd during the fight in which the gallant Shropshires recaptured a trench on the Ypres-Langemarck Road. Early in the War Mr. JOHNSTON joined the Artists' Corps and saw service at the Front. Later he received a commission in the K.S.L.I., and a few months ago was in the list of wounded. He has for a long time been associated with *Punch*, and during the War has contributed many articles under the titles "At the Back of the Front" and "At the Front." His loss will be very keenly felt.



WANTED—A ST. PATRICK.

ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. "I'M AFRAID I'M NOT SO SMART AS MY BROTHER-SAINT AT DEALING WITH THIS KIND OF THING. I'M APT TO TAKE REPTILES TOO LIGHTLY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 25th.—The Government, which has sometimes been accused of not having sufficient confidence in the House of Commons, has made ample amends. Information about the Army, too grave to be imparted to the people who provide the men and the means for maintaining it, is to be freely given to four or five hundred Members of Parliament (not to mention a similar number of Peers).

The PRIME MINISTER opened the Secret Session in one of his briefest speeches. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I beg, Sir, to call your attention to the fact that strangers are present." The historic form of this advertisement, "I spy strangers," is briefer still, but inadmissible in these ticklish times. One does not want to see, in the enemy Press, "British Prime Minister confesses to spying."

Then the Press Gallery was cleared, and the Great Inquest of the Nation became a Vehmgericht. The wretched scribe who should attempt to peer behind the veil that shrouds its proceedings has been warned in advance of the unnamed pains and penalties that await him if he should venture to describe or even "refer to" the proceedings of the Secret Session. I am unable to say, therefore, whether it is true that the occupants of the Treasury Bench forthwith donned helmets and gas-masks to protect themselves from the fiery darts and mephitic vapours launched at them from above and below the Gangway.

On these picturesque details the official report, compiled by Mr. SPEAKER, who is understood to have seized the opportunity offered by his recent stay at Bath to learn Pitman's shorthand, is unfortunately silent.

All we learn from its severely restrained pages is that the PRIME MINISTER made a long statement about recruiting. From this we gather that if fifty thousand of the unattested married men do not enlist before the end of May they will be compelled to do so; and that altogether the Government will insist on getting 200,000 men from this source. The German General Staff will be surprised to learn that our requirements are so modest, and will wonder, as we do, what all the pother is about.

Perhaps Mr. LOWTHER did not take notes of the other speeches that were delivered. At any rate he gives us no indication of their drift. All we know is that in the course of some seven hours no fewer than sixteen Members addressed the House. From this it may be inferred that the absence of reporters has at least the negative advantage of conducing to brevity of utterance. May we also infer that the speaking was as plain as it was brief, and that for the time being the Palace of Westminster has become the Palace of Truth?



UNIQUE SKETCH BY *PUNCH* ARTIST (CONCEALED IN CLOCK OPPOSITE), SHOWING HOW THE LAST REPORTER WAS DETECTED IN THE PRESS GALLERY BY THE AID OF A GIANT PERISCOPE.

Wednesday, April 26th.—So far as we are permitted to know what took place—for the House of Commons had another Secret Session—in both Houses it was Ireland, Ireland all the way. The Commons began by granting a return relating to Irish Lunacy accounts, and then by an easy transition passed to the report of the Sinn Fein rebellion in Dublin.

Colonel SHARMAN-CRAWFORD, who bears a name that all Ireland has solid reason to respect, desiring to return to his native country, asked Mr. BIRRELL what routes, if any, were open. Mr. BIRRELL did not know, but intimated genially that he might be able to take over the gallant Colonel under his own protecting wing. The House appeared to find humour in the idea of the CHIEF SECRETARY returning to his post, and an Hon. Member inquired why he had ever left it.

The PRIME MINISTER gave a brief and, so far as it went, rosy-coloured report of the situation in Dublin. Some Nationalist Volunteers were helping the Government. The forces of the Crown were to be further strengthened by a party of American journalists, armed to the teeth with quick-firing pencils, who were going over to deal with "this most recent German campaign."

This may have reminded Mr. ASQUITH that there were British journalists in the Press Gallery. The DEPUTY SPEAKER'S attention having been called to this fact, the House voted for their expulsion, and again passed into Secret Session.

The Lords were again in Open Session, to the regret, perhaps, of the Government representatives, who heard some very plain speaking from Lord MIDLETON. According to his information the rebels were still in possession of important parts of Dublin. The Government had been warned on Sunday last that an outbreak was imminent, but had nevertheless allowed many officers to go on leave, while others were permitted to assist at the races on Monday.

Thursday, April 27th.—Mr. GINNELL does not believe in the supineness of the Irish Executive. His information is that quite a long time ago it had resolved to place Dublin in a state of siege, to imprison Archbishop WALSH and the LORD MAYOR in their respective official residences, and to arrest the leaders of sundry Nationalist associations. Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, as spokesman for the ruthless Mr. BIRRELL, denied emphatically that these drastic steps had been contemplated.

The PRIME MINISTER subsequently announced that the situation still had



Ingenuous Maiden (on being told she is expected to milk the cow). "Oh, Mum, I durstn't without a soldier held her head."

"serious features." This mild phrase covers the continued possession by the rebels of important parts of Dublin, the prevalence of street fighting, and the spread of the insurrection to the wild West. Martial law had been proclaimed all over the country; Sir John Maxwell had been sent over in supreme command, and the Irish Government had been placed under his orders—the last part of this announcement being greeted with especially loud cheers.

Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond joined in expressing horror of this rebellion and hoped that the Press would not make it an excuse for reviving political dissension on Irish matters—a sufficient rebuke to *The Westminster Gazette* and *The Star*, both of which by a curious coincidence had found the moment auspicious for preaching from the text of the old tag, "There but for the grace of God," etc.

Sir H. Dalziel attempted to secure an immediate debate upon the Irish trouble. But the eminent Privy Councillor found little support in the House, and was first knocked down by the Deputy-Speaker and then trampled upon by Mr. Asquith.

If the Secret Sessions were intended to make smooth the way of the Military Service Bill they failed miserably in their object. Mr. Long, to whom was entrusted the task of introducing it, felt his position acutely. Only when explaining that one of the principal objects of the Bill was to extend the service of time-expired soldiers for the duration of the War did he wax at all eloquent, and then it was in lauding the chivalry of these men and in expressing his extreme distaste for the task of coercing them. The whole speech justified the poet's remark that "long petitions spoil the cause they plead."

Not a voice was heard in favour of the measure. Sir Edward Carson damned it for not going far enough, and Mr. Leif Jones because it went too far; and Mr. Stephen Walsh, as representative of the miners, who have given so much of their blood to the country's cause, bluntly demanded that the House should reject this Bill "and insist on the straight thing."

Mr. Asquith, recalled to the House by his agitated colleague, recognised that his old Parliamentary hand had got into a hornet's nest, and promptly withdrew it. To the best of my recollection this is the first time on record that a Government measure has perished before its first reading. Conceived in secrecy and delivered in pain, its epitaph will be that of another unhappy infant:—

"If I was to be so soon done for
I wonder what I was begun for."

"The Austrians thrice attempted to rush the Italian positions on the Upper Isonzo, but were repulsed with heavy lasses."

Times of Ceylon.

Stout girls, these *contadine*.

"Recently I have seen several German planes so high as to be mere specks, and of the many I have seen none has been lower, I should say, than ,000 ft."—*Morning Paper.*

A cautious statement, and probably true.

"We are glad to learn that the daughter of our popular banker was married on the 10th instant, over 1000 persons were invited and sumpfedtuously."—*Indian Paper.*

We infer that the compositor was among them.

"In his defence Mr. —— said he had endeavoured to fake the point that the onus of proving he was under the Military Service Act was upon the prosecution."

Bayswater Chronicle.

If not a conscientious he seems to have been at least a candid objector.

"THE BIRTH OF A FLUENCE."

IN consequence of the new tax on imported films the Cinema industry in England has received a new fillip, and a wave of enterprise is passing over the studios. In place of the familiar—almost too familiar—American dramas we are to have English. No more of those square-jawed stern American business men at their desks, with the telephone ever in their hands and instantaneous replies to every call. No more police officers, also at their desks, giving orders like lightning and having them understood and acted upon as quickly. No more crooks clambering over the roofs of an express train. No more motor-car pursuits. No more Indians, no more cowboys, no more heroines in top boots.

And what is there to be instead? Not — I hear you cry appealingly — not panoramas of Zurich or Cape Town? No, not those devastating views of scenery, but home-made films "featuring" English performers, with an eye not only to entertainment but instruction. That is the new movie note. And for a start a wonderful picture has just been completed, under the title "The Birth of a Fluence," taking the Cinema-goers (as they are called) behind the scenes of a London daily paper.

Not a real paper, of course, for that would be telling too much, but an absolutely imaginary paper, yet like enough in many respects to a real paper to afford to the imaginative spectator an idea of how such marvellous sheets are put together.

No expense has been spared to get an air of verisimilitude into these pictures, at a private view of which we were permitted to be present.

Let us give a rough sketch of the film, which is some mile and a half long, or as far, say, as from the House of Lords to Printing House Square. But first we must remark that the unseen force which agitates all the documents and blinds of the various rooms shown is not due, as it usually is, to the circumstance that the pictures were taken in the open air, during a gale, but it symbolises the power of the Proprietor of the paper, who can by a breath make or unmake Governments.

The first picture shows the arrival of the Editor, a man of desperate mien, dark as a thunder cloud, ready to be affrighted by nothing, with instant disapproval of whatever he disapproves breaking through his alert, intellectual features. To him, stern patriot as he is, it is nothing that men do well. He is there, vigilant and implacable, to pounce swiftly and mercilessly on derelictions of duty. No one knows so well as he what is possible to a Minister and his Department and what not. They themselves, the Minister and his Department, are totally uninstructed in the matter. Truly a remarkable man.

The Editor opens his letters; touches bells, speaks through telephones, and generally proves himself to be more than a man, a Force. Imaginary as is the whole affair, no one seeing this film can ever open a morning paper again without a thrill, a foreboding.



CONSCIENTIOUS MARRIED M.P. (WHO UNFORTUNATELY TALKS IN HIS SLEEP) GAGGING HIMSELF BEFORE RETIRING TO BED AFTER SECRET SESSION.

Next we are shown the Proprietor leaving his private house by aeroplane to visit the office. We see him first alighting on the roof and then entering his private room by a secret door, from a secret staircase. Having removed his slouch hat and cloak and laid aside his dark lantern, he is revealed as a man of destiny indeed.

We see the mottoes on the walls of the room, such as "Always change horses in midstream"; "Always wash dirty linen in public"; "Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with"; "If you throw enough mud some will stick"; "Damn the consequences"; "Disunion is strength"; "After me the Deluge," and so forth.

Then the Proprietor begins to get busy. He too touches bells, and various assistants rush to his presence. The first is the Editor, and we watch the progress of a fateful interview, which is made the more understandable by legends shown on the screen. Thus, after a long course of lip-moving and chin-wagging on the part of the Proprietor, we read the helpful words:—

"The Twenty-three must go."

Then the Editor's lips move and his chin rides up and down and we read the words:—

"But suppose the old man is too clever?"

And so the epoch-making talk goes on and others are summoned to take part in it.

Next, as a guide to the paper's enterprise we are admitted to a meeting of the Cabinet, and are assisted at last to unravel the mystery as to which Minister it is who gives away the secrets of that assembly, for we watch him in his various disguises on his way to the dark cellar where he meets the political representative of the paper, makes his report and receives the promise of his future reward. It is, we feel confident, this particular section of the film which will secure for it an amazing popularity, though all reference in the Press to Cabinet proceedings has now been made illegal for the duration of the War.

"The Birth of a Fluence," it will be seen, does not confine its energies to the office of the paper. So thorough is the scheme that various pictures have been taken—always, of course, at the usual enormous expense—at even distant places, where its activities, or the result of them, can be studied. For example, we are shown a section of the Front and the delight of the English soldier as he unfolds the paper and discovers that his country is still being goaded towards that healthy disintegration which must necessarily accelerate our victory. And we are even shown one of the paper's defeated candidates seeking the railway-station after the election; for it is notorious that, vast as are the paper's other influences, it is often unable to persuade an electorate to follow it.

The last picture, which also should be of particular interest to the public as proving how sacred the Fourth Estate holds the duty of providing it with accurate reports, shows the whole of the building draped with the habiliments of woe and the staff in deep

mourning on learning that the secrecy of the secret session is to be callously and rigorously enforced by the Government. And in this state of prostration the *personnel* is left. So ends one of the most enthralling films that this country has yet invented.

"The Birth of a Fluence" would, of course, be more instructive still were there any paper that at all corresponded to the fantastic and incredible organ here illustrated. But of course a sheet that during the progress of an anxious war so consistently belittled its country and aspersed its rulers would be impossible. Still, enough verisimilitude remains to make an amusing half-hour.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

IX.—THE POULTRY AND THE BOROUGH.

THE Fox ran to London
Starving for his dinner;
There he met the Weasel
Looking even thinner.

The Weasel said to Reynard,
"What shall be our pickin's?"
Said Reynard to the Weasel,
"Rabbits and Spring Chickens."

Then they went a-hunting,
And they did it very thorough,
The Fox in the Poultry
And the Weasel in the Borough.

X.—WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.

Wormwood scrubs, Wormwood scrubs
Windows, walls, and floors,
Pots and pans and pickle-tubs,
Tables, chairs and doors;
Wormwood scrubs the public seats
And the City Halls;
Wormwood scrubs the London streets,
Wormwood scrubs Saint Paul's;
Wormwood scrubs on her hands and knees,
But oh, it 's plainly seen,
Though she use a ton of elbow-grease
She 'll *never* get it clean!



A TRUE PESSIMIST.

Shaun. "'TIS A GERMAN!"
Mike. "GLORY BE! HOW CAN YE TELL THAT?"
Shaun. "I CANNOT TELL UT. 'TIS A GUESS."

THE LOAN.

IT was past ten o'clock and the maid was, or should have been, asleep, so when there came a knock at the front-door Bertha got up to answer it herself.

"Whoever can it be at this time of night?" I said.

"It 's Evelyn come to borrow again," said Bertha. "I know her knock."

"Don't always look on the dark side of things," I counselled; "be an optimist like me. Now I have a feeling that she has come to pay back what they borrowed last week."

A minute later Bertha returned. "I knew it," she said; "it is as I feared. Jack has sent her over to borrow three more."

"Three more!" I gasped; "but it 's preposterous. They borrowed five only last Monday and they 'll never pay them back, of course. What did you say to her?"

"I said I couldn't manage it myself, but I would ask you."

"I suppose we shall have to do it," I said, crossing over to the bureau and unlocking it.

"Haven't you got any on you?" asked Bertha.

"Only one; I never carry more than that in case I might get my pockets picked. It 's a bit thick," I continued, "we economise and deny ourselves in all kinds of ways and then that spendthrift comes—or, rather, sends his wife—and borrows all our hard-earned savings."

From a secret drawer in the bureau I drew forth a small box that I opened with fingers that trembled like *Gospard's*.

Bertha joined me and, side by side, we stood gazing at the contents in a hush that was akin to worship.

"Well," said I, at last breaking the silence, "here you are, and for goodness' sake tell her not to waste them!" and into my wife's outstretched hand I carefully counted out—three matches.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAYOR OF TROY."

THE admirable "Q" has shot his arrow into the gold so often and carried off so mountainous a load of trophies that he can see with equanimity his last shot signalled an outer—even a miss. The signaller must needs be more dismayed than he. "Q" is also too honest and perceptive a critic not to see the weak points of *The Mayor of Troy* as a stage play, though he may fairly plume himself on the pleasant (and unpleasant) folk of his creation who partly came to life on the opening night at the Haymarket. He will have found out and noted for an appendix to those lively and instructive discourses of his *On the Art of Writing* that it is a jolly difficult thing to write a play; that an act is not a chapter of a novel, still less a *compôte* of bits of many chapters; that, while to be charmingly discursive is a paramount quality of the higher type of novelist, the same attribute in a play, whose very breath of life is essential brevity, makes it appear to go on crutches, like his own discomfited hero. It bemuses an audience and gravels the players—as the queer uncertainty of touch of so skilful, so conscientious an actor as Mr. AINLEY sufficiently betrayed. But to the story.

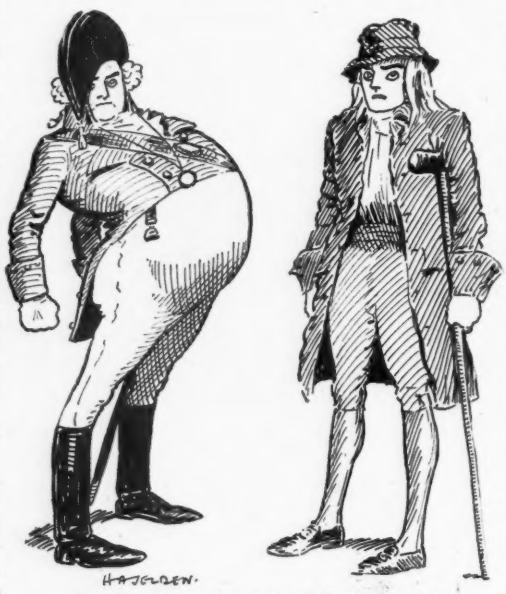
Portly and pompous *Major Solomon Hymen Toogood* (Mr. AINLEY), wealthy citizen of Troy Town, and, in the perilous year of grace 1804, for the seventh time its Mayor; Justice of the Peace, in command of the battery of *Diehards* which himself had raised, spoilt by the worship of the women and the tractability (with reservations) of the men, has reason to be mightily pleased with himself; and very distinctly is. On this pleasant day on which the play opens he has written a proposal of marriage to a lady whose heart, unhappily, is already given to his Deputy in civic office and Second in Command of the battery, *Dr. Dillworthy* (Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE). Meanwhile a little smuggling expedition, which he had planned under cover of his military authority (Sir ARTHUR does not quite put it like that), turns into a genuine fight, and our Mayor is carried off prisoner to France.

At the peace of 1814 he returns thin and lame to find that the lady of his choice has long married the man of hers (and why not?), and that the two, with their children, are installed in his house; *Dillworthy* no longer Deputy but reigning Mayor. Nobody recognises the famous *Toogood*, which is entirely "Q's" fault, not theirs; and nobody, except a pretty maid who is to marry his nephew (his own money has made the match possible), seems to worry overmuch (*absit omen!*) about returned prisoners of war. He reveals himself to nobody but his villain brother *William* (Mr. AYRTON). That fatuous revenue officer, *Lomax* (Mr. MALLESON), has written a fulsomely flattering life of him at which his gorge rises. Everybody, apart from opening a hospital in his memory (in a bed of which he eventually finds himself), seems to be going about his or her business much as usual (yet what else could they do?). He extracts a character of himself from his faithful old servant and finds it not so flattering as he would have liked. Seems, in fact, determined to have his grievance. Well, then, he will buy a dog. And he will take the road with his pal the comic sailor and shake the dust of fickle Troy from off his feet.

But I protest that this is all very unfair to the Trojans. As soon as he gave them their chance they took it decently enough, so much so that all ended happily in what must have been a most uncomfortable dance on the sharp fragments of the *Toogood* bust which the disgruntled original had smashed with his crutch.

Of course poor *William* very naturally resented this extraordinarily inconsiderate return from the dead of a long and well-lost brother, several thousand of whose pounds he had misappropriated. As for *Lomax*, could he by any stretch of the imagination within the frame of this picture have tried to bribe the Mayor to go away just to save his infernal biography from being wasted? You simply can't have a convincing colloquy on these lines between the tragic figure of the disillusioned and embittered hero and this farcical jack-anapes.

And I think it was just this sort of lack of conviction that flattened the actors. Mr. HENRY AINLEY had his moments, but he's not a man of moments. He's about our best whole-hogger. Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE's easy skill was, as it always is, a very pleasant thing to watch. Mr. DE LANGE gave an animated little sketch of a droll French spy. Mr. MILES MALLESON shouldn't let his sense of character and his undoubted talent for business lead him into that capital sin of taking more than his share of the stage. Mr. HENDRIE as the sailor, *Ben Chope*, gave us another of those amusing grotesques of his; and Miss CLAIRE GREET put in a clever paragraph as *Mrs. Chope*. Mr. FREDERICK GROVES was an excellent gruff servant; Miss PEGGY RUSH a pretty bride; Mr. GERALD MCCARTHY a plausible lover; Miss BRUCE-POTTER a becomingly subdued and adoring Georgian doctor's wife. Mr. LYALL SWETE played competently a poisonous ass of a vicar, and was responsible for the production, which was admirable. T.



CURED OF OBESITY IN TEN YEARS.

The Mayor of Troy (Mr. HENRY AINLEY) *before and after prison diet.*

A Ranker.

Extract from Battalion Orders:—

"The horse and cab of the Headquarters Staff are attached to the —— Regt., A. Coy., for forage and accommodation."

"In the Ascot Double Handicap Hurdle Race, after an objection to Early Berry for jumping, the race was awarded to Marita."
Sporting Paper.

Marita, presumably, crawled under the hurdles like a little lady.

"In spite of all traditions about the British love of a tub, we rarely are acquainted with the proper use of soap and water . . . And thus we lay ourselves under Browning's reproach of 'You very imperfect ablutionist!'"
British Weekly.

BROWNING may have written this; but we prefer GILBERT'S version:—

"You very imperfect ablutioner."



Macpherson (who, having lost half-a-crown in the Strand and reported the loss overnight at Scotland Yard, on returning next day to resume his search finds the road up). "LOSH ME—THAE LONDONERS ARE AWFU' THOROUGH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I WOULD heartily commend to all good English women and men *The Book of Italy* (UNWIN), first because it will help the families of those Italians who have left England to join their ships and regiments and will make possible the works of mercy of the Italian Red Cross, and secondly because it is in itself an admirable book—the most distinguished, I think, of any of its kind published here during the War. It tells us something of the great Italian creators and liberators, DANTE, LEONARDO, MICHELANGELO, MAZZINI, GARIBALDI, CAVOUR—too little perhaps of MAZZINI, than whom no movement for liberty ever had a nobler or a saner prophet. Of the good things, besides the contributions of distinguished Italians (a particularly interesting note on the Italian Red Cross by Signor GALANTE claims a Neapolitan, FERDINANDO PALASCIANO, as the pioneer, in 1848, of the Red Cross idea), let me specially commend the spirited introduction of Lord BRYCE, the eloquent letter of SABATIER, the memories of FREDERIC HARRISON, the quiet wisdom of CLUTTON-BROCK, the learning (decently veiled for normal eyes) of FRAZER, of *The Golden Bough*; the inspired prejudices, fringed with epigram, of G. K. C. A mere catalogue of a few of the well-known writers represented, of SYMONS, GALSWORTHY, GILBERT MURRAY, BAGOT, HICHENS, BARRY PAIN, PHILLPOTTS; and of artists such as BRANGWYN, SARGENT, SHANNON, JOHN, LAVERY, RICHMOND, POYNTER, FRAMPTON, RICKETTS, ANNING BELL, CAYLEY ROBINSON, makes its best testimonial. England has never been other than the friend of modern Italy, for the Triple Alliance was merely a freak of desperate diplomacy and was broken by the popular will when Germany (be it remembered) was giving fair promise of ultimate victory. We don't need conversion to the cause of Italy, but everything that helps to foster and develop the comradeship of the new *Risorgimento* of the Allied Nations is welcome. And *The Book of Italy* will serve this purpose excellently well.

More than once before now I have commented upon that almost unique gift that Mr. JACK LONDON has of transferring physical energy to fiction. His characters must always be about some sinew-straining business that makes the reader ache in sympathy. However in *The Little Lady of the Big House* (MILLS AND BOON) the author seems to have allowed himself and his creations an unwonted holiday. Here is no fierce struggle for existence, but the fruits of it upon a millionaire ranche in California. *Dick Forrest* was the millionaire, by heritage and his own success; a great farmer and a breeder of shires. He had a wife, the Little Lady of the title, and a Big House that was one of the most eligible dwellings in fiction. A plain recital of the arrangements ("tweaks" we should have called them at school) in *Dick's* open-air bedroom makes the ordinary home look like ten cents. Mr. LONDON certainly knows how to luxuriate when he gives his mind to it. Moreover there was a wonderful swimming-bath, with a concealed submarine chamber in which the Little Lady used to hide for the terror of uninstructed guests (she was rather that

kind of person), and a great music-room for her to play RACHMANINOFF in and flirt with the Other Man. This is really all the tale. Eventually the flirtation becomes serious and the Little Lady is driven to suicide, with a death scene of rather unconvincing sentiment. The fact is, I am afraid, that Capuan ease does not altogether suit the super-strenuous beings whom Mr. JACK LONDON designs. They are too energetic for it, and, lacking an outlet, tend to become melodramatic. I hope that next time he will take us back to the muscle-grinding.

When the War broke out Mr. F. W. WILE, an American gentleman, was living in Berlin as the correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. Having read his book, *The Assault* (HEINEMANN), I may say that I judge him to be singularly alert and wide-awake and admirably fitted for the position he occupied. He has no scintilla of hatred or animosity for the German people as individuals, but he wishes to see Germany beaten. "I wish her beaten," he says, "for the Allies' sake and for my own country's sake. A victorious Germany would be a menace to international liberty and become automatically a threat to the happiness and freedom of the United States." He saw the furious transports of patriotism and hatred to which the Berlin mob gave way; he witnessed the brutal attack on the British Embassy, and he was himself denounced as an English spy, was arrested and was lodged in jail, whence he was rescued only by the direct interposition of the American Ambassador. All these incidents he relates in a very vivid way and with a certain dry humour that adds to the effect. His description of the manner in which, on his way to prison in a taxi with two German policemen, he managed to destroy a telegraph code which was in his breast pocket, is positively thrilling. Had it been discovered on him, nothing, he thinks, would have availed to save him, so delirious were his captors with rage and suspicion. Certainly a delightful people. Finally he was allowed to leave Berlin and travel to England as a member of Sir EDWARD GOSCHEN's party. In the later portion of this book Mr. WILE castigates us, not too unkindly, but, perhaps, a little too insistently, for not being ready, for not realising what war means and for being too self-complacent. Since his criticisms are based on affection for us we can make an effort to kiss the rod, especially as he discerns signs of improvement in us. Incidentally I may add that he is, perhaps, not altogether fair to Lord HALDANE, but, *per contra*, he gives Lord NORTHCLIFFE a high testimonial to character and behaviour.

Cordelia (MELROSE) is a story as agreeable as its name, or as the pretty, if rather chocolate-box-school, picture on its wrapper. One small defect I find in the dissipation of its interest. Beginning with one hero, it goes on with another; and the result is some confusion for the reader who has backed the wrong horse. But Mr. E. M. SMITH-DAMPIER might very justly retort that this is but fidelity to life. When in the early chapters we see the first hero turned from home by an unsympathetic parent, and faring forth to seek romance in a new world, it was surely reasonable to suppose that he would eventually be rewarded by the pretty lady of the wrapper, especially as *Savile Brand* (though his name inevitably suggests tobacco) is a character drawn with understanding and skill. But Mr. SMITH-DAMPIER is good at lovers. He has another, even better, up his sleeve. This is *Peter*, the forty-year-old American cousin, who cherishes a tender regard for *Mistress Cordelia*. I should explain that all this happened in the time of powder, lace coats, and witches. This last is important. Those were the days when *Cherchez la sorcière* was the unfailing remedy in New England for every ill, material or emotional. It is from this, coupled with the mistaken jealousy of her sister, that *Cordelia's* troubles come, and so nearly turn her story to tragedy. The main motive may remind you a little of that grim play of witchcraft that we saw at the St. James's Theatre some years ago. But fortunately the end is more comfortable. *Cordelia*, in short, is a nicely-flavoured romance of old America, with at least three unusually well-drawn characters to give it substance. I have no doubt at all of its success.



OUR ECONOMISTS.

Customer. "I'VE CALLED ABOUT THE COUGH MIXTURE I BOUGHT. THE FIRST DOSE CURED ME."

Chemist. "THE INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT OF THAT PREPARATION, SIR, HAS BEEN REMARKED BY EVERYBODY."

Customer. "IT'S AMAZING; AND, AS THERE'S ONLY ONE DOSE GONE, I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU'D CHANGE WHAT WAS LEFT FOR SOME PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES."

Lady POORE's *Recollections of an Admiral's Wife* (SMITH, ELDER) is as excellent a book of its kind as readers of *Punch* are likely to find reviewed in a month of Wednesdays. Scrapbooks of reminiscences are so often dumped upon a surfeited world that it is at once a pleasure and a duty to draw attention to a volume of real worth and significance. Wherever Lady POORE was living—whether in Australia before the War or in Chatham after August, 1915—her main object was to arrive at a sympathetic understanding of the people with whom she had to deal, and, without a hint of patronage, to be of service to them. It is impossible to read of the work she did and helped to do during the last dozen years or so without recognising how possible it is to be official and still remain very human. In spite of little outbursts of opinion which refuse to be suppressed, Lady POORE is as discreet as the most censorious of censors could desire. One of her anecdotes—for the most part well told and fresh—is as funny a tale as I have ever encountered; but I will leave you to find it for yourself. Altogether a book to thank the gods for.

"On the way to Berea, Mr. Lloyd George met the Rector of the parish, and both cordially shook hands."—*Scotsman*.

Are we to infer that as a rule, when these two gentlemen meet, only one of them shakes hands?

CHARIVARIA.

MANY graphic tales have been told of the immense loads of plunder carried off during the fighting in Dublin; but there has been looting on a large scale elsewhere, if one may believe the headline of a contemporary:—"Man arrested with Colt in his pocket at Bloomsbury."

* * *

Says a writer in *The Daily Chronicle*: "In one neighbourhood within the Zeppelin zone there are hundreds of partridges who defy the Defence of the Realm Act. Two or three hours before anyone else is aware that the baby-killers are approaching these bold birds go chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, as if there were an army of the more human sort of poachers about." Personally we have always felt that the section of the Defence of the Realm Act which forbids one to go chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, when the Zeppelins are approaching is superfluous as well as in inferior taste.

* * *

Dr. WALFORD DAVIS, in a lecture on "Songs for Home Singing," recently told his hearers how Major TOM BRIDGES saved a couple of battalions at the Front with two penny whistles. We feel bound to point out however that any attempt to save the nation with the same exiguous weapons would be too hazardous to be encouraged.

* * *

Owing to a lack of the necessary dyes there will soon be no more red tape available for the War Office and elsewhere. It is to be hoped, however, that the familiar and picturesque salutation with which staff officers are in the habit of taking leave of one another, "So long, Old Tape!" will not be allowed to become obsolete.

* * *

Attention has recently been drawn to the number of strapping boys who are idling their time away in cinema houses in the absence of their fathers at the Front. Their strapping fathers, of course.

* * *

According to the President of the Baptist Union, "you must hit a Londoner at least six times before he smarts." We do not presume to dispute this statement, but what we want to know is, how was the Londoner occupied while the President of the Baptist Union was conducting his extremely interesting experiment?

Owing to the scarcity of tonnage, Denmark shipowners have put into commission two 18th-century sailing vessels. Meanwhile in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat there is, we learn, some talk of organising an expedition for the recovery of the Ark with a view to her utilisation in the cattle-carrying trade.

* * *

The Recorder of Pontefract states that in a recent walk he followed for three miles three men who were smoking, and counted sixty-two matches struck by them. It is reported that the gentlemen concerned have since called upon the Recorder to explain that it was in a spirit of war economy that they had dispensed with the services of the torch-bearer who had hitherto attended their movements.



PAY PARADE.

Officer. "HAVE YOU MADE AN ALLOTMENT?"

Recruit. "OH, NO, SIR! I GIVE UP ME FOWLS AND CABBAGES THE DAY AFORE I JOINED THE ARMY."

There will be no Bakers' Exhibition this year, it is announced. Many *chic* models however, both in *gâteaux* and the new open-work *confiserie*, will be privately exhibited.

* * *

A contributor to *The Observer* draws our attention to the phenomenally early return of the swifts. But after all there must be something particularly soothing about England these days to a neurotic fowl like a swift.

* * *

It is rumoured that Mr. BIRRELL has lately thrown off one of his *obiter dicta*—to the effect that Mr. ASQUITH and his colleagues have expressed an ambition to go down in the pages of history as the "Ministry of All the Buried Talents."

* * *

It was a confirmed dyspeptic of our acquaintance who, on reading that in Paris they are serving a half-mourning salad consisting mainly of sliced potatoes, artichokes and pickled walnuts, expressed surprise at their failure to add a few radishes to the dish, so that they might be thoroughly miserable while they were about it.

* * *

According to a contemporary, Mr. H. B. IRVING'S *Cassius* "came very near to Shakespeare." A delightful change from the innumerable Cassii that are modelled, for instance, on Mr. W. W. JACOBS.

* * *

Sir THOMAS LIPTON'S yacht, the *Erin*, has been sunk in the Mediterranean, and no doubt the Germans think they have done something to go bragh about.

* * *

Italians are being invited by means of circulars dropped from balloons to desert to the Austrians, the sum of 5*s.* 8*d.* being offered to each deserter. This is no doubt what is technically known as a *ballon d'essai*.

* * *

The House of Commons is giving serious consideration to the Daylight Saving Scheme. But certain occupants of the Treasury Bench (we are careful not to "refer to" them as members of the Cabinet) are said to be withholding their support till they know what it is that the surplus daylight is to be let into.

"LONDON, April 6.—A Zeppelin airship attacked the north-east coast of England on Wednesday afternoon, but was driven off by our anti-Haircraft defences."

Daily Chronicle (*Jamaica*).

This subtle allusion to the former occupation of the Zeppelin crew has, we believe, caused much anxiety among the ex-barbers in the German Service, who fear that the A.A.C. will go for them bald-headed.

"April 23rd was . . . the 300th anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare and of the death of Shakespeare."—*Daily Paper.*

And to think of all he accomplished in less than twenty-four hours!

At a Red Cross sale:—

"The exors. of the late Robert Dawson's calf made £6."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

We wonder if this generous gift came out of the pockets of the next-of-kine.

"For whoever was responsible for that blunder, which in most countries would certainly have evoked a cry of betrayal, the mainsheet of Nelson's Victory would be all too inadequate as a penitential white sheet and far too illustrious as a shroud."

The Leader (*British East Africa*).

We agree, but it would make a splendid halter.

THE WAY OF THOMAS;

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

SCENE.—*Sand on the —— Frontier of ——. A Cavalry outpost recently arrived is sitting in a hollow in a vile temper, morosely gouging hunks of tepid bully beef out of red tins. Several thousand mosquitos are assiduously eating the outpost. There is nothing to do except to kill the beasts and watch the antics of the scavenger beetle, who extracts a precarious livelihood from the sand by rolling all refuse into little balls and burying them. It is very hot.*

1*st Trooper.* Shoot the devils, I would. I can't understand their letting 'em go the way they do. The first one I meets I shoots. Killing our wounded the way they do.

2*nd Trooper.* Ay, and killing 's not the worst they do, neither. You should ha' seen them two poor fellows of ours wot was found. You wouldn't be taking no prisoners after that.

1*st Trooper.* If I 'ad my way I wouldn't take no prisoners. 'Tain't safe, for one thing. That was 'ow pore old Bill got done in; went to take a white-headed old devil prisoner as might have been his grandfather, and he up and strafed him in the stomach with a shot-gun. Don't care 'oo it is. They say the women 's as bad as the men.

Corporal (*darkly*). Ah, shooting 's too good for 'em, I say, after wot they done.

1*st Trooper.* They do say they 're starving now. Living on grass, 'alf of 'em; specially after that lot of camels wot was captured.

Corporal (*darkly*). Ah, let 'em starve, I say. Starving 's too good for 'em after wot they done.

2*nd Trooper.* That 's just it. They won't let 'em starve. As soon as they 've finished killing our wounded they comes into our camp with all their families, and we feeds 'em up with dates and biscuits and probably lets 'em go again.

1*st Trooper.* We 're too soft-'earted, that 's wot we are. Them Germans wouldn't carry on like that; they 'd shoot 'em quick and no more said.

2*nd Trooper.* Ay, you 're right there, and when we gets home the first thing we shall find is a relief fund to provide food for 'em.

Corporal. Well, they 'd better not come near *this* post; they won't get no dates 'ere.

Sentry. Corporal, I can see 'alf-a-dozen of them blighters coming along about a mile away. Shall I give 'em one?

Corporal. No, you idiot. Let 's 'ave a look at 'em first.

[*Enter a middle-aged Arab, dressed in the most indescribable rags and in the last stage of exhaustion. He is followed at long intervals by his family to two generations, who watch his reception anxiously from afar.*

Arab (*falling flat on his face at sight of the Corporal*). *Bimbashi, bimbashi, mongeries, mongeries.*

Corporal. Yes, I 'll bash yer all right. Grey-'eaded old reprobate, you ought to know better.

Arab (*in an anguished voice*). *Mongeries, mongeries.*

1*st Trooper.* Lord, he do look thin, por beggar. *Mongeries*—that means food, don't it? 'E looks as if 'e hadn't eaten nothing for weeks. 'Ere, 'ave a biscuit, old sport.

[*Arab makes a spasmodic wriggle towards him.*

2*nd Trooper.* Look out, Bill, 'e 's going to bite your leg.

1*st Trooper* (*with dignity*). No, 'e ain't; 'e 's a-going to kiss my boots. Gorblimy, 'e 's a rum old devil!

Corporal (*suddenly remembering his duty*). 'Ere you, take your clothes off. *Efta aggry.* Strip.

[*The Arab undoes his rags, which slip to the ground.*

2*nd Trooper.* Blimy, Alf, look at 'em. I never see such a thing in my life. Look at that big one on his neck.

1*st Trooper* (*suddenly*). I say, old chap, don't you never 'ave a bath?

2*nd Trooper.* Lord, though, ain't he thin? 'E 's a fair skeleton.

[*The Arab puts on his clothes again and falls exhausted with the effort.*

Corporal. Pore old feller, 'e 's fair done; give 'im a biscuit, Alf.

1*st Trooper.* Try 'im with some bully; they say they won't eat that, though.

2*nd Trooper.* Won't 'e! I never seen the stuff go so quick. 'Ere, old feller, don't eat the tin.

Corporal. Don't give 'im any more or 'e 'll kill 'isself. Let 's see if his family can do the disappearing trick as quick as 'e can. Poor devils, they 've been through something. 'Ere, you family, *mongeries. Tala henna.*

[*The family are brought up and fed on the day's rations.*

2*nd Trooper.* Lord, Alf, look at this kid; 'is legs ain't as thick as my finger; cries just like they do at 'ome too. 'Ere, 'ave a bit o' jam.

Corporal. Take 'em back to camp now and 'and 'em over. Come on, old boy; you 're all right. Lord, ain't they pretty near done. Lucky they found us when they did.

The Better Half.

"THAMES DITTON.—Attested man called up willing to LET HALF HOUSE, or take another lady in similar position."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"WE GIVE OUR SONS."

SUCH our proud cry—a vain and empty boast;
Love did not ask so great a sacrifice;
The first *réveillé* found you at your post;
You knew the cost; clear-eyed you paid the price;
Some far clear call we were too dull to hear
Had caught your ear.

Not ours to urge you, or to know the voice;
No stern decree you followed or obeyed;
Nothing compelled your swift unerring choice,
Except the stuff of which your dreams were made;
To that high instinct passionately true,
Your way you knew.

We did not give you—all unasked you went,
Sons of a greater motherhood than ours;
To our proud hearts your young brief lives were lent,
Then swept beyond us by resistless powers.
Only we hear, when we have lost our all,
That far clear call.

A Non-Stop Service.

The following announcement was recently made at a Liverpool church:—

"The service to-night will be at six o'clock, and will be continued until further notice."

"Mr. Butcher expressed his thanks to Mr. Wood for his kind words, and said it was a great satisfaction to know that his efforts had been appreciated, and very gratifying to be thanked by one of the staff. He might reply in the words of Betsy Twigge, 'Changing the name, the same to you.'"
Ashbourne Telegraph.

We note, but do not approve, the change.

"Washington, Friday.
Sir Cecil Spring Rice has been instructed to apologise for the action of the British Governor at Trinidad in failing to return the call of the Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, on the latter's visit on board the American cruiser *Tennessee*."
Exchange Telegraph.

Much McAdoo about nothing.

The Evening News publishes an account of a conversation between "Prince Henry of Prussia (the Kaiser's brother) and Admiral Issimo, of Germany." The Issimos are a most distinguished fighting family (of Italian origin), and whenever they have adopted either a military or naval career have invariably come to the very top.



WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

The Sun (*to Householder*). "NOW, THEN, WHY WASTE YOUR DAYLIGHT? SAVE IT AND GIVE IT TO THE COUNTRY."

[If only for the sake of economy in artificial light during War-time, the Daylight-saving scheme should have the support of all patriots.]

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXIX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—There comes a time in the life of the military motor when, owing to one thing or another (but mostly another), it becomes a casualty and retires, on the ground of ill-health, to the Base. As such it is towed into the nearest workshops; but, before it departs to the Base there arrive, from all corners of the Army area, drivers of other similar motors, coming, as you might say, "for a purpose." These are the vultures who have got to hear of the affair, are sorry indeed that such mishaps should occur, but, stifling their sorrow, see their way to snaffle some little benefit for themselves.

One vulture will come to exchange old lamps for new, another to do a deal in magnetos, and a third, may be, to better himself in the matter of wheels. There will be some squabbling, and, when the work is done, the last state of that casualty will be worse than the first, and it will proceed to the Base a melancholy collection of all the most dilapidated parts in the area, for which even the most optimistic authority at the back of beyond will see no useful future.

Yesterday the following interview took place at my little office, which is also my little home and is very handsomely and elaborately furnished with a system of boxes, some to sit on, some to write on and some to go to sleep in.

"An officer to see you, Sir," said the orderly, and in there came a representative from Signals who was pleased to meet me. I put aside my work in order to deal with him politely, firmly and once and for all.

"If," I said haughtily, "you are the gentleman who rings me up on the telephone every morning at 7 A.M., goes on ringing me up till I creep to the instrument and murmur "Hello!" and then tells me that is all and will I please ring off, then I too am glad we have met at last."

He denied the suggestion so hotly that I unbent a little. I asked him to be seated, and offered him a part of my bed for the purpose.

"It's like this," he began.

"Is it?" said I. "Then no doubt you want me to sign an Army Form and take all the responsibility?"

"For what?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered; "and it doesn't much matter, for I shall only pass it on to someone else, please."

For once it wasn't an Army Form. Was I not, he ventured to ask, the proprietor of a small car?

"What was once a small car before it met what was once a large telegraph pole," I said thoughtlessly.

He was glad to hear this, as he too was the owner of a small car. We shook hands on that, though we knew all the time that H.M. Government was the owner of both. H.M. Government not being present, however, to insist on its rights, we were able to do a quiet swank. In the course of it he mentioned, quite by the way, the matter of shock-absorbers. He had reason to believe that my car could spare his car a couple of these.

I saw the need for hedging. "That telegraph pole I mentioned just now wasn't really very large," I explained, "and it came away quietly, offering no resistance."

He smiled knowingly at that.

"Were *you*," I continued, fixing a cold and relentless eye upon him—"were you equally lucky with your—your—?"

"Small lorry," he said, with a faint blush. "A tiny lorry, in fact."

"Not more than a dozen tons or so?" I suggested. "No doubt it passed quite gradually over you, frightening more than hurting you, and you were able to walk home with remainder of small motor in pocket of great-coat?"

He didn't go into that subject. "By the way," he said, "I happened to be round at the workshops just now——"

"Did you, indeed?" I took him up. "Then let me tell you at once that the wreckage in the workshop's yard was not my small car, so you may abandon any hopes you had built upon that."



UNFORTUNATE POSITION OF ONCE POPULAR BERLIN NAVAL BATTLE ARTIST, WHOSE OCCUPATION HAS VANISHED THROUGH HIS HAVING RASHLY SUNK THE ENTIRE BRITISH FLEET AT AN EARLY STAGE OF THE WAR.

He appeared to be surprised at the attitude I adopted.

"No," he said slowly—"no, I knew that wasn't *your* car."

I thought rapidly. "It was *yours*," I hazarded, "and your idea was to re-equip that battered wreck at the expense of my very slightly injured property?"

He smiled shamelessly.

"You are a most unscrupulous officer," I said, "and I'm beginning to think you *are* the voice which gets me out of bed—I mean, interrupts my work—every morning at dawn."

"No, really," he replied, glad to have something to be honest about. "At that hour I am always in—at work myself."

We shook hands again on that and I offered him a cigarette.

"Have one of mine," said he.

"No, no," I pressed; "you have one of mine."

Again, if the truth had been admitted, H.M. Government was the rightful owner of both.

"Of course," he explained, "you saw my little 'bus from quite its worst aspect in that yard."

I was for getting to business. "I want," said I, "a back axle-shaft, a head-light, a wind-screen and some mud-guards. What's yours?"

"I could do with a spare wheel-holder, a horn, a couple of yards of foot-board," he said. "Two shock-absorbers and at least one wheel I must have."

A little discussion proved that between us we could put up a very decent car. The only difficulty arose from a doubt as to what was to happen when we went out in it. It would still be a two-seater, and neither of our chauffeurs was small enough to be carried in the tool-box. Who was going to drive, who was going to sit by and, when occasion demanded, step out and do the dirty work? Neither of us seeing his way to give in on these points, we had to think of some other solution.

"You mentioned the workshops just now," I said. "Were you going on to say that the officer in charge told you of another small car which was in trouble?"

"He did," said Signals.

"Same here," said I. "Did he then recommend you to get what you wanted off that other car?"

"He did," said Signals.

"Same here," said I. "And did you also ascertain that this officer in

charge possesses a small car of his own rich in standard parts?"

"I did," said Signals.

"Same here," said I. "Let us go out and look for that——"

"Officer in charge," said Signals.

"No," said I, "his car." I felt that we were justified, in the circumstances, in dividing it between us.

But there is no limit to these officers in charge of workshops. We had the greatest difficulty in finding his car at all, and, when we did, it had the appearance of being deliberately concealed. Worse still; when we found the car we found also a sentry standing over it, with rifle and fixed bayonet. Though we took this to be a direct insult to ourselves, we were too proud to go and expostulate with the officer himself about it.

Yours ever, HENRY.

A LETTER.

(*From Captain Claude Seaforth to a novelist friend.*)

MY DEAR MAN,—You asked me to tell you if anything very remarkable came my way. I think I have a story for you at last. If I could only write I would make something of it myself, but not being of Kitchener's Army I can't.

The other day, while I was clearing up papers and accounts and all over ink, as I always get, the Sergeant came to me, looking very rum. "Two young fellows want to see you," he said.

Of course I said I was too busy and that he must deal with them.

"I think you'd rather see them yourself," he said, with another odd look.

"What do they want?" I asked.

"They want to enlist," he said; "but they don't want to see the doctor."

We've had some of these before—consumptives of the bull-dog breed, you know. Full of pluck but no mortal use; "done in" on the first route march.

"Why don't you tell them that they must see the doctor and have done with it?" I asked the Sergeant.

Again he smiled queerly. "I made sure you'd rather do it yourself," he said. "Shall I send them in?"

So I wished them further and said "Yes;" and in they came.

They were the prettiest boys you ever saw in your life—too pretty. One had red hair and the other black, and they were dressed like navvies. They held their caps in their hands.

"What's this rubbish about not seeing a doctor?" I asked. You know my brutal way.

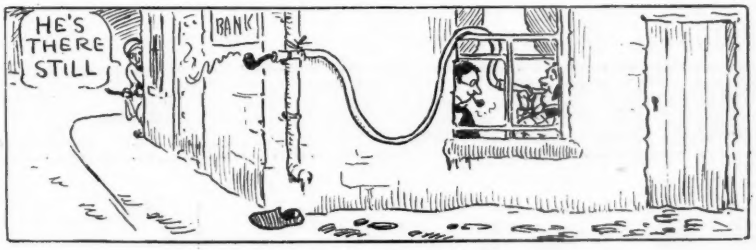
"We thought perhaps it could be dispensed with," Red Hair said, drawing nearer to Black Hair.



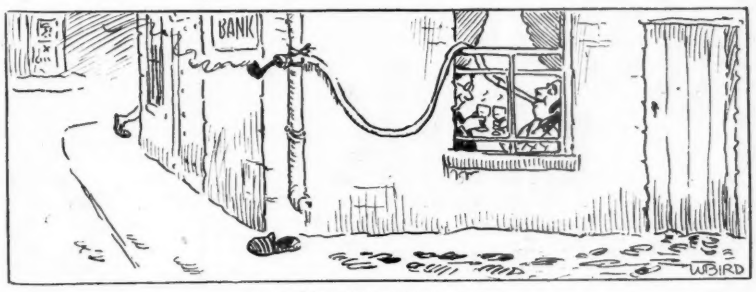
THE CONSCIENTIOUS SPECIAL,



THE INGENIOUS BANK MANAGER,



AND THE CAUTIOUS BURGLAR



WHO LACKED STAYING POWER.

"Of course it can't," I told them. "What's the use to the Army of weaklings who can't stand the strain? They're just clogs in the machinery. Don't you see that?"

"We're very strong," Red Hair said, "only——"

"Only what?"

"Only——" Here they looked at each other, and Red Hair said, "Shall we?" and Black Hair said, "Yes;" and they both came closer to me.

"Will you promise," said Red Hair, "that you will treat as confidential anything we say to you?"

"So long as it is nothing dangerous to the State," I said, rather proud of myself for thinking of it.

"We want to fight for our country," Red Hair began.

"No one wants to fight more," Black Hair put in.

"And we're very strong," Red Hair continued.

"I won a cup for lawn-tennis at Devonshire Park," Black Hair added.

"But," said Red Hair.

"Yes?" I replied.

"Don't you believe in some women being as strong as men?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Well then," said Red Hair, "that's

like us. We are as strong as lots of men and much keener, and we want you to be kind to us and let us enlist."

"We'll never do anything to give ourselves away," said Black Hair; but, bless her innocent heart, she was giving herself away all the time. Every moment was feminine.

"My dear young ladies," I said at last, "I think you are splendid and an example to the world; but what you ask is impossible. Have you thought for a moment what it would be like to find yourselves in barracks with the ordinary British soldier? He is a brave man and, when you meet him alone, he is nearly always a nice man; but collectively he might not do as company for you."

"But look at this," said Red Hair, showing me a newspaper-cutting about a group of Russian girls known as "The Twelve Friends," who have been through the campaign and were treated with the utmost respect by the soldiers.

"And there's a woman buried at Brighton," said Black Hair, "who fought as a man for years and lived to be a hundred."

"And think of JOAN OF ARC," said Red Hair.

"And BOADICEA," said Black Hair.

"Well," I said, "leaving JOAN OF ARC and BOADICEA aside, possibly those Russians and that Brighton woman looked like men, which it is certain you don't. But any way we must be serious. What would your people say?"

"We left word," said Red Hair, "that we were going off to do something for our country. They won't worry. Oh, please be kind and help us!"

Here all four of their beautiful eyes grew moist.

I could have hugged both of them, but I kept an iron hand on myself.

"You nice absurd creatures," I said, "do be reasonable. To begin with, passing the doctor is an absolute necessity. That shuts you out. But even if you got through how do you think you would be helping your country? All the men would be falling in love with you; and that's bad enough as it is after working hours; it would be the ruin of discipline. And you could not bear the fatigue. No, go back and learn to be nurses and let your lovely hair grow again."

They were very obstinate and very unwilling to entertain the thought of drudgery such as nursing after all their dreams of excitement; but at last they came to reason, and I sent for a cab and packed them off in it (I simply could not bear the idea of other people seeing them in that masquerade), and told them that the sooner they changed the better.

After they had gone the Sergeant came in about something.

I said nothing, and he said nothing, each of us waiting for the other.

He moved about absolutely silently, and I dared not meet his glance because I knew I should give myself away. The rascal has not been running his eye over young women all these years without being able to spot them in a moment, even in navvy's clothes.

At last I could stand it no longer. "Damn it," I said, "what are you doing? Why don't you go? I didn't send for you." But still I didn't dare look up.

"I thought perhaps you had something to say to me, Sir," he said.

"No, I haven't," I replied. "Why should I? What about?"

"Only about those two young men, Sir," he replied.

"Get out," I said; but before he could go I had burst into laughter.

"Better not mention it," I managed to say.

He promised.

There—won't you find that useful?

Yours, C. S.

A VERY RARE BIRD.

Brown lives next door but one to me. His speciality is birds, and he must be a frightful nuisance to them. I shouldn't care to be a bird if Brown knew where my nest was. It isn't that he takes their eggs. If he would merely rob them and go away it wouldn't matter so much. They could always begin again after a decent interval. But a naturalist of the modern school doesn't want a bird's eggs; he wants to watch her sitting on them. Now sitting is a business that demands concentration, a strong effort of the will and an undistracted mind. How on earth is a bird to concentrate when she knows perfectly well that Brown, disguised as a tree or a sheep or a haycock, is watching her day after day for hours at a stretch and snapshotting her every five minutes or so for some confounded magazine? In nine cases out of ten she lets her thoughts wander and ends half unconsciously by posing, with the result that most of her eggs don't hatch out.

Brown has a highly-trained sense of hearing. You and I, of course, possess pretty good ears for ordinary purposes. We can catch as soon as anyone else that muffled midnight hum, as of a distant threshing-machine beneath a blanket, which advertises the approach of the roaming Zepp. From constant practice, too, we have learnt, sitting in our drawing-room or study, to distinguish the crash of the overturned nursery table upstairs from the duller, less resonant thud of baby's head as it strikes the floor. But can we positively state from the note of the blackbird at the bottom of the garden whether it has three, four or five eggs in its nest, or indeed if it is a householder at all? No, we cannot; but Brown can.

Even specialists, however, occasionally make mistakes. A day or two ago, just as dusk was falling, Brown entered my house in a state of considerable excitement and informed me that a pair of reed-warblers were building in my orchard.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Quite," he replied. "I have not actually seen the birds yet, but I have heard them from my own garden, and of course the note of the nesting reed-warbler is unmistakable."

"Of course," I agreed.

"It is a most extraordinary occurrence," he continued, "most extraordinary."

"You mean because there are no reeds there?"

"Exactly."

I was quite certain in my own mind that there were no reed-warblers either, but I felt it would be impertinent for a layman like myself to argue with Brown.

"There!" he exclaimed, darting to the open window. "Can't you hear it?"

I listened. "Oh, that," I said; "that's——"

"The mating song of the male reed-warbler," interrupted Brown ecstatically. "Now, whatever happens, don't let them be disturbed. Don't even try to find the nest, or you may alarm them. Leave it all to me. I shan't have a free morning till Saturday, but there's no hurry. I'll bring my camera round then, and when I've located the spot they're building in I'll rig up a hiding-place and take some photos. Don't let anybody go near them; the great thing is to make them feel quite at home." He was gone before I could explain.

It is rather an awkward situation, because, when Brown comes on Saturday morning, I am afraid that if he secures any really successful photos they will prove a disappointment to him. They will represent my gardener, Williams, trundling a barrow, the wheel of which is badly in need of oil.

Tercentenarians.

"It is one of the most marvellous of doubles that William Shakespeare and Miguel de Cervantes died on the very same day of the same year—on the 23rd day of April, 1916."

The Leader (B.E. Africa).

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



[Gerald Kelly.] *The Bird.* "Lucky thing I'm stuffed or I'd have fallen off this perch long ago!"



[Norah Cundell.] Women Workers on the land playing with their week's wages. Note the physical development produced by the open-air life.



[Robert Burns.] The lady spy, having finished her performance of the hymn of hate, sets the signal lights and awaits confidently the arrival of the German Fleet.



[Sir E. J. Poynter, Bt., P.R.A.] The shell-worker's mid-day rest.



[W. Orpen, A.R.A. and A. S. Cope, R.A.] *Lord Spencer.* "Not bad, but I fancy I take *The Tailor and Cutter's* prize."



This is not in the Academy, but represents the Spirit of Allegory luring ambitious artists to their doom.

"WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME."

[Many women who are taking over men's work may not feel inclined to return to their former occupations after the War. Their work in that case will have to be done by men.]



EX-SOLDIERS WAITING IN THE CONSULTING-ROOM OF THEIR PANEL DOCTOR TO BE TREATED FOR "HOUSEMAID'S KNEE."



MALE NURSE RECEIVING THE GLAD EYE FROM A MILITARY MAN-KILLER.

THE SOLDIER'S SPRING.

On stormy days I get quite warlike;
I find it easy to be fierce
In winter, when the land is more like
The Arctic Pole, with winds that pierce;
With James for foe and all the meadows mired
I feel in concord with the wildest plan,
And grudge no effort that may be required
To enfilade the man.

But now how hard, when Spring is active,
To utter anything but purrs;
With all the hillside so attractive
How can one concentrate on "spurs"?
And oh, I sympathise with that young scout
Whom anxious folk sent forth to spy the foe,
But he came back and cried, "*The lilac's out!*
And that is all I know."

They ask me things about my picket,
And whether I'm in touch with whom;
I want to lie in yonder thicket,
I only wish to touch the bloom;
And when men agitate about their flanks
And say their left is sadly in the air,
I hear the missel-thrush and murmur, "Thanks,
I wish that I was there."

When we extend and crawl in grim rows,
I want to go and wander free;
I deviate to pluck a primrose,
I stay behind to watch a bee;
Nor have the heart to keep the men in line,
When some have lingered where the squirrels leap,
And some are busy by the eglantine,
And some are sound asleep.

And always I am filled with presage
That, some fair noon of balmy airs,
I shall indite a rude Field Message
If Colonels pry in my affairs;
Shall tell them simply, "It is early May,
And here the daffodils are almost old;
About that sentry-group I cannot say—
In fact it leaves me cold."

But, strange, I do not think the enemy
In Spring-tide on the Chersonnese
Was any whit less vile or venomy
When all the heavens whispered Peace;
Though wild birds babbled in the cypress dim,
And through thick fern the drowsy lizards stole,
It never had the least effect on him—
He can't have had a soul.

"Mr. Lloyd George is taking over all the distilleries with patent stills for munition work. Bonded whisky is sufficient for two years' conviction."—*Times of Ceylon.*

Provided that you take enough of it.

"It was a delight to hear the voices of the children ring through the class-rooms in songs like 'Orpheus with his Lute' and 'Where is Sylvia?'"—*Daily News.*

We note an error in the latter title. It should, of course, have been, "Has anybody here seen Sylvia?"



THE NEW DAMOCLES.

JOHN BULL. "I WON'T HAVE THIS THING HANGING OVER MY HEAD ANY LONGER. I'LL HAVE IT IN MY *HAND*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, May 2nd.—The House of Commons was unusually well attended this afternoon. Members filled the benches and overflowed into the galleries, and many Peers looked down upon the scene, among them Lord GRENFELL, formerly Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and Lord MACDONNELL, once Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. All were curious to learn what the PRIME MINISTER would have to say about the painful events of the past week. Would he announce that the Government, conscious of failure, had decided to resign *en bloc?* Or would it be merely pruned and strengthened by the lopping of a few of the obviously weaker branches?

Nothing of the sort. Mr. ASQUITH made the barest allusion to the surrender of Kut—an incident which was "not one of serious military significance." As for the insurrection in Dublin, there would be a debate upon it as soon as the Government had completed its enquiries. The main purpose of his speech was to announce that the Government had decided to introduce a Bill for general compulsion, and to get rid of the piecemeal treatment of recruiting to which the House had objected. Members were, I think, hardly prepared for the vigour with which the PRIME MINISTER turned upon his critics, reminding them that just the same denunciation of "vacillating statesmen" was current in the days of PITT. No doubt there had been blunders both in policy and strategy, but nevertheless the contribution of this Kingdom and this Empire to the common cause was growing steadily, and the military situation of the Allies was never so good as it was to-day. If the Government no longer had the confidence of the people, he thundered out, "let the House say so."

While the immediate answer to this challenge was a volley of cheers, most of the speakers in the subsequent debate disguised their confidence in the Government so successfully that it almost appeared to be non-existent. From Sir EDWARD CARSON, who acidly remarked that it was unnecessary for him to praise the Government, as "they always do that for themselves," down to Sir JOHN SIMON, who declared that compulsion was being introduced from considerations of political expediency rather than military necessity, no one seemed to be convinced that the Government even now quite knew its own mind.

The House of Lords, after listening to a moving tribute to the memory of Lord ST. ALDWYN from his old colleague, Lord LANSDOWNE, settled down to a debate on the new Order in Council prohibiting references to Cabinet secrets. It met with equal condemnation from Lord PARMOOR as a constitutional lawyer and from Lord BURNHAM as a practical journalist. The Ministers who "blabbed" were the real criminals. Lord BURNHAM recommended to them the example of the gentleman in the French Revolution, who always wore a gag in order to retain his self-control.

Lord BUCKMASTER, that "most susceptible Chancellor," made a very ingenuous defence of his colleagues. They were the unconscious victims of adroit interviewers, who obtained information from them by a process of extraction so painless that they did not know the value of what they were giving away.

It is time that these innocents were protected against themselves. A gag must in future be issued to every Minister with his Windsor uniform. The discarded G.R. armlets of the V.T.C. might very well serve the purpose.

Wednesday, May 3rd.—When, some nine years ago, Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL was appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant a friend who had some knowledge of Irish affairs wrote to him: "I do not know whether to congratulate you or condole with you, but I think it is the latter."

It was an easy guess, but its confirmation took an unusually long time. Indeed, at one moment it looked as if Mr. BIRRELL would escape the almost invariable fate of Irish Secretaries, and leave Dublin with his political reputation enhanced. When he had placed the National University Act on the Statute-book, thus solving a problem that had baffled his predecessors since the Union, he might have sung his *Nunc Dimittis* in a halo.

Perhaps he was not sufficiently ambitious to demand release; perhaps none of his colleagues was anxious to take his job; perhaps the Nationalist leader insisted on keeping him in the silken fetters of office as a hostage for Home Rule. Anyhow, the opportunity was missed; and thenceforward Nemesis dogged his track.

Two years ago it seemed that Ulster would be his stumbling-block. The War saved him from that, but only to bring him down through more sinister instruments. In his pathetic apology this afternoon he confessed that he had failed to estimate accurately the strength of the Sinn Fein movement. He might have been wrong in not suppressing it before, but his omission to do so was due to a consuming desire to keep Ireland's front united in face of the common foe.

This frank admission of error would in any case have disarmed hostile criticism; but its effect was strengthened by the unseemly interjections with which Mr. GINNELL accompanied it. If the Member for Westmeath is a sample of the sort of persons with whom the CHIEF SECRETARY had to deal, no wonder that he failed to understand the lengths to which they would go.

Mr. REDMOND, obviously disgusted by the pranks of his nominal supporter, chivalrously shouldered part of the blame that Mr. BIRRELL had taken upon himself; and even Sir EDWARD CARSON, though a life-long and bitter opponent of his policy, was ready to admit that he had been well-intentioned and had done his best.

Later on, when the PRIME MINISTER had introduced the new Military Service Bill, establishing compulsion for all men married or single, Colonel CRAIG made a vain appeal to Mr. REDMOND to get the measure extended to Ireland. Nothing would do more to show the world that the recent rebellion was only the work of an insignificant section of the Irish people.

Thursday, May 4th.—Although Mr. GINNELL was one of the Members to whom the Government were



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

[With acknowledgments to the well-known poster.]

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to Mr. HOLT, who moved the rejection of the Bill.



Dear Old Silly. "And where do you two come from?"
Wounded Australian. "We're Anzacs, Madam."
Dear Old Silly. "Really? How delightful! And do you both belong to the same tribe?"

ready a week ago to impart secrets of State with which the Press was not deemed fit to be trusted, I gather that he has other sources of information which he considers much more trustworthy. Among various tit-bits with which he regaled the House this afternoon was a suggested reason why British aircraft have not yet bombarded Essen. He has his suspicions that it is because members of the British Cabinet have shares in some of Frau Krupp's subsidiary companies.

Most people know that all leave from the Front was stopped just before Easter, and have hitherto assumed that the stoppage was due to the exigencies of the military situation. To Mr. Peto, an earnest seeker after truth, as befits his name, Mr. Tennant admitted that there was another reason. Last year, it seems, some returning warriors got so much mixed up in the congested Easter traffic that they never reached home at all, so this year the authorities resolved to keep them out of the danger-zone.

The Government welcomes any suggestion that may help to win the War. Mr. Eugene Wason's latest idea is that if the War Office and the Admiralty were to put their heads together they might make it easier for outdoor artists in Cornwall to obtain permits to pursue their studies, at present restricted, in military areas; and Mr. Tennant assured him that this important matter was still "under consideration."

The Second Reading of the Military Service Bill brought forth some rather trite arguments from Mr. Holt and other opponents of compulsion, and a lively defence from Mr. Lloyd George, who thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity, after a long silence, of being able to speak his mind without fear of complications with his colleagues. With examples drawn from France and the American Civil War he argued that compulsory service was an essential incident of true democracy. But an even more effective backing for the Bill came from Mr. Arthur Henderson. Hitherto, according to his own description, "the heaviest drag-weight of the Cabinet," he now lent it increased momentum, and carried with him into the Lobby all but nine of his colleagues of the Labour Party. Altogether, Sir John Simon and his friends mustered just three dozen, and the Second Reading was carried against them by a majority of 292.

Another Impending Apology.

"Pigs.—Live Stock Men of Mark. No. 10.—Alderman ——."
Live Stock Journal.

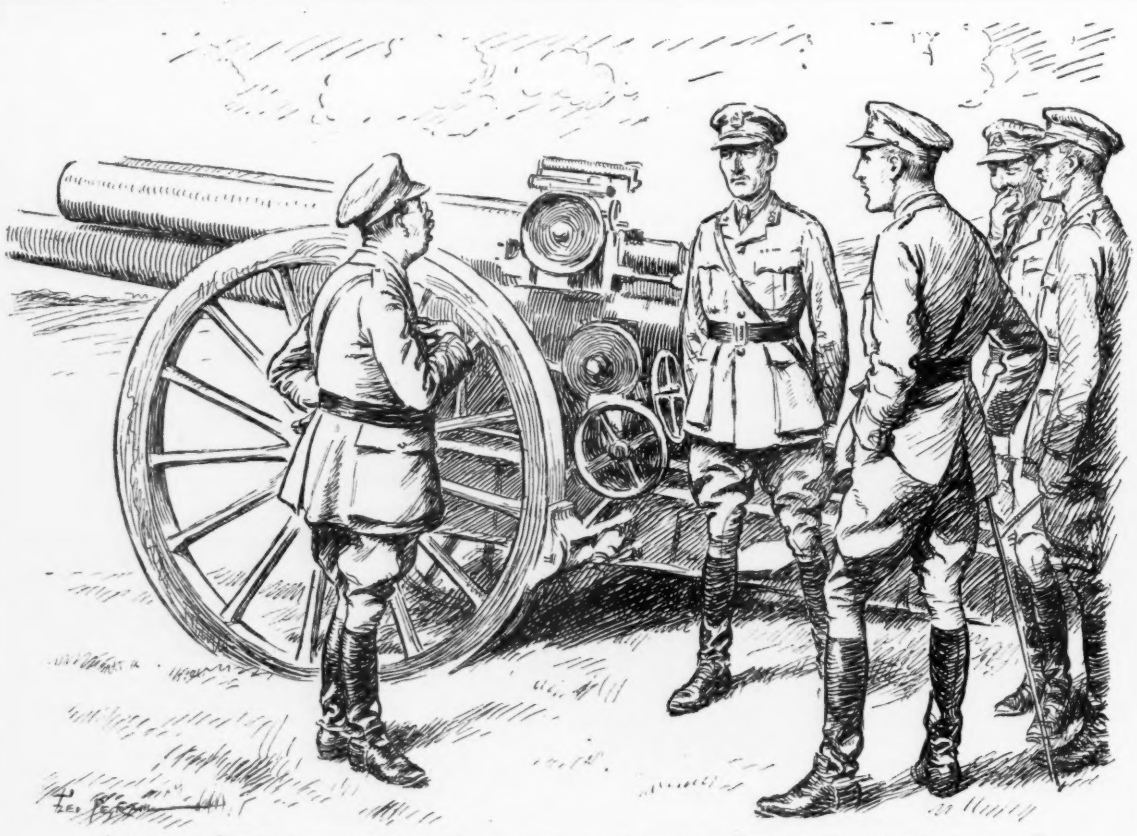
"God be with Lord Hardinge wherever he may be, whatever may be his sphere of service, for we fear we shall not look upon his like again.

"It is in this atmosphere of hope and confidence that Lord Chelmsford takes up the mantle of the Viceroyalty."—*Times of India.*

Not for the first time the attempt to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest in the same breath has failed to turn out quite happily.

"Evidence was given that the pig, which was introduced in a *revue* at the Metropolitan Music Hall, was kept at the back of the stage in a crate in which it could not turn or stretch itself . . . Mr. Paul Taylor said he was glad the case had been ventilated."
The Times.

So, no doubt, was the pig.



Instructor. "GUNNERY, GENTLEMEN, IS AN EXACT MECHANICAL SCIENCE. EVERYTHING IS DONE BY RULE——"
Ex-Actor. "THEN WHERE DOES MY PERSONALITY COME IN, SIR?"

FASHION-PLATE PATRIOTS.

SINCE our ranks, Mr. Punch, you 've seen fit to upbraid
(These lines are to show that you 're hard on us),
When you hear the defence of the fashion-plate maid
I 'm perfectly certain you 'll pardon us;
Though our heels and our hose and our frills and our frocks,
Regardless of taste and expense,
Your notion of war-time economy shocks;
We 're doing our bit, in a sense.

Now take, for example, Irene and me;
She 's thin and I 'm rather—voluminous;
Our skirts, full and frilly, just cover the knee,
And our hose-play discourages gloominess;
We 've a bent for a boot with a soul-stirring spat,
Gilt-buttoned and stubbily toed,
And a top-gallant plume on a tip-tilted hat
When we 're ripe for the Park and the road.

The public each week, Mr. Punch, you impress
With your cool-headed wit and ability,
So I wonder you 've not had the gumption to guess
There 's method in our imbecility;
Read on, and your premature chiding deplore,
For our merciful mission, in brief,
Is to brighten the tragical drama of war
By providing the comic relief.

P. B.

IF I were like a man I know and BILLING were my name,
I wouldn't waste my precious time in striving after fame;
I 'd let it come to me unsought, unstruggled for, and then
I 'd just go on existing as a perfect specimen.

No care would line my marble brow; I 'd take no thought of pelf;
I 'd lie the long day through at ease a-thinking of myself;
For when a man's mere presence lends to any scene delight
He needn't worry what he does—whate'er he does is right.

If I could bloom as blooms the rose, and BILLING were a bee,
With all my pink and petalled force I 'd coax him unto me;
I 'd open out my honeyed store, and he might linger on,
Or cut and cut and come again until the whole were gone.

Such heaps of charm our BILLING has, such tons of *savoir faire*,
It irks me much to see him spend his treasures on the air;
And, still to hint a further fault, he cultivates the pose
Of knowing all of everything, and lets you know he knows.

Reproductions of Mr. Punch's picture "Haven" are to be sold for the benefit of the Star and Garter Building Fund, and may be obtained from the Secretary of the Fund, at 21, Old Bond Street, W. They are to be had in two sizes, at 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*, or, with Postage and Packing, 2*s.* 10*d.* and 1*s.* 2*d.*

THE LUCKIEST MAN.

WE were talking, the other night, about lucky people. Barmer declared that he knew the man (of whom we had all of us heard) who was left a large fortune by an eccentric old gentleman whose hat he had picked up on a windy day at Brighton. A better and more original contribution to the discussion was that of Bastable, a retired Anglo-Indian. I give it as nearly as I can in his own words. "The luckiest man I ever met," he said, "is my groom-gardener, Andrews. I don't mean to say in respect of prosperity or health, for he is a delicate man, and I can only afford to give him a modest wage. But he has a charmed life, as you will admit when you hear of his three escapes.

"Number 1 was when he was employed in repairing the roof of one of the big London stations. He was slung up in a cradle when he lost his balance and fell to the ground—a distance of about 80 feet. The odds were about a million to one that he would be killed, but he managed to light on precisely the one spot in the whole station area which secured him a soft fall—a barrel of butter which was standing on the platform, and from which, for some reason or other, the lid had been removed. The butter was ruined, but Andrews escaped with a bad shaking. I believe the butter-merchant brought an action against the Company, but I forget what happened.

"Number 2 grew out of Andrews's weakness for parrots. He had bought a parrot from a sailor, who told him that the best way to teach it to speak was to hang the cage in a well and repeat the words or phrases to it at 3 A.M. in the morning, so as to secure the greatest freedom from disturbance. Andrews was then employed in a brewery at Watford, and lived in a cottage with a strip of garden at the back. There was also a well, so that he could carry out the sailor's instructions on the spot. The cage, which was a large one and nearly filled the well, was made fast to the bucket apparatus, and the first two lessons passed off without any incident. But on the third night, when Andrews was hard at work, he was hailed by a policeman, who came along the lane at the side of the garden—it was an end house—and asked him what he was doing. When Andrews said that he was teaching his parrot to talk, the policeman, naturally suspecting that he was there for some felonious purpose, climbed over the wall and made a grab at him. It was a dark night, and, in trying to dodge the policeman, Andrews stepped into the well, which, according to his account, was ninety feet deep. But, as good luck would have it, he got jammed between the cage and the side of the well, and remained hung up until the policeman hauled him out with the aid of the bucket rope. He was badly bruised, but got all right in a few days.

"Andrews's third and last escape was in the War. He was a reservist, went out early, saw a lot of fighting and came through without a scratch till last November, when his trench was rushed and he was taken prisoner. The front trenches at that point were only about forty yards apart, and before he was removed to the rear a British shell lit close to him and blew him back into his own lines. He was badly hurt and, after some months in hospital, was invalided out of the Army, but manages to do the light work I want all right."

We all subscribed to Bastable's view of Andrews's luck—all at least except Barmer, who was a little nettled at having his story eclipsed. "I can believe the yarn about the shell," he said, "but the butter story is a bit thick, and all tales about parrots are suspect."



Bus Conductor. "BLIMY! WE *do* WANT AN AIR MINISTER, AND NO MISTAKE, WITH THINGS LIKE YOU FLOATIN' ABAHT IN THE SKY."

Toujours la Politesse.

"The officer and a man ran in and respectfully shot with a revolver and bayoneted two other men each."—*Englishman (Calcutta).*

"Washington, Monday.
A representative from Mr. Gerard on his visit to the Kaiser at Headquarters has been received at the State Department, and is now being decoded."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

We cannot believe that any American diplomatist could be a mere cipher.

MEDICALLY UNFIT.

FOR weight of years some men must stay
And some must pause for lack,
And some there are would be away
But duty holds them back,
Driving the jobs at home that must be done
To smash the Hun.

And others, whether old or young,
Refuse to wait behind;
And some with scarcely half a lung
Have found the doctors kind;
Yet never once did any listen to my tick
But barred me quick.

And some whose place should be the van
Are doing nothing much;
By all the blood that beats in Man
I would that any such
Could loan me, while he plays the skulker's part,
His coward heart.

A JUST MAN.

THERE were four on each side. At the last moment a short round man came running up and got in. Hurry had not improved his mood, and one glance of his eye was enough to make me move along two inches to give him room. He stood arranging his luggage on the rack, pulled his coat straight, and sat down—on the other side. The suddenness of his assault was terrific. I quickly recovered my two inches, and the journey to the next station was quite pleasant, so far as I was concerned.

He and I were then left alone.

"I am much obliged to you for moving to make room for me, Sir," he said politely. "But when I get into a compartment with four a side I make it a practice to sit down on the side on which nobody has moved—on principle, Sir, on principle."

Very Still Life.

From a notice of Mr. BRANGWYN'S Academy picture, "The Poulterer's Shop":—

"Everything lies in its place as if it had been there for centuries."—*Morning Post.*

A Sinecure.

"GENERAL; £20; fam 2; every Sunday and wk-day off."—*Daily Paper.*

"The rebels barricaded St. Stephen's Green with motor-cars and tramcars, as in the French Revolution."—*Northampton Chronicle.*

The 1789 models of motor-cars and tramcars are of course out of date by now.

AT THE PLAY.

"PEN."

DURING one of the intervals which served so well to eke out the brief two hours of Mr. VACHELL'S new "comedy," and were quite as good as many things in the play, I allowed my mind—an absolute blank—to dwell upon certain arresting features in the stage curtain of the St. James's Theatre. In the centre, imposed upon a design whose significance I do not pretend to penetrate, is a gigantic wreath encircling a monogram of the magic initials, G. A., which are surmounted by something which I took to be an heraldic top-hat. This headpiece is in turn surmounted by an heraldic eagle—the ordinary arrangement by which the helmet appears above the coat-of-arms being thus reversed. The central design is flanked on each side by two other wreaths, massive but subordinate. Within the sinister wreath is enshrined in Greek capitals the letters ALEX, and within the dexter wreath the letters ANDROS. "Reading from left to right" we have here the historic name of the Macedonian monarch.

I cannot account for the Greek form of the name on the ground that the St. James's Theatre is the home of the Classical Drama, for the themes of its plays seldom go back beyond the later decades of the 19th century A.D., and I can only conclude that it is meant to indicate that the conquests of Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER'S company resemble those of the famous phalanx of his namesake, the Great.

Most theatres have an atmosphere of their own, and it would be hard to recall any play at the St. James's that has been less in keeping with the local climate than this comedy, so described, of Mr. VACHELL'S. On the score of impropriety and improbability it might in the old days have appealed to the Criterion management; but its lack of broad humour must have negatived these advantages. In any case Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER'S house was no place for a farce so out of harmony with Macedonian methods.

Almost its solitary interest lay in the doubt, maintained to the last moment, as to which of its many fatuous males would turn out to be the hero—meaning by hero the chosen husband of the heroine, for none of them had any personal claim to the title. Indeed, the choice ultimately fell upon the one that had the least distinctive personality of all, his disguise being kept up by a kind of protective colourlessness.

But for Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, who played the aunt of the preposterous *Lady Pen* with a courage worthy of a better cause, and extracted from the play such humour as it held for her, matters would have gone badly for those of us who have been accustomed to look to Mr. VACHELL for entertainment. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, as the heroine's guardian, had no difficulty in transmitting pleasantly enough his mild share of the fun. Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY needed all her prettiness to make up for the futility of her part. And I was really sorry that so sound an actor as Mr. DAWSON MILWARD should have had such ineffective stuff put into his mouth.

Far the funniest thing about the play was the fact that so clever and experienced a writer should have made it. Perhaps the compliments I have paid to my friend Mr. VACHELL in these columns have given me the right to beg him not to take advantage of his many recent successes and palm off on the public just any kind of banality. For these are days when pens (with or without a big P) must be pretty good if they are to compete with the sword.

With this appeal (and with a silent prayer that the play may not come by a natural death in time for my homily to serve as a funeral appreciation) I hasten to conclude, hoping that it will find him, in the pink (as they say) of a blushful remorse; and, anyhow, I remain, His sincerely, O. S.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

XI.—SAINT JOHN'S WOOD.

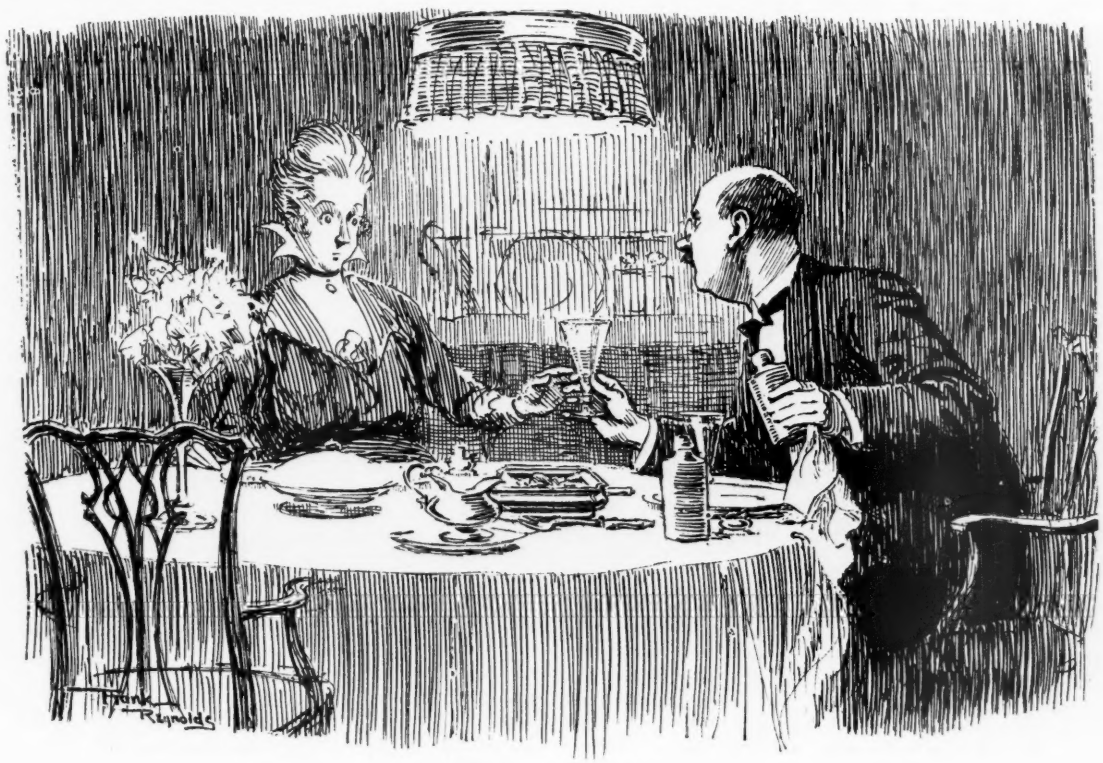
SAINT JOHN walked in a Wood
Where elm-trees spread their branches
And Squirrels climbed and Pigeons cooed
And Hares sat on their haunches.
He built him willow huts
Wherever he might settle;
His meat was chiefly hazel-nuts,
His drink the honey-nettle.
His Wood that grew so green
Is now as grey as stone;
His Wood may any day be seen,
But where's the good Saint John?

"On all faces was the defiant scowl of hatred as we looked at them."—*Daily Chronicle.*

What had our genial contemporary done to deserve this?

"Turkish newspapers received in Copenhagen contain long lists of names of prominent Arabs who have been hanged for treason or for absenting themselves from military service. Overleaf is another list of well-known Arabs living in Great Britain and the British Colonies, who are cordially invited to return without delay."—*Morning Paper.*

Dilly ducks, dilly ducks, come and be killed.



JUSTIFICATION.

Wife. "TWO BOTTLES OF GINGER-BEER, DEAR?"

He. "WHY, YES. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT THIS IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING-DAY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is pleasant to find that even in these days the revival of interest in volumes of short stories still continues. But of course the stories must have a certain quality. I am glad to think that *Traveller's Samples* (MILLS AND BOON) will help forward the movement. Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has a quite excellent touch for this sort of thing; her tales are both atmospheric and, for their length, astonishingly full of character. Also she has an engaging habit of avoiding the expected. Take one of the best in this present book, called "John," for instance. It is the slightest possible thing, just a picture of a schoolboy's hopeless love for a shallow cruel-brained girl eight years older than himself, who is in process of getting engaged to an eligible bachelor. But every figure in the little group lives. And the second part, which tells the return of the boy-lover twelve years later, shows you what I mean about Mrs. DUDENEY's refreshing originality. I doubt if there are many writers who would have finished off the story in her very satisfactory way. There is one quality characteristic of most of the tales—a feeling for middle-age in men and women; many of them seem to be variations upon the same theme of a love that comes by waiting. Mrs. DUDENEY can handle this situation with unfailing charm. Her confessed comedies are by far the weakest things in the book; there is one of them indeed that seemed to me amazingly pointless. But with this exception I can commend her volume whole-heartedly, and only hope that the author will continue to send out goods of such excellent workmanship, "as per" (whatever that means) these attractive samples.

Those who search for minor compensations have affected to find one in the idea that the actual happening of the World War has removed from us the old fictional scares, novels of German super-spies, and unsuspecting islanders taken unprepared. But to think this is to reckon without the ingenuity of such writers as Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM. He, for example, has but to postulate that worst nightmare of all, an inconclusive peace, and we are back in the former terrors, blacker than ever. Suppose the Polish inventor of German undersea craft to have been so stricken with remorse at the frightful results thereof that he determines to hand all his secrets to the English Government, in the person of a young gentleman who combines the positions of Cabinet Minister, son and heir to a great shipbuilder, and hero of the story; suppose, moreover, that the said inventor was blessed with an only daughter, of radiant beauty and the rather conspicuous name of *Vita Vladimir;* suppose the inevitable romance, a secret submarine expedition to the island where Germany is maturing her felonious little plans, the destruction of the latest frightfulness, retaliation by Prussian myrmidons, abductions, murders, and I don't know what besides—and you will have some faint idea of the tumultuous episodes of *The Men Who Wrought* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). To say that the story moves is vastly to understate its headlong rapidity of action. And, while I hardly fancy that the characters themselves will carry overwhelming conviction, there

remains, in the theory of the submersible liner and its application to political facts, enough genuine wisdom to lift the tale out of the company of six-shilling shockers. To this extent at least *The Men Who Wrought* combines instruction with entertainment.

Inter Arma (HEINEMANN) is the title that Mr. EDMUND GOSSE has given to his latest volume of essays, reprinted from *The Edinburgh Review*. No one who loves clarity of style will need assurance about the quality of these studies, which, with one exception, are concerned with some or other aspect of the world-struggle. In "War and Literature," a paper dated during the black days of October, 1914, the author attempts to realise what will be the probable literary effect of the catastrophe by recounting the various ways in which French writers suffered from that of 1870. An interesting prediction, too, as recalling what many of us believed at the beginning of the war, is this about the future of English letters: "What we must really face is the fact that this harvest of volumes [the autumn publishings of 1914] will mark the end of what is called 'current literature' for the remaining duration of the war. There can be no aftermath, we can aspire to no revival. The book which does not deal directly and crudely with the complexities of warfare and the various branches of strategy will, from Christmas onwards, not be published at all." As they stand, these words might well serve as a mild tonic for "current pessimism"; not even the paper famine has brought them to fulfilment. Elsewhere in the volume is an instructive paper on "The Neutrality of Sweden" (valuable but vexatious, as are all the indictments of our insular apathy in the matter of influencing foreign opinion), and two or three interesting studies of French life and letters under the conditions of war. In fine, a book full of scholarly grace, such as may well achieve the writer's hope, expressed in his preface, of renewing the friendship he has already made with those readers "whose minds have become attuned to his," though they are now "separated from him by leagues of sea and occupied in noble and unprecedented service."



Chauffeur (ex-coachman, to master, who has been influenced by economy posters). "A RUN OR TWO NOW AND AGAIN, SIR, WOULD BE GOOD FOR THE CAR. YOU SEE, IF I MIGHT SO EXPRESS IT, SHE 'S JUST EATING HER BONNET OFF."

The author of *The Dop Doctor*, with her expansive style, always seems cramped in any story of under a couple of hundred thousand words or so. Perhaps the best things in her new book of short stories, *Earth to Earth* (HEINEMANN), concern *The Macwaugh*, a shocking bad artist with an immense thirst and the heftiest of Scotch accents. I don't think that there ever was or could be anybody like *Macwaugh*, or indeed that people talk or act like the majority of the characters in this book; but that 's where, perhaps, "RICHARD DEHAN" scores a point or two off those realists who mistake accuracy of detail for art. This amiable drunkard, though absurd, lives and moves. The author is evidently attached to him, and that helps. She has, indeed, something of the Dickensian exuberance which carries off absurdities and crudities that would otherwise be intolerably tiresome. She even seems to get some fun out of this kind of thing:—"'Write,' commanded the Zanouka with a double-barrelled flash of her great eyes;" or, again, "It's all poppycock and bumblepuppy," meaning, just, it isn't true.

If you are writing or intending to write a book about boys let me beg you not to follow the prevailing fashion and call your hero David. Within the last few weeks I have read *David Penstephen*, *David Blaize*, and now it is Miss ELEANOR PORTER'S *Just David* (CONSTABLE) and I am beginning to want a rest from the name. *David III.*, if he may be called so, has saved me from utter confusion of mind by being an American product and having a charm that is peculiarly his own. Cynics indeed may find his perfection a little cloying, and may say with some justification that no human child ever radiated so much joy and happiness. All the same, this simple tale of childhood will appeal irresistibly to those who do not draw too fine a distinction between sentiment and sentimentality. On the whole Miss PORTER, although hovering near the border, does not pass into the swamps of sloppiness, and as an antidote to War fiction I can recommend *Just David* without any further qualification.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will, alas, entertain us no more with his easy-flowing pen. These short stories, *Somewhere in France* (DUCKWORTH), must be his farewell to us. And it is good to feel that his sympathies are so whole-heartedly on the right side. The first of the stories (the only one that has anything to do with the War) is a spirited yarn of the turning of the tables on a German secret service agent, with plenty of atmosphere and hurrying action. The rest are light studies of American life, of which I chiefly commend an extravaganza set in Hayti with a resourceful Yankee electrician, as hero, in conflict with the President in the matter of overdue wages; and the final item of a tussle between a stern and upright District Attorney and the might of Tammany, in which the author seems to have a rather whimsical mistrust of both sides. I always like to think of Tammany when our croakers are holding up everything in this poor little island to obloquy.

The God in the Car.

"Rumania asked permission for the passage through Bulgaria of several wagons of grain bought from Greece. Bulgaria agreed on condition that Rumania should release over 200 wagons of Bulgarian gods detained in Rumania."

"An extract of squills, which has been used by the French Government in the trenches for two or three months, is to be used in a Berwickshire County Council experiment to exterminate rates."
Provincial Paper.

We should like to hear of something equally deadly to taxes.

"Miss Ruby Miller is in gorgeous green, to match her gorgeous red hair."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

It is perhaps just as well that some people, notably engine-drivers, do not see things in this way.

CHARIVARIA.

"WE can never talk of the theatre without harking back to the play itself," says "The Matinée Girl" in *The Evening News*. Funny how these irrelevant trifles will obtrude themselves into the most facile critic's train of thought.

* * *

So simple and successful has been the progress of the Daylight-Saving Scheme, under which the clock is to be put forward an hour during the summer months, that a movement is on foot to help the War Office prophets by putting the War back a couple of years.

* * *

It is not generally known that during the week ending May 7th a fourth Zeppelin was sunk by H.M.S. Feuilleton.

* * *

A tremendous boom in canaries is reported from New York. The colour is believed to be a favourite one with the hyphenated.

* * *

Breconshire County Council is proposing to abolish Sunday fishing. It is felt, however, that the demands of the Sabbath will be met if the fishermen can be prevented from describing their exploits till Monday morning.

* * *

An evening contemporary has the following heading:—

"HINDENBURG SEEDY.
Petrograd tale of a gloomy 'Papa' and an angry Below."

Can the Prussian idol have contracted so vulgar an ailment as a pain in his underneath?

* * *

Sabadilla, it appears, is a plant of the Lily family, from which is extracted a poison that forms the basis of the German "tear" shells. An allied form, "Crocodilla," also possessing lachrymatory properties, is likewise extensively used by the German Government.

* * *

It is observed that the Committee to investigate the administration and command of the Royal Flying Corps is composed of four lawyers and two engineers. The large proportion of "doers" to "talkers"—nearly half the total—is a startling innovation in British public affairs and a satisfactory sign that the Government is thoroughly awake to the gravity of the situation.

* * *

"Pawn-tickets are evidences of real poverty — when a man pawns his shirts and so on," said Judge CLUER recently at Whitechapel. "And so off" would have been a more logical way of putting it.



Customer. "HAVE YOU MY PASS BOOK?"
Overworked Cashier. "DID YOU LEAVE IT WITH US?"
Customer. "I DON'T KNOW, BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT AS WELL LOOK FOR IT BEFORE I DO."

A Camberwell recruit has taken a white mouse in his pocket as a mascot. It is to be hoped that he will not get into a tight corner and be compelled to hoist the white mouse in token of surrender.

* * *

A sackful of comatose flies has been taken from the Coronation clock tower at Surbiton. The authorities are said to be contemplating the removal of a similar deposit from underneath Big Ben.

* * *

A German scientist has expressed the opinion that the product obtained by mixing chaff or finely-chopped straw with pig's blood scarcely deserves to be called bread. It is, however, expected that the German trader, ever resourceful, will get over this little difficulty by calling it cake and charging a little more for it.

* * *

A Dublin office boy, returning to his employment after a fortnight's absence, informed his employer that he had been fighting and a prisoner; whereas, of course, in similar circumstances an English lad would have contented himself with explaining that he had merely been taking the letters to the post.

* * *

The sports programme to be contested at Blackheath on May 20th will include various events open to attested men. We wish the management could have seen their way to include a Consolation Sack Race (with water hazards) for Conscientious Objectors.

THE ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES.

WE know him under many a name
(His odour 's always much the same)—
The type that gives the warm and woolly mitten
To every cause in which a free
Briton may prove his right to be
Pro-anything-on-earth-excepting-Britain.

When from the trenches came the call,
"Make good the gaps in England's wall!"
He loathed to take our shirkers and enlist 'em;
Content to pay the deadliest price
Sooner than have to sacrifice
His passion for a voluntary system.

Not on our soldiers facing death
Under the poison's fœtid breath
His dear solicitude expends its labours;
He saves his sympathy for those
Whose conscience, bleating through their nose,
Elects to leave the fighting to their neighbours.

And witness Ireland, where our best,
Eager to serve a higher quest
And in the Great Cause know the joy of battle,
Gallant and young, by traitor hands
Leagued with a foe from alien lands,
Struck down in cold blood fell like butchered cattle;—

Not for their fate his bosom bleeds,
But theirs who wrought the rebel deeds,
For them his soul reserves its chief obsession;
The murdered he can soon forget,
But, if the murderers pay their debt,
He fears it might create a bad impression!

And in that hell of hidden fire,
Whose brave conductors so inspire
With native pride the maw of Mr. DILLON,
A bloody tragedy he finds
Of which, to all instructed minds,
England (as usual) is the leading villain. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXIX.

(*From* JAMES J. SALTONTALE, *of New York City.*)

KAISER WILLIAM,—I guess you 'll remember who I am when I tell you that the Jay-Jay Lecture Agency and the Pushalong Dramatic Show Company were invented by me and that I 'm the sole possessor of these two world-wide organisations. I wasn't always in with the high-brow crowd of the lecturing business. To tell you the truth I began quite low down with a six-legged pig that could spell out the word "pork" by touching the letters with his snout on a big cardboard alphabet. He didn't last long. Times were hard during his second winter, and—well, I never knew till then how much bacon there is to a pig, even when it 's a learned one with six legs to it. It was always some trouble tying on them two extra legs, and it was nervous work watching them while the show was open to see they didn't work loose. So on the whole I wasn't altogether put into mourning when old six-legs joined the dear departed and left me free to speculate in Mexican dwarfs and a Bolivian giantess with a rich contralto voice.

After that we rose to lions and tigers and a very massive elephant and a few comic bears and a gorilla from Africa. It was profitable but tiring, and after I 'd saved a dollar or two I was able to retire from the Mammoth Antediluvian Menagerie and devote myself to Lectures and the Pushalong stunt, which is living pictures of an historic and improving sort. So now you remember me, don't you?

Well, the fact is, Kaiser, that a notion 's come into my head, and it 's this. When peace comes with all its horrors, you won't want to go on every day explaining to the German people how you lost the War by being too kind or by not having prepared yourself enough. And you won't want to keep telling them why you spent so much time over Verdun and why the British Fleet didn't make things as easy and comfortable for you as you reckoned it ought to have done. The German people won't want to listen to talk of that kind. They 've been there and they 'll know all about it without being told. No, what you 'll want to do will be to get into a new atmosphere, with people all round you listening to you just as if you were the only man in the world. You 'll find all that in the United States if you 'll only put yourself in the hands of the Jay-Jay Lecturing Agency and the Pushalong Dramatic Show Company. We shall engage the halls and get together the audiences by our unique system of advertisements, and all you 've got to do is to appear at the time fixed and address the meeting for an hour to an hour and a-half on such subjects as "Why Belgium started the War," and "How Serbia used Poison Gas," and "A Dozen Proofs that the *Lusitania* was Sunk by the British out of Spite," and "Turkey, the Saviour of the Armenians." There 'll be plenty of others, but these four will do as a good working basis, and we can fill out the list later on, not forgetting the Monroe Doctrine and how Germany is going to knock everyone who attacks it into pie.

Then, there can be living pictures of yourself, in all kinds of uniforms, deciding reluctantly to issue an ultimatum, or packing your valise for the Front, or leading two millions of men in a charge and bringing back four millions of prisoners or setting an example to your people by eating War-bread by the crumb. And then you can wind up the evening's entertainment by showing yourself making a speech in which you bring in that bit about the good old German God who has always been your ally. And then the audience will stream out very devoutly, and all of them will shake you by the hand and say they 're pleased to meet you. I tell you, WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, it will be great, and the dollars will come pouring in. Leave it all to me, and I 'll guarantee a success that 'll make you grateful to me for ever. If we could only get Uncle FRANCIS JOSEPH to join—but no; that might distract attention from you, and it 's you I 'm banking on. All I ask is a miserable twenty per cent. on the profits. Is it a bargain?

Yours, JAMES J. S.

A Vicarious Embrace.

"Taking the star and ribbon from the hand of an aide-de-camp, General Mahon placed the latter round the neck of the French General."—*Balkan News.*

"A lady wishes to recommend her lady-nurse who has lived with her for 14 years, to take entire charge of a boy; not under 31."
Morning Post.

Will the "Old Boys" Battalion please note?

Our unparliamentary correspondent states that the Daylight-Saving Scheme had a narrow escape. *The Daily Mail* could not for some time see its way to sanction a proposal under which on the first day (new style) the actual number of hours would be twenty-three—the total of the Cabinet.

"BUCKS VILGE.—Fur villa to let. 3 mths."—*Daily Mail.*

Personally, when we take a Fur Villa, we object to even three moths being left on the premises.



UNDER GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.

Racing Man. "THAT DON'T APPLY TO US. AS RUNCIMAN SAYS, WE'RE DOING OUR BIT FOR THE COUNTRY."

THE VESTY DEEP.

WHICH is the most valuable—life, comfort or self-respect? A little while ago I should have said, without a moment's hesitation, life. But now——

To begin at the beginning, let me say that before the *Sussex* was torpedoed by the Quixotic Hun I had decided to go to France. Then came that tragedy, and as a result letters from friends and the relatives whose affection I still retain, urging first that the French enterprise should be abandoned altogether, and, second, that, if not, a life-preserving device should be instantly obtained. Advertisements cut from newspapers accompanied some of these letters containing testimonials in favour of this belt and that.

Having no particular reason for losing my life, at any rate without a struggle—provided always that the operation was not too expensive—I gave more attention to these advertisements than to any others since at school, too long ago, the entrancing and persuasive firm of THEOBALD spread his lures before us; and having done so I obediently obeyed their instructions and wrote for illustrated pamphlets. [Does anyone, I wonder by the way, collect illustrated pamphlets? The illustrated pamphlets of this War alone should make a valuable exhibit some day.] Having studied them, I found very quickly that, though the belts were of various kinds, all were alike in two or three points, one being the description of themselves as vests or waistcoats rather than belts; and another the claims of each to be the best. Some relied for their buoyancy on the element upon which MR. PEMBERTON-BILLING has floated to notoriety, if not fame, and had to be blown up; others trusted to some mysterious fibre several times more buoyant than cork; a third—but these two will serve as types of all.

Each, as I say, was the best; and, however different in material, all were alike too in one effect, for each in saving one's life saved it the right way up. There are, it seems, buoyant belts, or vests, so lost to shame as to submerge the wearer's head and shoulders and leave only his legs exposed. But not so with these; these had no such tricks; these undertook to maintain me topside up with care. The pictures in the pamphlets were invariably of gentlemen of vaster proportions even than myself, all riding buoyantly and securely on the waves, like Dr. BURNEY in BARRY'S fresco at the Society of Arts—and all dressed more or less becomingly in the best vest.

Each being of superlative excellence, I had to apply other principles of selection, and fell back upon the most usual of these, which is financial. I had to answer the question, At what sum do I value my life?—the range of price being from seven-and-six to two pounds ten. Was my life worth two pounds ten? I inquired of myself. It's a lot of money, I replied. Should it not rather go into Exchequer Bonds? What would MR. MCKENNA say? You see how complex the situation suddenly became.

After long deliberation and taking into consideration the circumstance that the vest which was priced at fifty shillings had to be inflated before it was of any use and that the arrival of a torpedo would probably deprive me of all breath, or, at any rate, of all blowing power, I decided that two pounds ten was excessive. No life could be worth that. I was therefore, after further communings, driven back on the astonishing fibre at fifteen shillings; and one of these vests I ordered to be sent to the boat. So far, so good.

Now I do not say that the advertisement and the illustrated pamphlet had exactly called the vest a stylish addition to ordinary attire, but there was reticence as to any unsightly effect upon the figure. So little emphasis was laid on this that one quite naturally expected something rather like a vest. Not of course such an article as that historic waistcoat which DICKENS borrowed from MACREADY, but a vest not devoid of vestiness—something that a gentleman could negligently pace the deck in, without being too ostentatiously engaged in the task or pastime of saving his life; or sleep in with comfort, all ready for the water when the Hun arrived.

Imagine then my surprise on finding in my cabin a parcel that might by its size have contained an assortment of pumpkins, from which I extracted an article no doubt many times more buoyant than cork, but adapted far less to walking a deck in or wooing reluctant slumbers in than for (obviously its real purpose) assisting Sir HERBERT TREE to make up as *Falstaff*.

Carefully locking the door, I put it on and tied its tapes and fastened its buckles. The result was more than comic—it was grotesque; and with an overcoat to cover it I looked like one of the two MACS of blessed memory. Could life be saved thus? Only by sitting up in my cabin all night, for as to going on deck in it—not for a ransom! And as for sleeping in it—that was beyond all question. I therefore took it off, and sadly I climbed the companion to see how the rest of the passengers looked in their various vests; but either they had found a trimmer build than mine, which I doubt, or they too had shirked the ordeal. The result was that all our lives—even my fifteen-shilling one—were at the disposal of the Hun. So is it to be English.

Anyhow, the saving of my own life is not, I am convinced, my forte. My forte is fatalism and trust in a star that hitherto has not been too capricious. Perhaps that is England's forte too.



Manager. "THERE'S A RUMOUR THAT THREE ZEPPS ARE COMING OVER."
Leading Actor (playing to poor house). "WELL, YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF ROOM FOR 'EM IN FRONT!"

DACTYLOMANIA.

'NEATH skies of inveterate azure,
Where bitterns incessantly boom,
And, thridding each elfin embrasure,
Sleek satyrs enamel the gloom,
The gaunt and impassive gorilla
Emits a melodious moan
As he treads a sedate seguidilla
Aloof and alone.

The sun, with an amber emotion,
Darts down his importunate rays,
Distilling a petulant potion
Of pale and impalpable haze;
And scents of ineffable sweetness
Float up from the misty lagoon,
Fulfilling in utter completeness
Life's ultimate boon.

I know not what demons abysmal
Will out of the welter emerge;
What dews of delight cataclysmal
My desolate brow will asperge;
I only am sure that this stanza,
When handled by slingers of slosh,
Will always remain a bonanza
For building up bosh.

THE APPEAL DEPRECATORY.

IN announcing their production as "One of those musical things," the authors of the new Comedy revue have given a lead which it is hoped may end in the establishment of happier relations between the advertiser and the consumer. For a long time signs have not been absent that the star of the mere hustler is set, and that the public are no longer to be cowed into obedience by the Prussianism of Blank, who commands, "Buy my soap and step lively about it. You'd better!"

The following essays in the less assertive mode of publicity are offered by way of intelligent anticipation:—

Messrs. Dance, Gay & Punter announce the successful ballad, *He wears my Image next to his Identification Disc*, by William B. Blitherly.

"Another of Mr. Blitherly's naïve little efforts."

Call at our studios and try it over. It goes better with the music.

You might do sillier things than read *Right Now*, the new Thesaurus of Satire. Twopence bi-weekly. Shernard Bawl contributes to the current issue five columns on "Myself and England."

"Bawl at his amusing worst. Tosh, of course, but it tickles."

How "Daylight Saving" Would Work.

"If the motion is carried on Monday, and a similar resolution is passed by the Lords, the new system might be adopted on Sunday, May 13, or Sunday, May 30."—*Star.*

We never realised that it was going to upset the calendar as well as the clock.



Clergyman. "WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN TO THY WEDDED WIFE?"
Absent-minded Bridegroom (sponsor at many christenings). "I RENOUNCE THEM ALL."

Another Candid Objector.

"The doctor stated he might have to go himself, but the position just now was that he was not allowed to go until he could find someone to undertake his work. Personally, he would far sooner join the colours than keep on with his present work, which was 'simply killing.'"—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"A graduate in Divinity in these days ought to have sufficient acquaintance with Hebrew to be able at any rate to hold the word with one hand while he looks it out in the lexicon with the other."—*Guardian.*

The B.A., like the A.B., has to be a handy man nowadays.

"Let 'em All Come."

Extract from Company Orders:—

"STRENGTH.—Lieut. G——, having reported himself for temporary duty, is taking on the strength of this Company from the —th April."

Elephantine.

"The grave, gentle, but enormous Miss —— ——, whose dainty tripping to the famous Apache melody makes it worth while having a spell in hospital to witness."
Egyptian Gazette.

"Sir Robert Chalmers, to be Permanent Under Secretary for Ireland *pro tem.*"
Daily Mirror.

A typically Irish appointment.

"Masses of spectators crowded the pavements, filled windows, and occupied every inch of space, even to getting astride the Lions in Trafalgar-square, all of whom cheered themselves hoarse and flung flowers to the stalwart, hard-set Anzacs as they swung past."
Daily Paper.

This is not the only time the Anzacs have roused the British Lion to enthusiasm.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

XIII.

My dear Mr. Punch,—Since landing in India about 200 years ago we have had many novel and remarkable experiences, but I think in my case none has been more strange and disconcerting than my transformation into a civilian or a *dufter wallah* (as we who sit at desks are contemptuously termed by the fighting men).

Table manners are a great trial to me in my new employ. In barracks, if you want bread, you merely shout in the queer jargon of the British soldier in India, "*Hao* up the *roti* there!" You then duck quickly, brush the crumbs out of your hair and get on with the meal. As a civilian I have to count ten, take myself firmly in hand, prepare a courteous little speech and deliver it with care and precision, trying hard to avoid glancing over my shoulder to see if a lump is likely to catch me under the ear.

And every night, though it is now over two months since I left the regiment, I carefully feel the legs of my bedstead before retiring to rest. For in barrack life, when you lie down unsuspectingly on a bed which has been "set," it instantly collapses into a shapeless mass of wreckage and shoots you out violently on the floor.

In the office itself my new life is full of difficulties. Soon after my arrival I thoughtlessly celebrated the completion of a rather troublesome task by bursting into song, as we always did in barracks. Shortly afterwards I received a frigidly polite message from my superior officer, saying, if I had any complaint to make, would I be so good as to put it into writing and to refrain from any vocal advertisement of my grievances.

But even office life has its compensations. There are moments of pure delight, such as that in which I discovered "*Cemeteries*" classified under the general heading of "*Accommodation for Troops.*"

And the Babu is always with us to make our days joyful. Babu English is perhaps rather *vieux jeu* at this time of day; nevertheless it is a privilege to read on the spot a supplication for permission to "prostute myself daily to your holy feet this time without fail whereby to beseech to Heaven to send to your Honour many posthumous olive branches"; or a request that "your Highness will not cause to *nip in the Bud* my unworthy yet fragrant hopes by the December *cold snap* of your august displeasure."

In conversation, excellent fellow as he usually is, the Babu is easily misunderstood. It was only yesterday that one of them was giving me an account of an old Sikh monk he had come upon during a walk in the woods. I had not known before that there were monks among the Sikhs, but then there are quite a number of facts about India that I have yet to learn.

I had no difficulty in picturing the aged hermit sitting at the foot of a tree in a religious trance. But it seemed strange that when the Babu approached he should have shown his teeth and gibbered. This, however, might be due to the eccentricity of a recluse or to some caste difficulty. I could not share the Babu's surprise that he refused the acorns proffered to him, but it did seem odd that when the Babu callously shook his stick at the old man and said "*Huh!*" he swarmed with great agility up the tree and made faces.

It was only when the limpness of his tail was mentioned that I suddenly realised we were talking about a sick monkey.

Letters from the Battalion, 7000 feet below, drift up to me occasionally, but they contain little beyond the old sentiment, expressed hundreds of times daily by Territorials from the Himalayas to the Nilghiris. India is a marvellous and unique country; to have lived in it is an education and a joy; to have guarded it a proud Imperial privilege. But most of us would give something to get out of it and into Europe. Yours ever,

One of the *Punch* Brigade.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

XII.—The Strand.

The loveliest maidens in the land,
Girls in rags and ladies grand,
All go wandering down the Strand,
Ding, dong, ding!
To look for pearls in oyster-shells
And listen to Saint Martin's bells,
Ding, dong, ding!

Some get amber, some get jet,
Silver fish-scales others get
In a golden fishing-net,
Ding, dong, ding!
Some find crowns of seaweed there
And flowers of coral for their hair,
Ding, dong, ding!

All day long they have delight,
Then the Thames flows in at night
And sweeps the maidens out of sight,
Ding, dong, ding!
Down the Strand their lovely knells
Echo from Saint Martin's bells,
Ding, dong, ding!
Ding, dong, ding!

LIEUTENANT ALEC JOHNSTON.

A brother-officer attached to the King's Shropshire Light Infantry writes from the Front:—"I thought you would like to hear some details of the death in action of Lieutenant Alec Johnston, who used to write 'At the Front' in *Punch*. I knew him well and we were rather especial friends.

"On the night of the 21st of April the Battalion, which was resting at the time, was suddenly ordered to attack some six hundred yards of trenches which the enemy had taken two nights previously. Johnston's Company was in the centre, and, after the O.C. had been severely wounded just before we attacked, Johnston led the Company and captured the position most gallantly with the bayonet. He then went on himself and personally reconnoitred the ground up to the German line. He found them massing for a counter-attack and came back and gave warning. When the enemy attacked they were driven off with heavy loss. He was indefatigable all night consolidating the recaptured position, exposing himself on top all the time in order to move about more quickly.

"At dawn, he sent the only other officer then remaining unwounded to the safest part of the trench, saying that when it got too light to stay on top he himself would get into 'the first old crump hole.' He stayed up too long, and was shot through the heart by a German sniper.

"He was a general favourite and loved by his men. He had done more dangerous patrol work than any two other officers in the battalion, and the hotter the situation the cooler he got.

"The way he used to write his articles was very characteristic of the man. I have seen him lying flat on his face in a tiny dug-out no bigger or higher than the underneath of a small dinner-table, in the front line trench, dashing off the first half of one of his quaint articles to *Punch*. He would have to stop in the middle and crawl out on patrol up to the German wire, have a scrap out there with a Bosch patrol at a few yards' range, stay out for two or three hours, and crawl back, soaked to the skin and covered with mud, to finish his article in time for the post.

"His name had already gone in for distinction, and if he had lived he certainly would have had a decoration conferred for his work in this last show.

"As you probably know, his articles were awfully appreciated by every one out here, and in his quaintly witty way he caught perfectly the spirit 'at the Front.'"

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



[EDGAR BUNDY, A.R.A.] *Brightening Bridge.* "LEND ME AN ACE, DEAR; I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU ANOTHER TIME."



[HON. JOHN COLLIER.] SCENE AT A BY-ELECTION. THE NEW MEMBER RECEIVES A SLAP ON THE HEAD FROM THE UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.



[EDITH LAWRENCE.] DRESS PARADE OF MANNIKINS WITH ECONOMICAL COSTUMES SUITABLE FOR WAR-TIME.



[WYNNE APPERLEY.] THE MARIONETTE — A FRAGMENT.



[CHARLES SIMS, A.R.A.] *Model.* "YOU MIGHT THINK I'M CERES, WITH ALL THIS STUFF ON MY HEAD; BUT SIMS SAYS I'M IRIS. ANYHOW, IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO COVENT GARDEN."



[W. ORPEN, A.R.A.] *Sitter.* "I WONDER IF ORPEN LIKES LOOKING AT ME AS MUCH AS I LIKE LOOKING AT HIM?"



[EDGAR BUNDY, A.R.A.] A SHOW OF HANDS IN THE GOUTY KNUCKLE COMPETITION AT THE ARTHRITIS CLUB.



"I HOPE YOU ARE NOT VERY SHOCKED AT US DANCING, SIR JAMES. OF COURSE WE SHOULDN'T DREAM OF DOING IT IN WAR-TIME, ONLY MY BROTHER BOBBY CAME HOME SUDDENLY WITH A FEW DAYS' LEAVE."

"I SEE. BY THE WAY, WHERE IS HE? HE DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE HERE."

"WELL, D' YOU KNOW, I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE'D GONE OFF TO A MUSIC-HALL. DANCING ALWAYS DID BORE POOR BOBBY DREADFULLY."

THE CONVALESCENT.

We 've billards, bowls, an' tennis-courts; we 've teas an' motor-rides;
We 've concerts nearly every night, an' 'eaps o' things besides;
We 've all the best of everything, as much as we can eat—
But my 'eart—my 'eart 's at 'ome in 'Enry Street.

I 'm askin' Sister every day when I 'll be fit to go;
"We must 'ave used you bad," she says, "you want to leave us so;"
I says, "I beg your pardon, Nurse; the place is bad to beat,
But my 'eart—my 'eart 's at 'ome in 'Enry Street."

The sheffoneer we saved to buy, the clock upon the wall,
The pictures an' the almanack, the china dogs an' all—
I 've thought about it many a time, my little 'ome complete,
When in Flanders, far away from 'Enry Street.

It 's 'elped me through the toughest times (an' some was middlin' tough);
The 'ardest march was not so 'ard, the roughest not so rough;
It 's 'elped me keep my pecker up in victory an' defeat,
Just to think about my 'ome in 'Enry Street.

There 's several things I sometimes want which 'ere I never see;
I 'd like some chipped potatoes an' a kipper to my tea;
But most of all I 'd like to feel the stones beneath my feet
Of the road that takes me 'ome to 'Enry Street.

They 'll 'ave a little flag 'ung out, they 'll 'ave the parlour gay
With crinkled paper round about, the same as Christmas Day;
An' out of all the neighbours' doors the 'eads 'll pop to greet
Me comin' wounded 'ome to 'Enry Street.

My missis—well, she 'll cry a bit an' laugh a bit between;
My kids 'll climb upon my knees—there 's one I 've never seen;
An' of all the days which I 'ave known there won't be one so sweet
As the day when I go 'ome to 'Enry Street!

"I can only add that neither total prohibition nor no prohibition will have any more effect on the course and conclusion of this war than Mrs. Malaprop's besom had on the Atlantic Ocean."—*Letter in a Provincial Paper.*

Mrs. M. should have called in the assistance of *Mrs. Partington.*

"It should be as widely known as possible that if people found a baby when there was the slightest possibility of a person being still alive, it was their duty to cut it down if hanging, or take it out of the water, if it was a case of drowning."—*Provincial Paper.*

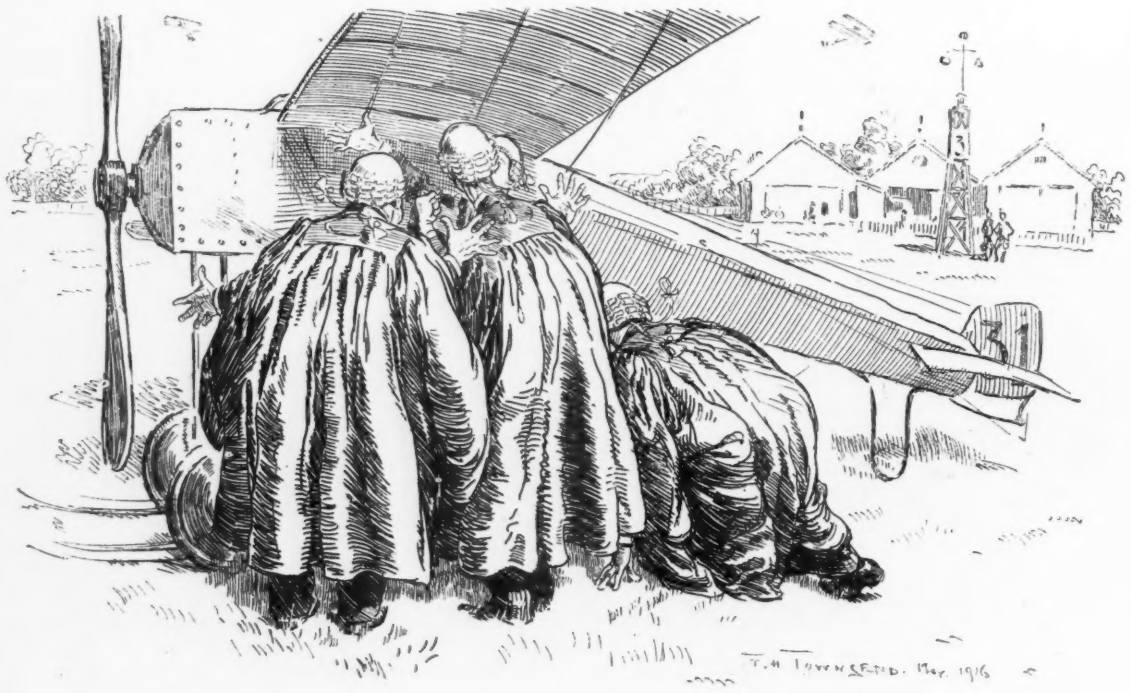
But what is one to do if it is merely squalling in a perambulator?



SOMETHING TO GO ON WITH.

PRESIDENT WILSON (*to German Eagle*). "POOR OLD BIRD! DID IT SAY IT WAS BEING STARVED? WELL, HERE'S A NICE SQUARE MEAL FOR IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FIRST STEPS TO VICTORY (*continued*).

(Quartette of Legal Members of Committee of Inquiry into the Administration of the Royal Flying Corps).

Messrs. A, B, C and D in consultation, all talking together. "The contrivance in front, by revolving, produces momentum. Do I carry you with me?"

"My learned friends must admit that the pilot has an *a priori* right to the front seat and a lien on all petrol."

"My clients deny building the machine; and if they did so they did it in good faith and in the public interest."

"I submit that those premises situate behind the engine should be painted outside in four good coats of oil colour every three years, and be in all respects kept in good and tenantable repair, etc., etc., etc."

Monday, May 8th.—It was a relief to pass from the sombre theme of judgment passed on Irish rebels to the quiet humours of Daylight-Saving. Sir Henry Norman was perhaps a little over-anxious to be playful; and some of his rather ancient jokes gave obvious pain to Mr. Pearce, who once carried a Daylight-Saving Bill through its second reading without any such frivolous aids.

There was little opposition. Sir Frederick Banbury once more appeared in his favourite character of the conscientious objector. He was not on this occasion "the champion of the suffering rich," as Mr. Duke called him the other day, but the defender of the humble milkman, who already had to rise before dawn for the greater part of the year, and might, I gathered, be subject to unworthy suspicions if he performed his functions before the dew was off the grass. Lord Hugh Cecil, who thought the proposal to put on the clock smacked of "the tricks of the lowest class of journalism," is understood to have been referring to those remarkable examples of advanced literature, the "6.30 *News*" and "7.0 *Star*."

The Infant Samuel, as my esteemed predecessor used to call him, disclaimed the idea that he had become "a presumptuous Joshua." The Government only supported the proposal because it would help us during the War by saving coal.

Sir Henry Dalziel is the proprietor of a newspaper, one of whose most piquant features is a column entitled "Secret History of To-day," in which one may read dark hints of Society scandals and political intrigues. Naturally enough he objects to the new regulation forbidding reference to the proceedings of the Cabinet. He had effective backing on this occasion from Mr. Walter Roch, who in a speech admirable alike in tone and substance appealed to the Government in their own interests to withdraw a ukase, under which, if strictly applied, Ministers themselves would be the first to suffer. The Government lived too much in a balloon (have they not just appointed a quartette of lawyers to overhaul the Royal Flying Corps?), and would be the better for anything that brought them into closer touch with their fellow-citizens.

After an excited protest by Mr. O'Brien against the executions in Ireland it was not, perhaps, a fortunate moment for Sir John Lonsdale to suggest that the Military Service Bill should be extended to Ireland. Mr. Asquith was sympathetic in principle to the idea, but made it plain that in practice it was impossible, since Mr. Redmond was opposed to it. Sir Edward Carson thought the fact deplorable while recognising its cogency; but he suggested that if the Nationalist leader was the indirect Governor of Ireland he should be given the responsibility instead of exercising it second-hand. Mr. Redmond promptly denied that he had either power or responsibility; otherwise the recent occurrences in Ireland would, he alleged, not have

THE SUMMER-TIME BILL.

(How the lower creation threatens to ignore it).



EMILY (A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR) REFUSES TO BE DISTURBED BEFORE THE CUSTOMARY HOUR.



WORDSWORTH BYSSHE JONES, OUR POET, VAINLY HARKS FOR THE LARK.

INSET—THE LARK (ANOTHER CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR).

happened. Mr. CHURCHILL, now home from the Front on unlimited leave, drew from these two speeches the inference that the future of Ireland depended upon their authors sinking their differences and acting together, and expressed the sanguine view that the Irish Question was nearing a settlement. Members, recalling similarly sanguine prophecies from the same source about Gallipoli and the German Navy, were not so much impressed as they were meant to be.

Wednesday, May 10th.—Among the Distinguished Strangers in the Gallery was a deputation from the Russian Duma, led by its Vice-President. Unfortunately M. PROTOPOPOFF and his colleagues did not see our Parliament at its best. In the Commons the Nationalist factions were noisily assailing the PRIME MINISTER with protests against the executions of the rebel leaders, and ultimately succeeded in inducing him to give them a day for what must in the circumstances be a premature discussion.

Then our Russian friends went to the Lords, where they found a discussion on Ireland actually in progress. It was started by Lord LOREBURN, who accused the Government of having neglected the elementary duty of protecting the law-abiding population, and urged upon them collectively the necessity of being as candid as Mr. BIRRELL had been individually. The War had furnished many instances of the danger to national interests of silence carried to excess. Then Lord MIDLETON rehearsed a grim catalogue of cases in which the Irish police had been instructed to shut their eyes to seditious offences.

Happily the Russian visitors had left before Lord CREWE rose to make the Government's defence, for I am afraid that they would not have carried away a high impression of Ministerial eloquence or Ministerial statesmanship.

Thursday, May 11th. — To Mr. REDMOND'S obvious annoyance Mr. DILLON developed a savage attack on the military authorities. They, one gathered, were brutal murderers; the Sinn Feiners, on the contrary, were gallant if misguided patriots of whom he was proud. The PRIME MINISTER, mildly observing that Mr. DILLON had forgotten some of the elementary rules of justice, brought the debate back to the level of common sense by contrasting the small number of executions with the heavy toll of military and civilian life that the rebels had taken. Repeating his *coup* of two years ago, when he went to the War Office after the Curragh incident, he now announced his immediate intention to go to Ireland, in the hope of discovering some arrangement for the future which would commend itself to all parties. Some of the difficulties that Mr. ASQUITH will encounter in his laudable enterprise were indicated by Mr. HEALY, who hoped that he would put an end to Dublin Castle and the jobbery that had been carried on there by Mr. REDMOND and his friends.

In the Lords the Government's Irish policy was again assailed from all sides; but more damaging even than the attacks was Lord LANSDOWNE'S defence. He actually blamed Lord MIDLETON for having contented himself with warning the CHIEF SECRETARY and the PRIME MINISTER of the dangerous happenings in Ireland, and not having come to him (Lord LANSDOWNE), or to Mr. BALFOUR, or to Mr. LONG. This new doctrine of collective irresponsibility seems fairly to justify the definition, "A Coalition is something that does not coalesce."

"Imports in truth have been so small that the run on home produce has been more or less forced."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

The Press Bureau will have to be more economical with it than ever.

"Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the cricket fields of England. Later—decades later—the bronzed and lithe-limbed athletes of the island kingdom gazed in open-eyed bewilderment upon the flaming indictment of Kipling, 'The muddled oafs at the wicket; the flannelled fools at the gate,' and seeking vainly to follow the poet's logic."
New York Times.

Presented in this form it would baffle anybody.



BREAKFAST IN A FRONT TRENCH.

Tommy. "THE BLOOMIN' DUG-OUT'S FLOODED OUT, THE BISCUIT'S WET, THE TEA'S COLD AND THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO WARM IT WITH."

Sergeant. "OH, CHUCK IT! I DUNNO WHAT SOME OF YOU BLIGHTERS WOULD DO IF YOU 'AD TO ROUGH IT!"

PETHERTON'S PARROT.

MATTERS are getting worse between Petherton and myself; in fact if any friendship had ever existed between us I am afraid one would say that we are now in a state of complete estrangement, resulting from the invasion of my premises by his parrot, and the ensuing correspondence. My opening gambit was as follows:—

DEAR MR. PETHERTON, — My immediate object in addressing you is to ask whether by any chance you have lost a parrot, because a bird of that species flew through an open bedroom window of my house this morning without invitation or encouragement from us.

I am inclined to think that the bird is yours, but have nothing but what I might term the synthetic process of reasoning for arriving at this conclusion. If you have lost anything of a parroty nature, and will write me a description of it, I will see whether it tallies with the bird in whose possession we are. I describe the situation in this way because it more truly expresses it than the converse would do.

Yours faithfully, H. J. FORDYCE.

Petherton countered with the following:—

SIR,—In reply to your absurdly worded letter I have lost a parrot, a grey one. I do not know why you should have inferred that the bird at your place belongs to me, unless you had already heard that mine is missing, in which case I should have thought the proper course would have been to return it.

I suppose, however, that to a person of your nature such a simple procedure would have been impossible. The writing of unnecessary, stupid and rather annoying letters seems to be an obsession with you.

I shall be obliged by your giving the bird to the bearer of this note.

Yours truly,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

The yeast of controversy was evidently beginning to work, and I kept it going with:—

DEAR PETHERTON,—What a noble literary effort is yours, but, if I may be allowed to criticise it, it seems to me that while your technique is almost faultless there is lack of a sense of values in the composition. Word-painting is a delightful art, but surely in this case the most important feature should have been a telling description of your missing bird. The mere outward hue of the parrot is not sufficient; I wanted you to describe its habits, accomplishments and the colour of its language; and in face of your meagre description I should not feel justified in handing over this bird to you, in spite of its being a grey one.

Mind you, I believe you belong to this parrot, but I should like further proof. I have made no other inquiries in Surbury, but possibly someone else in the neighbourhood may have a grey parrot on the loose.

Trusting to have a satisfactory reply at your leisure,

I am, Yours faithfully,
H. J. FORDYCE.

Petherton by this time was up on his hind legs. He wrote:—

Confound you, Sir! The bird is undoubtedly mine. It is grey, talks a little, and puts its head on one side after the manner of its kind. I need not give you a fuller description of it; you know perfectly well the bird is mine, and if you do not return it at once I

shall take legal steps for the recovery of my property.

FREDERICK PETHERTON.

DEAR FRED,—I am sorry you should be so upset by the loss of a bird that must have been a cause of considerable embarrassment to you at times, that is if the bird which at present conducts our *ménage* is yours.

If you would only provide me with a list of the phrases most favoured by your parrot I should be able to come to a definite conclusion on the point of ownership. In a general way the bird here tallies with your description.

As you practically ask for their name, my solicitors are Messrs. Smith, Smith, Smith & Jones, which may be algebraically expressed (though not on the envelope) as 3 (*Smith*) + *Jones*.

In the event of your going on the war-path these gentlemen would accept service of any billets-doux on my behalf.

Yours, HARRY J. FORDYCE.

P.S.—If you have any sort of book explaining how to subpœna a parrot, do lend it me like a good chap. If I find it necessary to call it (the parrot), its evidence will have to be heard *in camerâ*, I fancy.

This elicited from Petherton:—

SIR,—As my parrot has now been in your possession for several days it is more than possible that it has acquired a taste for strong language. It certainly was a model of propriety before it strayed on to your premises.

Unless the bird is back in my possession before the 29th inst. I shall instruct my solicitors to serve a writ upon yours, without further warning or intimation of any kind, as I consider your behaviour most unwarrantable, though characteristic.

Fflly. yours, FREDK. PETHERTON.

I sent the bird back the next morning, the 28th, with a note:—

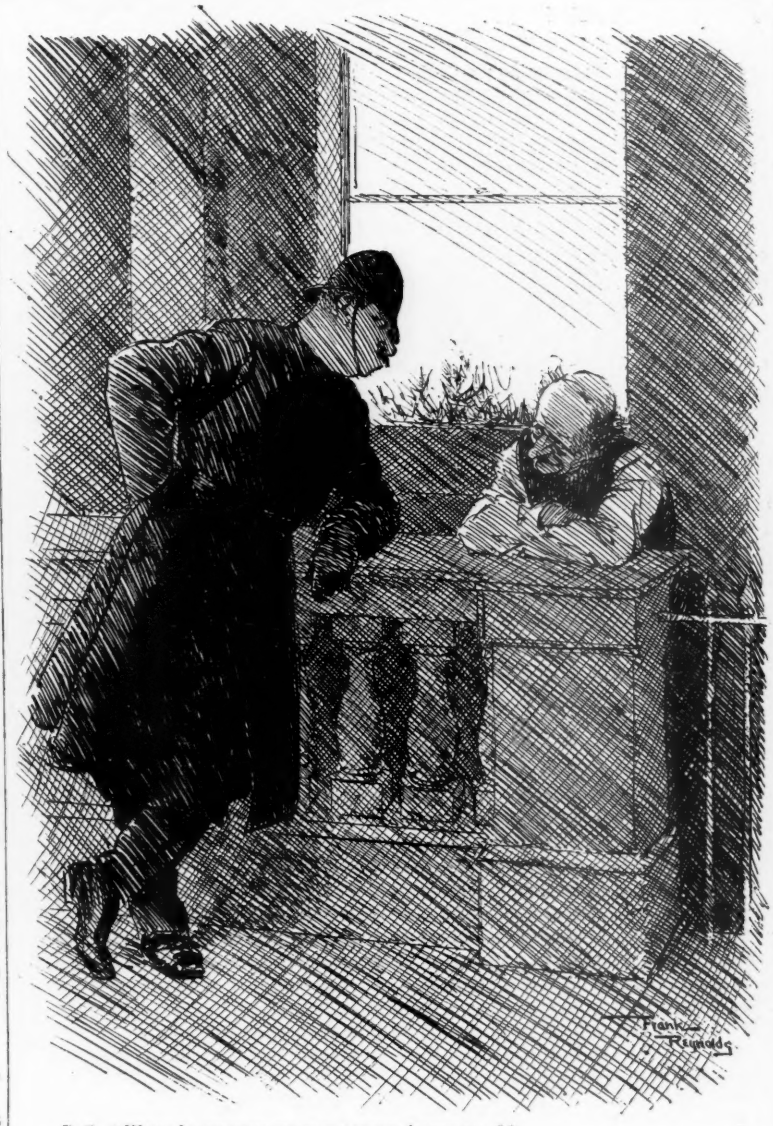
DEAR FREDDY,—The bird itself has at last provided me with the proof which you were unable or unwilling to supply. Among a string of other rather fruity remarks which it made while we were at breakfast this morning it indulged—vicariously, one assumes—in a hope as to my future which has removed any traces of doubt lingering in my mind as to the bird's ownership.

My wife and maid-servant were present, and as the remark was a very comprehensive one and indicated me by name I am not sure that an action for libel would not lie against you.

But I am not vindictive, so return the bird to a more fitting *milieu*.

Yours, HARRY.

I am still waiting for Petherton's letter of thanks.



P.C. "WHAT'S BECOME OF THE LITTLE 'OUSEMAID?"

The Latest Thing in Domestics. "OH, SHE'S WORKING ON MUNITIONS. YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO ME NOW."

Another Impending Apology.

"The majority of the blockading officers are drawn from the Royal Naval Reserve, whose skill in seamanship is a byeword."

Bournemouth Daily Echo.

From "Mrs. Gossip's" account, in *The Daily Sketch*, of the audience at the Serbian matinée at Drury Lane:—

"Every one I knew was there. Queen Alexandra looked dignified and gracious in black and white. With her were the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, Princess Maud of Fife . . . and Princess Arthur of Connaught."

We trust that Her Majesty and the four Princesses were conscious of this friendly recognition.

From a description of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's meeting at Conway:—

"This gathering was originally fixed for Saturday, the 29th ult., but was postponed for a week to meet the right hon. gentleman's convenience.

The interval of waiting was spent in listening to songs and choruses."

What lungs these Welsh folk have!

"The Gardens and Deer Park will be thrown open to the Public . . . Children under 14 unaccompanied by their Parents and Dogs not admitted."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

We understand that some parents consider the wording of this notice a little derogatory.

AT THE PLAY.

"HAMLET."

MR. MARTIN HARVEY has evidently approached this high matter of the SHAKSPEARE Tercentenary celebration with the sincerity and thoughtfulness which have so often laid us under debt to him. He makes you feel that his heart is more with his "darling" author than with any other lesser man. It is only an implacable public that has attached him so persistently to the steps of a guillotine against a blood-red sky.

It shows a considerable virtue in him to have adopted, without straining after a perversely original and disquieting effect, the very sensible simplifications of our modernist school. To play substantially the whole of *Hamlet* in under three and a-half hours is a highly creditable feat of stage direction. But the curtain method does more than give speed. Its rich simplicity provides an excellent foil for the jewel of this wonderful stage play. Of course it has its disadvantages. It tends to muffle the voice. On the other hand it lets through a certain amount of unrehearsed effect. I noted, for instance, even as *Polonius* was being pinked behind the arras, the voice of a stage carpenter complaining to his mate.

It showed wisdom, too, to confine the curtains to the interiors. The built-up crenellations of the battlement scenes, with the series of broad steps in front of them, was admirable for grouping and for movement, though it may be doubted whether the parapet would have provided adequate cover against the slings and arrows of a tough enemy; or even if it would have sufficed to prevent the Danes, when under the influence of wassail, from toppling into the moat. In the play scene the setting of the "Mouse Trap" against the "fourth wall," whereby the audience had a fuller view of the principals, entirely justified itself. The lighting was effective without being fussy.

The costumes call for little comment, which is as it should be. I fell to wondering in the last Act about what I took to be a team of local base-ball players—the four stout fellows with the black raven on their sweaters. And most distinctly would I counsel Mr. HARVEY, at his entrance in the graveyard scene, to show a leg. In the murky gloom, with his inky cloak and proudly feathered bonnet, he was dangerously near giving the impression of a very smart young widow walking out with *Horatio*.

Mr. HARVEY seemed at his very best in the earlier phases of the play. The reflective passages were excellent; the homelier bouts of dialogue were easy and varied; and his fine voice often enriched the splendid text. As the plot thickened and the eternally unsolvable in the reading and rendering of *Hamlet's* malady became more pressing, he seemed a little to lose grip. As, certainly, he lost the essential pace—the death scene unquestionably limped. His slurs, his impetuous *accelerandos*, his rather violent *sforzandos*, perhaps challenge criticism. But let us acknowledge them to be trifles. Mr. HARVEY filled three short hours with the glory of a great name, and that should be reward enough for him.

I see no reason to protest against Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON'S unusually whimsical *Polonius*. True it did not fit that noblest of purple passages, the homily to *Laertes*. But then neither does the *Polonius* of the rest of the text—our WILL is like that. Mr. Ross's notable bass and admirable elocution lent mystery and majesty to the *Ghost*. A full audience applauded long and heartily at the curtain's fall. No one would be less inclined than Mr. MARTIN HARVEY to keep back grudgingly any share of that applause which was meant as a tribute to the memory of the exalted dead. T.

MENDIP.

(*A soliloquy in view of approaching leave.*)

ON Mendip, on Mendip, the gorse is amber now,
And dandelion torches attend the march of May;
We Mendip men that coaxed the team and drove the sullen plough,
No more we shout on Mendip,
Dear golden, glowing Mendip,
Oh, many leagues from Mendip is the land we cleave to-day.

On Mendip, on Mendip, the willow-creeper sings,
And bright birds and blackbirds and half-a-hundred more;
The cuckoo's busy boasting of the trouble that he brings
To feathered folk on Mendip—
And soon I speed to Mendip
To nest awhile in Mendip with its fairy-wonder store.

To Mendip, to Mendip, where boom the happy bells
From Blagdon and Burrington and Glastonbury town,
I'm coming by the willow-pools that fringe the road to Wells;
Oh, soon to breezy Mendip,
To many-coloured Mendip,
I'm coming back to Mendip just to wander up and down!

GENERAL PAPER.

(*Suggested by the perusal of some recent works on the duties of dominies.*)

(1) DESCRIBE in detail the best methods of tormenting a master (*a*) with discretion, (*b*) without regard for the consequences.

(2) Estimate the disciplinary and moral efficacy of the booby-trap, and give reasons for preferring the liquid to the solid form, or *vice versâ*.

(3) SHAKSPEARE abandoned poaching for writing plays. Is this a proof of insanity or sheer stupidity?

(4) Give a table of the relative adhesive strengths of cobbler's wax, glue, butter-scotch, caramels and chewing gum.

(5) MILTON received £5 for *Paradise Lost*. Estimate the benefits that would have accrued to this country in the last 250 years if he had been paid £500 to suppress his epic.

(6) Describe the best games suitable for playing in chapel.

(7) Should corporal punishment be inflicted on masters by the head of the form or by the whole form?

(8) Give some account, with dates, of The Jubilee Juggins, Larranaga, Opoponax, Polly Perkins of Paddington Green, MONTEZUMA, BENVENUTO CELLINI, the Baroness ORCZY and CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

(9) Explain the mechanism of the saloon pistol, and distinguish between lampoon and lamprey, gargle and gargoyle, catapult and cataclysm.

(10) In what circumstances is a Headmaster justified in running away from school?

THE TIPS OF MOTHER TIPTON.

WHEN golfers cease to play with gutties
And soldiers case their calves in puttees,
Troubles will surely supervene
Upon the European scene.

When nobody talks of drives and putts,
And butter is made from cocoa-nuts,
And women pilot our cabs and coaches,
The end of the Hohenzollerns approaches.

When PONSONBY and BERNARD SHAW
Join hands with ASQUITH and BONAR LAW,
Lord ROSEBERY and Sir THOMAS LIPTON,
Look out for squalls, says Mother Tipton.

Should BEGBIE interview the POPE,
Pacificists may harbour hope;
But if the POPE is not at home
There 'll be the deuce of a row in Rome.

When all the masses are daily fed
Upon sweet peas and Standard bread,
It is perfectly safe to prophesy
The end of the world will soon be nigh.



SECOND NATURE.

Absent-minded Colonel (as sidesmen march up to the altar with offertory). "PICK UP THE STEP THERE IN THE REAR FILE!"

THE DRAFT.

So it is done—the calling and the counting,
The solemn mustering, the ritual care,
The fevered messages, the tempers mounting
For some old rogue who never can be there;
No more the Adjutant explodes and splutters
Because the rifles are too few by four;
No longer now the Quartermaster mutters
It 's time that bedding was returned to store;
But all is ship-shape, and, to cut it fine,
The draft has now departed down the line.

These were the men that we have trained from tyros;
We took them in, we dressed them for the wars;
For us they first arranged themselves in wry rows,
For us they formed their first unlovely fours;
We taught them cleanliness (by easy stages)
And cursed them daily by platoons and squads,
And they, unmoved by months of mimic rages,
Regarded us—most properly—as gods:
They were our very own and, being such,
For all our blasphemy we loved them much.

But strangers now will have them in their keeping,
Unfeeling folk who understand them ill,
Nor know what energies, what fires unsleeping
Inform the frames that seem so stupid still;
Who 'll share their struggles and curtail their slumbers,
And get conceited when the men do well,
Nor think of us who brought them up by numbers,
Save in the seasons when they don't excel,
And then they 'll say, "The fellows should be strafed
Whoever trained this blooming awful draft."

But not the men; they will not slight so early
The mild-eyed masters who reviled them first,
But, mindful still of marches out to Shirley,
Wet walks at Hayes and romps round Chislehurst;
When in some ditch, untroubled yet though thinner,
They talk old days and feelingly refer
Over their bully to the Depôt dinner,
They 'll speak (I hope) about "the officer,"
And say at least, as Sub-Lieutenants go,
He was the most intelligent they know.

And now is life bereft of half its beauty,
Now the C.O., like some afflicted mare
Whose cherished colts have been detailed for duty,
Paws the parade where late his yearlings were;
We shall not lie with them in East-bound vessels,
Nor see new shores in sunlit sweeper-craft,
Nor (save in soul) be with them in their wrestles,
Nor wear the ribbons that shall deck the draft;
Not in our praise will laureates be loud;
We must turn to and train another crowd.

Villages are Cheap To-day.

"LOCUM TENENS wanted for 3 months at least. Little or no week-day work. Offered: comfortable village, 6 or more bedrooms, garden produce: possibly small stipend.

"WANTED RETIRED or INVALID CLERGYMAN to accept nice house, stable, fowl-run, picturesque village, in return for one service on Sundays."—*Church Times.*

"NEWS BY TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Napoleon died 95 years ago to-day."—*Daily Mail.*

Delayed in transmission.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. H. A. VACHELL is to be congratulated upon having evolved in *The Triumph of Tim* (SMITH, ELDER) one idea that is as ingenious as it is novel. *Tim*, who had no legal right to any particular name, started life as a blameless schoolboy under the designation of *Tim White*. Subsequent events having necessitated his retirement to the New World, he began again there as *Tim Green*, and so on, through a period of prosperity as *Brown*, one of adversity as *Black*, into the tranquil conclusion of *Grey*. Of course this did make it a little confusing for the other characters, one of whom (not without justice) called him "particoloured." Also, while providing a pleasant variety of interest, it goes rather against one's chance of forming any definite idea of *Tim* as a coherent being. But, despite this, Mr. VACHELL's longest novel is in many ways his best yet. There are obviously personal touches in his pictures of Californian life; and he seems equally at home in dealing with every phase of his hero's chameleon career. The other characters also are well drawn, notably *Ivy*, the unrepentant little wanton through whom came *Tim's* first lapse in the colour scale. And the end, which restores him to England, home and unexpected fatherhood (unexpected, that is, to those whom familiarity with Mr. VACHELL'S methods had not kept on the watch for precisely this development), is both sincere and moving.



Old Lady (to grandson just home on leave from the trenches). "I AM GLAD YOU 'VE COME. YOU 'RE JUST IN TIME TO KILL THE PIG."

In choosing *The Road to Nowhere* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) as the title to his novel, Mr. ERIC LEADBITTER sounds, at any rate, a note of warning to those who like their heroes to repose in the last chapter upon a bed of roses. *Joe*, of Camberwell and very humble origin, has social ambitions and some natural aptitude for fulfilling them. He is an intriguing study, though I cannot believe in him as firmly as I can in his vulgar relations. That he may arrive at the point where the snares of wealth are to encompass him round about he is allowed to win a prize in the Calcutta Sweep, and then to have a successful flutter in options. In this way he wins his complete emancipation from Camberwell. The process is so absurdly easy that one imagines Mr. LEADBITTER to have said to himself, "Money is not worth much, any way, so it doesn't matter how *Joe* gets it." As far as filthy lucre is concerned one can only commend this attitude, but unfortunately the reader may suspect that he also is the object of a certain measure of contempt on the part of the author. This suspicion, however, is not going to deter me from expressing my approval of the work of a writer who is more concerned with his main idea than with the method by which he gets to it. In the end I was left with a real admiration for his courage and ability.

Riches and Honour (SMITH, ELDER) tells of the kind of thing our Empire-builders had to face on the Gold Coast of a quarter-century ago. It is good for us to learn these things, and Mr. W. H. ADAMS' rather dry catalogue method of filling in the local colour seems to vouch for honest knowledge. The story, not in the least dry, is packed with adventure, rebel chiefs, fetishes and fevers, and a dash of love. It is *Captain Tarleton*, of H.M. Gold Coast Constabulary, whose riches and honour are in question. Eagerly expecting the death of a rotten brother and the pouching of a fat inheritance, he so allows this to prey on his mind that, when the great chance comes of an important cutting-out expedition of the kind for which he, keenest and most resourceful of soldiers and adored leader of his fearless Hausas, is widely famous, his nerve just goes to little bits. I suppose there are men who think it so desperately important to succeed to money they haven't earned that they go off their feed and throw aside habits of courage long fortified by rigorous self-discipline; but I must say it doesn't seem very convincing. But then the author may have met poor *Tarleton* in the flesh.

Josiah, head of the family whose name, *Chapel*, Mr. MILES LEWIS has given to his South Wales story (HEINEMANN), realised quite suddenly in middle life that if he was ever to restore the fortunes of his house, then unhappily depressed, he must wake up and stir about a bit; must in fact seize fate and the world by the throat and demand his own. In this laudable intention he is entitled, I suppose, to one's sympathies, though it hardly seems necessary for him to have adopted the manners of a bear along with its strength; but when in the course of his wrestlings with destiny he descended to paltry sharp-practice over a business bargain, and *Griff*, his son, followed suit, one began to wonder whether, after all, the County would benefit much by the restoration of the old stock. Yet there was something likeable about *Griff* that made one at any rate half glad to see him back in the ancestral seat; but even then the marriage that put him there had a little too much the air of good strategy, though the author, it would seem, has no uneasiness in regard to these little meannesses of his heroes. This, however, may be a matter of taste; but there is less excuse for the way in which he has cut his book up into two parallel stories which really have very little to connect them. He does tie them together after a fashion when he effects a reconciliation between father and son in the last chapter; but seeing that this is so long delayed, and results in a rather horrible anti-climax, there is not much gained. In spite of all these grumbles you are not to infer that there is nothing to appreciate in this book; there is much that is good, the minor characters being about the best of it.

"The parade on Tuesday, the 11th April, 1916, will be compulsory for all ranks stationed in Colombo. Only medical certificates will be accepted in lieu of absence. This will be a practice Ceremonial Parade. Officers will swear words."—*The Ceylonese.*

Very probably; but we don't think they ought to advertise it in advance.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a contemporary a regiment quartered at Pembroke Dockyard had lost two thousand blankets "by pilfering." We shudder to think what a real Pembroke burglar would get away with.

* * *

"I am a looker for things," said a man at Willesden tribunal last week when asked what his occupation was. The nation, which is paying £5,000,000 a day for the privilege of pursuing the same occupation, would be interested to compare notes with him on the question of whether anything ever turns up.

* * *

"A Saxon pot, quite perfect, has been found at St. Martha's Hill, near Guildford," says a morning paper. Here is striking evidence in support of the charge, which has more than once been levelled, that influential alien enemies are still at large with the connivance of the authorities.

* * *

"The life-blood of England to-day is sulphuric acid," said a Professor at University College the other day. That is certainly the impression one gets from reading the more vitriolic section of our Press.

* * *

The London County Council is teaching Esperanto. The innovation is intended to meet the needs of the lady tram-conductors, to whom convention denies the right to "suffer and be strong" in words of general currency.

* * *

A soldier who lost his speech at the battle of Loos has recovered it as the result of an operation for appendicitis. He has the added satisfaction of knowing that greater soldiers than he have been compelled by the exigencies of the present War to swallow their words.

* * *

At Willesden a conscientious objector has eaten a £1 note in preference to giving it up in part payment of his fine of forty shillings. It would probably work out cheaper in the end to swallow the Compulsion Bill.

* * *

While the Ealing Inspector of Shops is serving in the Army his official duties are to be carried on by his wife. It is no doubt in anticipation of other positions of this sort being thrown open to the female sex that so many women can nowadays be seen familiarising themselves with this class of war work in Regent Street and its neighbourhood.

* * *

In a recent appeal case a man who had received sentences amounting to twenty-six years begged to be put under chloroform, as he had heard that people under the influence of this drug always told the truth when they were asked questions. As a fact, however, the most that the medical profession have ever claimed for it in this way is that it often enables them to get a little inside information.

* * *

A Belfast man who was fined for groaning at Mr. ASQUITH is understood to have informed a sympathetic friend that if he'd known that ten shillings was all he would be fined, begorra, he'd have had thirty-shillings' worth, so he would.

* * *

"To get and keep an upright carriage," says a woman-writer in *The Daily Mail*, "stand with the feet eighteen inches apart and the hands clasped above the head. Now, as if chopping wood, swing the hands down between the parted feet, then bring them up over the head again, and repeat the movement twenty times or so." Personally, as we consider it bad form to keep any sort of carriage just now, we shall remain faithful to the less spectacular custom of whistling for a taxi.

* * *

From the Personal column of *The Times*:—"Airman will bring down Zeppelins. Ladies, Gentlemen." An excellent idea in the present condition of our own Air Service. As in the well-known case of the male and female gondolas, one of each gender to breed from would do for a beginning.

* * *

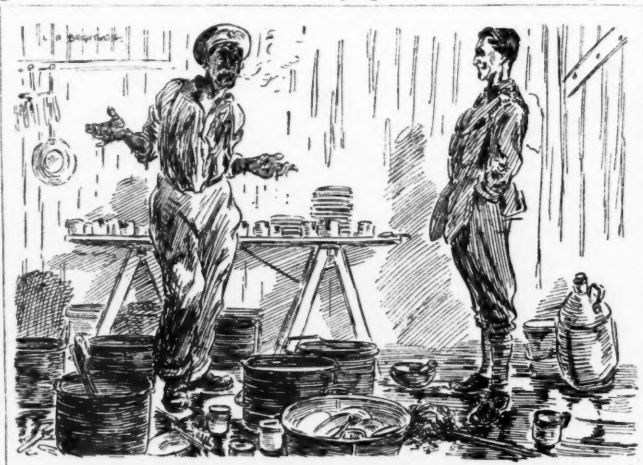
As a war economy the London County Council have disposed of the major part of the waterfowl that used to adorn the London Parks. A few ornamental geese however are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of the War Office.

* * *

We feel bound to take exception to the levity of a contemporary, which recently introduced an account of a suicide with the heading: "A Riverside Scream."

* * *

A well-known opera-singer is now hauling cabbages on a farm. The ruling passion strong in War. Bouquets all the time.



First Public School Man. "GREAT SCOTT, REGGIE! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET THAT JOB?"

Second ditto (kitchen fatigue). "OH, INFLUENCE, DEAR BOY—INFLUENCE."

Commercial Candour.

From a film advertisement:—

"THE GIRL OF LOST ISLAND.—Featuring LILLIAN LORRAINE in a Picturesque Role. There are twelve chapters. I have seen them all, because I was compelled to do so."

Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

"Livers are being lost on the banks of the Yser."

Egyptian Mail.

An Anglo-Indian Colonel tells us that he was so glad to part with his that he hasn't taken any steps to recover it.

"St. Paul knew what he was talking about when he said to Herod, 'Too much thinking has made thee mad.'"

Letter in an Evening Paper.

That is where St. PAUL had an advantage over the correspondent.

More Impending Apologies.

"Sir A. A. Booth is chairman of the committee appointed by the Government to inquire into the future of shipping and shipbuilding. It is not intended to be an ornamental committee either, for Sir A. Denny and Professor Abell, two of our leading naval architects, are on it."—*Evening Paper.*

The Kaiser and the Daylight Saving Bill.

"For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry."
Shakspeare's Henry V., Act IV. Sc. I. 6-7.

"His Holiness, Pope Pius, taking action, exhorts the Irish Bishops to be thoroughly loyal."—*Bray and South Dublin Herald.*

The recent disturbances in Dublin seem to have made the late Pope turn in his grave.

MORE PEACE-TALK IN BERLIN.

TO THE WAR-LORD.

"How beautiful upon the mountain-tops
Their feet would sound, the messengers of Peace!"
So into neutral ears your unction drops,
Hinting a pious hope that War may cease—
War, with its dreadful waste,
Which never suited your pacific taste.

Strange you should turn so suddenly humane,
So sick of ravage and the reek of gore!
Dare we assume that Verdun's long-drawn strain
Makes you perspire at each Imperial pore?
Or that your nerve 's mislaid
Through cardiac trouble caused by our Blockade?

You thought to finish on the high wave's crest;
To say, "These lands that 'neath our sceptre lie—
Such as we want we 'll keep, and chuck the rest,
And to the vanquished, having drained 'em dry,
We will consent to give,
Out of our clemency, the right to live."

Then you came down a long, long way, and said,
"For pure desire of Peace, and that alone,
We 'll deem the dead past buried with its dead,
Taking, in triumph's hour, a generous tone;
Uplift the fallen foe
And affably restore the *status quo*."

Fool's talk and idle. In this Dance of Death
The man who called the piper's tune must pay,
Nor can he stop at will for want of breath.
Though War you chose, and chose its opening day,
It lies not in your power
To stay its course or fix its final hour. O. S.

IN THE AIR IN 1940.

["Wars of the future will be waged in the air . . . cities will be laid waste in a night."—*Press.*]

April 20, 1940.—Liberia, in a moment of Ministerial exuberance, sends a Note to China alleging the death of a Krooboy subject who had been forced to study the Chinese language. An indemnity of £100,000,000 is asked.

April 22.—China, mildly surprised, promises investigation. Owing to an oversight, however, the reply is sent in Chinese characters, which gives the Liberians a just *casus belli*.

April 23.—Liberia despatches her one airship to China *viâ* Tibet. Many bombs are dropped on the Chinese Empire and several rice-fields are quite spoilt. The Chinese Ambassador, whom the airship conveyed from Liberia, is also dropped—and spoilt.

April 24.—China sends four airships to bomb Liberia. These, however, are unable to locate the Black Republic and return, after dispensing with the company of the Liberian Ambassador while over Lake Chad.

April 26.—China addresses a curt Note to Liberia, requesting her to be good enough to state her exact whereabouts.

May 1.—The Grand Lama directs a plaintive Note to Liberia, alleging that on April 23 a Liberian airship violated the neutrality of Tibet.

May 3.—Liberia, never having heard of Tibet, but believing the G.L. to be a species of camel and a great fetish, publishes an apology in *The Liberian Times (and Advertiser)*, which, however, does not circulate in Tibet.

May 4.—China, after exhaustive inquiries, despatches another air-fleet, but again fails to locate her quarry.

May 5.—Liberia again raids China by air. Some stones in the Great Wall are badly chipped.

May 7.—Liberia issues her first official communiqué through the medium of *The Liberian Times (and Advertiser)*:—"On the night of May 5–6 our Naval and Military airship attacked the Chinese cities of Pekin, Hankow and others too intricate of pronunciation to be mentioned here. Incendiary and explosive bombs were dropped on the fortifications, gun emplacements, waterworks and waxworks at Pekin. A battery and many hens were silenced at Hankow. Our entire air-fleet returned safely and hurriedly."

May 9.—The G.L. of Tibet sends another Note to Liberia, protesting against a further grave infringement of neutrality, several eggs of dubious quality and the remnants of an unsavoury stew having been dropped from a Liberian airship on Tibetan territory on the night of May 5–6.

May 11.—Liberia publishes another apology and sacks her air *chef*.

May 13.—Two squadrons of Chinese airships scour the globe but cannot find Liberia. Several are forced to land in the Arctic Circle and are interned by the Esquimaux.

May 15.—The G.L. of Tibet sends another Note to Liberia.

May 16.—Liberia, owing to a paper shortage, makes no reply.

May 17.—Liberia adopts the Group System.

May 18.—Introduction of "starring and badging" in Liberia. Owing to a slight miscalculation all trades and professions are "reserved."

May 19.—Liberia abandons Group System.

May 24.—Liberia again despatches her airship to China *viâ* Tibet. The raider falls in flames near the Forbidden City, the commander having been rather careless with his cigar in one of the gas chambers.

May 25.—The G.L. of Tibet buys a typewriter and some carbon sheets, and begins a campaign of daily Notes to Liberia.

May 26–June 5.—Liberia lies low.

June 7.—China, after fifteen futile attempts to locate Liberia, sues for peace, asking Liberia to send an envoy who will be able to guide airships carrying Peace delegates and the first instalment of indemnity to Liberia.

July 12.—Ten Chinese airships, loaded with Peace delegates and money, and piloted by the Liberian envoy, travel to the Black Republic. Arrived over the much-sought country, the Peace delegates drop their pilot and aid the airships' crews in wiping Liberia off the face of the earth.

July 14.—The G.L. of Tibet disposes of his typewriter at a considerable loss.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch is bound to plead for THE CHILDREN'S AID COMMITTEE, who undertake the care of the motherless children of our fighting men, feeding and clothing them and finding homes for them in the country. This labour of love has far outgrown the modest scope of its original plan and now stands in urgent need of assistance. Except for a Christmas Gifts Fund no appeal has yet been made to the public in the Press. Mr. Punch is very confident that he will not ask in vain for help in a cause that so nearly touches the hearts of all; and that he may rely on his many generous readers to see that this good work does not fail, both for the children's sake and for the comfort of their fathers who are fighting our battles.

Gifts of money and clothing, and offers of hospitality will be very gratefully acknowledged by Miss MAXWELL-LYTE, Hon. Treasurer of The Children's Aid Committee, 9, South Molton Street, London, W.



PUFFING BILLY.

William Junior. "I SAY, FATHER, I BELIEVE THE DAM THING'S PUNCTURED!"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

LAND-LADIES.

A Farm,
Somewhere in the Country.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I 'm on the land! *Several* of us are on the land! No one need worry any more about agriculture and rotation of crops and all that sort of thing being stopped by the War. *We* 're going to see to it. It is positively *enthralling* work! Lady Manœuvrer wrote me an agonised letter the other day, asking me if I thought there 'd be any season in London, and if it would be worth her while to take a house and give some parties for Bluebell. And I wrote back: "Please—*please* don't talk to me about London and seasons and parties! I know absolutely *nothing* of such matters. I 'm on the land!" And I wound up with, "This comes hopping," in real farmers' style.

I wish you could see me ploughing, dearest. My ploughman's pinny, big soft hat and leggings are a dream. (*A propos*, the "ploughman's pinny" is going to be *the* summer coat this year.) Oh, my Daphne, I plough such an adorable furrow! Yesterday, when I was at it, the oldest inhabitant came and leaned on a gate to watch me—one of those fearful creatures, you know, who 've lived through six reigns and can read small print and smoke six pipes a day, and end by getting into the daily papers.

"Be you one o' they fine Lunnon ladies wot 'ave come to these parts to blay at varmin'?" he asked.

"We haven't come to *play* at farming," I told him; "we 've come to take the men's places and help save the country."

"Yon 's a wunnerful bad furrow," said the creature. "And what be goin' to sow in it?"

"Oh, corn or chaff, or whatever it is people eat, I suppose," I said.

"Seems to Oi the right crop for such a wunnerful crooked furrow as yon 'ud be *tares*," said the horrid old thing; "but happen you don't know what tares be—happen you don't read your Bible."

I was starting up the field again by that time and paid no more attention to him. The oldest inhabitant is *proverbially* a most unpleasant character, I believe. Beryl and Babs are also doing very well down here. And now that we 've learned all about farming and agriculture we 're training *numbers* of girls and putting them on the land. (*Entre nous, chérie*, it 's not so difficult to *put* them on the land as to *keep* them on it. Some of them are a wee bit inclined to "put their hands to the plough and look black," to quote dear SHAKSPEARE, that we 've all been talking of so much lately.) Beryl has developed positively *shining* gifts as a *driver*. She drives cattle into the nearest market town twice a week, and does it *à merveille*. (I *can't* say the dear thing's drover's coat and hat are becoming—indeed, I never saw her look worse!) She has a large class of women and girls learning to be drovers. But unluckily, the other day, there was a regrettable little affair. Beryl was taking a big herd of cattle along to the market town, with her class in attendance, when one of the bullocks stopped to nibble at the hedge. Beryl told a girl in the class to give it a tap and send it on.

"I 'm afraid to," said the girl.

"Oh," said Beryl, "you city girls are duffers at country life! What 's there to be afraid of?" and she went up to the bullock and gave it a smart whack with her drover's stick. "Come," she said, "no nonsense! Go on with the others," and she gave it a harder whack.



Recruit (*much perturbed*). "IF YOU PLEASE, SERGEANT, THE OTHER FELLOWS SAY I 'VE GOT TO GROW A MOUSTACHE."

Sergeant. "OH, THERE 'S NO COMPULSION ABOUT GROWING A MOUSTACHE, MY LAD; BUT YOU MUSTN'T SHAVE YOUR UPPER LIP."

In a moment the creature turned upon her with a simply *odious* expression in its eyes and began to bellow; and *then*, dearest—*wasn't* it a pity?—Beryl suddenly lost her nerve, dropped her drover's stick, and climbed to the top of a big gate near at hand, while the class ran back along the road, shrieking. As for the cattle, terrified by the shrieks of the class, they took to their heels (if they have such things), and were finally stopped by a farmer, who drove them into the market himself.

Everyone 's so glad General Dodderidge is better. You remember his marrying Mittie Jermyn *en troisièmes noces* some years ago? The wedding was at Newmarket; Mittie was married in her racing colours, and her famous Oaks and One Thousand winner, "Give-'em-beans," was her only bridesmaid. It was quite a nice marriage, but they 've not seen much of each other for several years. Poor Mittie was fearfully *affaissée* when the War hit racing so hard; but she 's found herself again now, and the last we heard of her she was buying and breaking horses for the Remount Department somewhere in the world. The dear General, being enormously old, couldn't take any part in the War, but he was like the war-horse, you know, dearest, mentioned by the Psalmist, that "sayeth Ha, ha! through a trumpet"; he read *every* daily and weekly paper, with all the conflicting reports from both sides, till at last he was in a frightful state. Sir William Kiddem took him in hand, he said, only just in time to save his cerebral spheres and nerve centres from doing something horrible in a dozen syllables. And now, with newspapers taboo and a milk and egg diet, the old darling is so much better that he helped at our matinée in town the other day in aid of the "Fund for Manicuring Amateur Farm Hands."

All the people one knows were perfectly sweet in placing their talents at one's disposal for the benefit of the Fund. (Has it ever struck you, my Daphne, how *much* readier people are to offer their *talents* than their *money?*—even though they may have *immensely* more of the latter than the former.) It was a tremendous programme. General Dodderidge, who said he 'd been considered a very good ventriloquist in his time, gave a turn with



Judge. "ANYTHING TO SAY?"

Prisoner. "WELL, NOT MESELF, ME LORD. BUT IF YOU 'LL ALLOW ME LITTLE DAUGHTER HERE TO RECITE A PASSAGE OUT O' 'THE MERCHANT O' VENICE'——"

one of those doll-things. I'm sure it was a topping turn, because the dear General laughed so often himself at the things he was saying. Several people, however, said that the voice, when they could hear it, seemed to be always the General's and never the doll's; but there 'll always be grumblers.

The gem of the afternoon was certainly Hermione Shropshire's song and dance, "Sal of the Supper Club." She was coached by the famous Jenny Jolliwell, who 's called "The Diva of the Dials;" and I hear that Jenny (who was one of our programme-sellers) said afterwards, "Lumme, duchess, you went one better than me, you did, straight! If I dared to give 'Sal' like that at the Syndicate Halls I 'd have the Lord High What 's-his-name down on me in two ticks!"

Wasn't that a triumph for dear Hermione?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

Vaulting Ambition.

The Germans seem to have adopted a new method of hiding their losses. We read in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* that the attack on the Mort Homme "has brought no kudos to the Crown Prince—only more catacombs."

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

XIII.—Ladywell.

THE Lady sat
On the brink of the Well;
She lost her balance
And in she fell!
They fished her up
With a crooked pin;
She came out wetter
Than she went in.
"Well, Lady, well?"
"Sir, very ill!
If you sit by the Well
You are certain to spill."

XIV.—Shepherdess Walk.

Walk, Shepherdess, walk,
And I 'll walk too,
To find the ram with the ebony horn
And the gold-footed ewe;

The lamb with the fleece of silver
Like Summer sea-foam,
And the wether with the crystal bell
That leads them all home.

Walk, Shepherdess, walk,
And I 'll walk too,
And if we never find them
I shan't mind—shall you?

"Wanted, cast-off clothing for pen of profitable pedigree bantams."—*The Lady.*
Moulting already?

ENGLAND CAUGHT OUT.

As detected through German Spectacles.

THE malignant and perfidious English have again to eat their own words. Indeed, they have eaten them. It will be remembered that on every occasion of one of our glorious Zeppelin raids our official report of the damage done, notwithstanding the meticulous accuracy which those who draw up the reports impose upon themselves, has been angrily contradicted by the English Press, always under some heading attributing habitual mendacity and wilful and continuous dishonesty to the German headquarters.

Germans do not lie. There is no need. Their deeds are so terrific and sweeping as it is that the slightest embroidery or exaggeration would produce an effect to stagger humanity. Hence when our reports said on one occasion that our Zeppelins had irretrievably damaged the fortified town of Margate, and on another occasion that our Zeppelins had practically destroyed the formidable garrison of Ramsgate, and on a third occasion that our Zeppelins had almost eliminated that English Kronstadt, Yarmouth, and on a fourth occasion that the menacing citadel of

Cromer had been reduced to ruins, and on a fifth occasion that the hitherto impregnable fortress of Lowestoft had become pregnable owing to the wonderful science of the revered Count ZEPPELIN—when our reports said these things they recorded facts, although the reptile English Press instantly hissed out denials and attacks.

But justice will prevail, even in England, although one may have to wait long for it. And now, some while after these magnificently successful raids, the admission is made that our official reports, so suspect and derided, were right all the time. In one of the leading English papers we find the following words in an article entitled, "Prospects for the Summer Holidays." For it seems that, in spite of the famine and other hardships which the immortal German army and supreme German navy are inflicting upon England, some of these trivial islanders are proposing to go to the seaside as usual this year—either out of a paltry bravado or by arrangement with the Government to create an illusion of prosperity and composure. But, whereas normally the watering-places of the whole country are open to them for their obscene and brutish frolics, this year they are not expected to patronise the East coast—that is to say the English shores of the German Ocean. And why? The reason is not without its flattery to us; and it also carries with it the damning admission of the absolute exactitude, the minute veracity of the German official reports of the Zeppelin raids which previously the English papers had conspired to impugn. We give the precise words:—

> "There is, we fear, every reason to anticipate a barren season for the East Coast resorts, usually so popular. From Margate and Ramsgate, right up through Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Cromer and Cleethorpes to Scarborough and Whitby, they have, it cannot be denied, been *badly hit* by the Zeppelin raids."

The italics are ours. Note them well, for they are the measure of English turpitude. When, after our shattering and comprehensive raids had occurred, one by one, always with such devastating fury and precision, our reports announced that these very towns had been "badly hit" (mark the phrase!), the English Press once more accused us of perversion and dissimulation. How right we were is now proved. In fact it seems that we understated the case, for we gather that a very large number of East Coast towns have been badly hit by our irresistible machines of retribution—far more than we knew.

If we wait long enough we shall doubtless find somewhere in an English paper the verification of other of our claims, which at the time were treated with contempt—such, for example, as the glorious destruction of Liverpool and Manchester by bombs from the sky. All that we need is a little patience.

CHERCHEZ LES TABLEAUX;

OR, THE CULPRIT À LA MODE.

DURING the trial of George Smith for obtaining the sum of five hundred pounds by means of a forged cheque, it was proved that the prisoner spent a portion of the money in the purchase of a ninepenny admission to a local cinema. The learned judge, speaking with considerable warmth, observed that he hoped the Press would make a careful note of that fact. It entirely confirmed a belief he himself had long held, namely, that the existence of such places afforded a temptation to wrong-doing that was nothing short of a public menace. He only wished that he had power to sentence the proprietor. (Applause.)

During the hearing of a petition for breach of promise of marriage, evidence was given that the behaviour of defendant had changed since he witnessed the performance of a certain film entitled, "Mr. Quiverful keeps House."

Mr. Dodge, K.C. (for the plaintiff) put in a scenario of the film, showing that it represented the troubles of a paterfamilias forced to look after a crowd of children, pacify indignant servants, and the like. It was unquestionable that such an exhibition might produce a very serious effect upon a timid and impressionable bachelor.

His Lordship. It is perfectly monstrous that such things should be tolerated.

Counsel, continuing, said he believed that there was also introduced a mother-in-law. At this point the jury stopped the case, and awarded the plaintiff three thousand pounds damages.

Arrested on a charge of severely wounding a neighbour with a shot-gun, a prisoner at Birmingham pleaded that he had been led astray by a visit paid to a picture-house, where films of cowboy life were being exhibited. It was true that his parents were both doing time, and he had two uncles in an asylum, but he attributed his own downfall entirely to the pernicious influence of the cinema.

The Judge. I am glad you appreciate that fact.

Counsel for the defence here stated that the victim was now ascertained to have been a writer of picture-plays.

The Judge. Why didn't you say so before? That entirely alters the complexion of the case. I am not sure that the prisoner has not rendered a public service.

By direction of his Lordship the charge was subsequently amended to one of using firearms without a licence, and, a nominal fine having been imposed, the accused left the dock amid general congratulations.

SONNET TO A YOUNG ASS.

(On hearing it correctly imitate the hoot of a motor-horn.)

"Poor little foal of a despisèd race"—
Thus in an earlier day a poet broke
Into blank verse about thee, and awoke
Compassion for thy patient, pleading face.
But time thy ancient burden of disgrace
Has ta'en away long since, and, though in joke
Sometimes we may address thee as "the moke,"
No more we seek thy service to debase.
For thou art changed, O much-enduring ass!
No longer scorned but honoured in our day,
When an entire and influential class—
Our politicians—emulate thy bray;
Whilst thou, in bland reciprocal salute,
Hast tuned thy note to mock the motor's hoot.

> "The balloon immediately began to drift over the enemy's lines. Although he threw his rifle, field glasses, and everything movable overboard, the balloon went still higher."
> *Continental Daily Mail.*

Well, what did he expect?

> "APPRENTICE.—Smart Lad to learn up-to-date business; must be mechanically bent."
> *Liverpool Echo.*

The simple plan of putting him across your knee will not suffice.

From a review of Sir CHARLES WALDSTEIN'S *Aristodemocracy* in an evening paper:—

> "That, however, is only a side-issue in a volume which treats the provident questions of politics with perfect humility and with much persecution. It is a book which, as we began by saying, deserves a much better title."

Some people might even say that it deserved a better reviewer.

The Chalmers Invasion.

With Sir ROBERT CHALMERS as the new Irish Under-Secretary and Sir MACKENZIE CHALMERS (no relation) as one of the members of the Commission of Enquiry into the Rebellion, Ireland no doubt will find another grievance, singing:

> How happy could I be with either,
> Were t' other dear Chalmers away!



Expert in Military Matters. "HE SAID HE WAS AN OFFICER; BUT I KNEW HE WASN'T, COS HE HADN'T A BUSTER BROWN BELT ON."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XL.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The weather has changed and War has resumed a less uncomfortable aspect. The last I heard of our friend Persius Adolphus (now promoted to the giddy heights of Second-Lieutenant, but still referred to, in the privacy of the traverse, as "Perse") he was living *al fresco* in his little bit of trench, leading the sinful life with a pot of *pâté de foie gras* in the one hand and the latest number of *La Vie Parisienne* in the other. It takes a lot of H.E. to distract a man's attention from these luxuries, which goes to show that, if at times it is a short life, it is in spring a merry one, and a twenty-franc note will in these parts provide a man with all the most extravagant pleasures of the idle rich for a month.

To the officer in the trench, Battalion Headquarters, a few hundred yards to the rear, is a veritable pleasaunce far removed from the din and worry of battle. To the C.O. and his satellites, putting up with their dangers and discomforts for a noble cause, Brigade Headquarters, a mile down the road, is a palace of safety and ease, where any man but a fool of a Brigadier would remain. To the Brigade Staff, grimly holding on in its rough and perilous fortress, the Divisional villa is the ideal of quiet residences. To the Divisional Staff, suffering silently, the Corps Château is all that a man could ask in the way of handsome furnished apartments. And to the Corps Staff it is ever a matter of surprise that its miserable hovel can be contemplated without a blush by the Army Staff, revelling, as the latter does, in every modern convenience. The Army Staff says nothing but thinks bitterly of those at G.H.Q., and by the time it gets to the War Office I couldn't tell you what the grouse is or whose the envied lot. The real wallower out here is, if we all did but know it, some little known and unobtrusive C.O. of some special company, with a village to himself, half-a-dozen châteaux to choose from, more motors than he knows what to do with, and, wickedest and worst, a real bath to wash in.

Be that as it may, the eyes of all rest upon the same unwarlike pictures torn from the same least bellicose journal. From dug-out to palace, faded walls are decorated with the same three-colour process divinities, whose expressions are as arch as arch and whose clothing is typical of the wonderful economy of the French. Through the clamour of bursting shells or the din of the military typewriter, turning out its thousand "Pass Memos." to the hour, these fair Parisiennes continue to smile unperturbed, until some officer, callous rather than modest, hides their bright blue eyes and bright red cheeks under a pile of official telegrams relating to picks and shovels, gas protectors and other sordid and unromantic matter.

Meanwhile the motor lorries creep demurely along the country lanes, coming nobody knows whence, going nobody knows whither. Now and then they will pause in a convenient ditch, rubbing their wheels briskly in the mud to restore the circulation. A less restful sight is the military car, proceeding at a pace never exceeding twenty kilometres per hour, the occupants of which have also, these days, adopted the three-colour process, a sure sign that we are winning. Fortune favours the brave, and the lightning despatch-rider as often as not will pass through the lot, with the loss



LEST WE FORGET.

"*Combed-out*" *Gentleman (to pal, also about to be called up).* "WHAT ABOUT 'AVIN' OUR PHOTOS TOOK? WE SHALL BE IN KHAKI TO-MORROW, AND I SHOULD LIKE TO FEEL I 'AD SOME RECORD OF WHAT I'VE LOOKED LIKE."

of little more than a couple of limbs and half-a-dozen spare parts. Even so, he will not omit to salute you, as you stand off the road, a sight which has a peculiar thrill of its own, since the salute of a motor cyclist consists in his looking fixedly in one direction and proceeding recklessly in another. You cannot help appreciating his courtesy, but in your more nervous moments you can't help wishing he wouldn't do it.

By way of contrast to the business of it all is the light-blue Gendarme, unaffected by the entourage of war, ambling peacefully where he will, greeting all and sundry with an expansive smile and growing momentarily ruddier and more fat in his happy face. It is his work in life to get in nobody's way and do no man any harm; it is his pleasure to wear upon his head a helmet of the truest steel, of a type created to ward off hostile shrapnel, but worn by him for the same good reason for which a miller wears a white hat. I count amongst the best of my newly-found friends a certain *chef* of this merry and bright *escadron*. An ex-Cavalry Officer, he fought through the earlier stages of the War, undaunted by many misadventures. Since he took to the less hazardous pastime of commanding *gendarmerie*, he has found life not so precarious, may be, but a good deal more intricate.

He will tell you, if you ask him, the story of the sacred civilian automobile which he once ventured to stop in order to satisfy himself as to its contents. He did not recognise any significant halo surrounding it, though this should have been discernible even in the cloud of dust accompanying it. He had his written instructions to see that the credentials of all who drove through his zone should be *en règle*. Simple and ingenuous as he then was, written instructions were enough for him. The car approached him menacingly, but he stood his horse in the middle of the road and signed to it to stop. The car hooted with hoarse and defiant anger, and a sinister bowler hat was seen and angry words were heard at the window. None the less he stopped it at the risk of his life, and in his best manner (always a nice one) demanded credentials.

In wartime, one may interfere with Jupiter and be forgiven, but my Commandant had gone too far. He was lucky to find himself, at the conclusion of the correspondence, severely admonished and in receipt of an order to place himself under arrest for six days (which he did, choosing six wet ones).

The car contained a Deputy, no less.

The Commandant clings to the childlike belief that we manage these things better in England. What would have happened, he asked me, if he had been a British officer and the object of his attention merely a Member of Parliament? "Merely," indeed! I answered that the thing simply couldn't be conceived as happening with us. Our soldiers, I admitted, were amongst the bravest of the brave, but I had never yet met one reckless enough to dream of obstructing the slightest whim of a politician.

Meanwhile, Charles, don't forget to forward to me, day by day, the Official Communiqué from the Irish Front.

Yours ever, HENRY.

Shakspeare on Daylight Saving.

"It shall be what o'clock I say it is."
Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 3.



THE GOLDEN MOMENT.

Erin (*to Mr.* Redmond *and Sir* Edward Carson). "COME, MY FRIENDS, YOU 'RE BOTH IRISHMEN; WHY NOT BURY THE HATCHET——IN THE VITALS OF THE COMMON ENEMY?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARLIAMENTARY PILADEX—THE LATEST GAME AT WESTMINSTER.

INTRODUCED TO MESSRS. BALFOUR AND TENNANT BY MESSRS. CHURCHILL, JOYNSON-HICKS AND PEMBERTON-BILLING.

Monday, May 15th.—The continued absence of Mr. ASQUITH is causing much speculation in the Lobbies. Will the new Irish Privy Councillor come back from Dublin, like Lord BEACONSFIELD from Berlin, bringing peace with honour in his pack? Or will he, as so many British statesmen have done before, find the inherited hostility of Irishmen to one another an insuperable obstacle? An hon. and learned Nationalist was not encouraging. "When," he was asked, "were the seeds of this trouble sown?" "When STHRONGBOW came to Ireland," was the answer. "And when do you think it will be over?" persisted the questioner. "When the world 's at an end."

Last Session Mr. KING was easily the champion of Question-time. But this year, thanks to the Sinn Feiners, Mr. GINNELL is coming up with a rush. Mr. KING has however one consolation. Mr. GINNELL rarely extracts much information from Ministers; often it is nothing more than "There is no foundation for the allegation contained in the question." Whereas his rival, whose queries cover a much wider field, frequently elicits important facts. Like the rest of the world he has been puzzled by the coloured tabs now so commonly seen on officers' tunics. What did they mean? Mr. TENNANT for once was communicative. "I think," he said, "green stands for intelligence." Mr. KING is now more regretful than ever that he is over military age; the green badge would just suit his mental complexion.

Ever since the Military Service Bill came under discussion the public galleries have been full of men in khaki. As it seems difficult to believe that their presence is due to the intrinsic fascination of debates, which have been for the most part insufferably dull, another theory has been started. Should the opponents of the Bill become too obstructive and threaten its passage, will these doughty warriors leap over the barriers, drop down on to the floor of the House (in the manner already made historic this Session) and execute a new "PRIDE'S Purge"?

A rather unkind trick was played upon the Simonites by Mr. BARNES. He has a good deal of influence with the Government nowadays, and when he delivered an eloquent defence of conscientious objectors, describing them as the men who kept the spiritual fires burning, there were high hopes that he was going to secure an enlargement of the loopholes in the Bill. But as he went on to explain that his remarks only applied to genuine cases and had nothing to do with the shoal of frauds who had discovered a conscience within the last month or two, the enthusiasm below the Gangway fell so suddenly that you could almost hear it drop.

Tuesday, May 16th.—To invite the House of Lords to go in for daylight saving is rather like carrying coals to Newcastle. The Peers habitually set an excellent example in this respect. No matter what the importance of the subject under consideration they almost invariably manage to conclude its discussion before the dinner-hour.

Some of Lord LANSDOWNE's friends are beginning to fear that association with wicked Radicals like Lord CREWE is having a deteriorating effect upon his political faith. They were shocked to hear him allude almost disparagingly to the innate conservatism of the national temperament, which put Greenwich mean time on the same level as the Thirty-nine Articles. He even spoke disrespectfully of the sun, to the marked disapproval of that other shining light, Lord SALISBURY.

In the Commons the Simonites made a determined effort to get the minimum age raised from 18 to 19. But Mr. LONG was obdurate, though he promised that, subject to exceptional military necessity, no conscript should be sent abroad till he was 19. Eventually the Bill passed its Third Reading by 250 to 35.

A characteristically bitter speech from Mr. SNOWDEN evoked an appropriate retort from Sir ARTHUR MARKHAM. Observing that the Hon. Member had been against the War throughout, he charged him with "making vitriolic speeches and dropping acid drops in every direction." Mr. SNOWDEN (remembering the case of Mr. JOHN BURNS) may think himself lucky if he is not known as "The Acid Drop" for the rest of his political career.

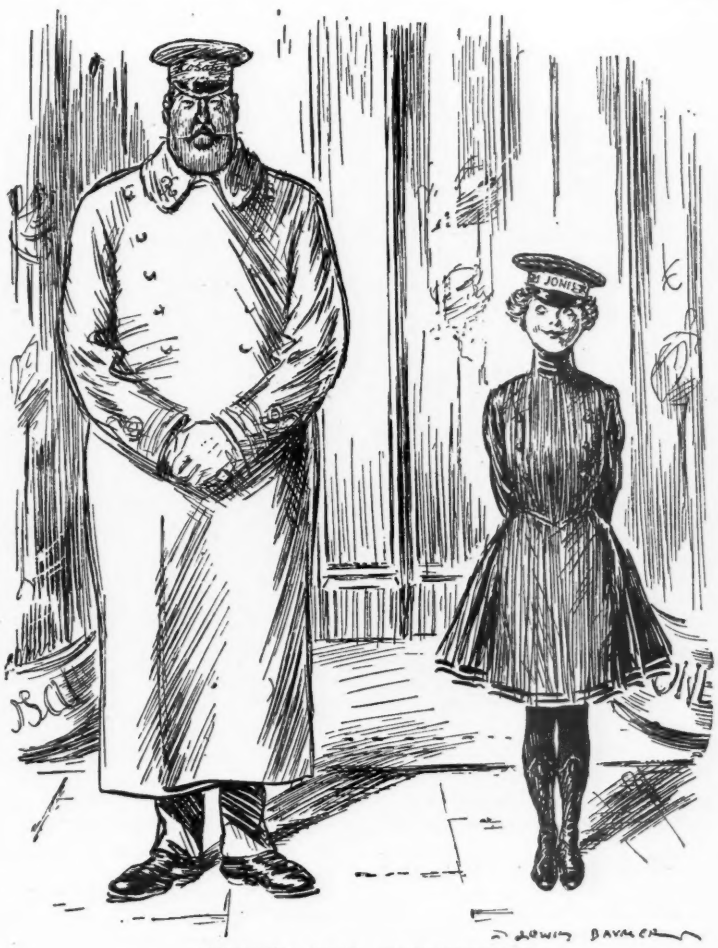
Wednesday, May 17th.—The Summer Time Bill passed into law to-day, in spite of the gloomy prognostications of Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH. He foresaw the time when the Committee of Privileges might be called upon to pronounce a new judgment of SOLOMON on the question whether a peerage should go to a boy born at 2.50 A.M. on October 1st or to his twin-brother, born actually half-an-hour later, but according to statutory time half-an-hour before.

While the Lords were illuminating the daylight the Commons were engaged in ventilating the air. The present administration of the Flying Services was severely criticised by Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS, who wanted an Air Minister—not Lord CURZON, but "someone with a reputation to lose." Mr. TENNANT promptly announced that the ex-Viceroy of India would be President of the new Air Board.

Colonel CHURCHILL launched into a lengthy history of the Air Services, from which we gathered that but for the exertions of a former First Lord, who used to divert money voted for hospitals and coastguard stations to the building of aeroplanes, the country would have had no aerial defences when the War broke out. He joined in the demand for an Air Ministry. In fact, he had himself proposed it to the PRIME MINISTER a year ago. It is possible that he even indicated a suitable person to fill the post.

Before the War it was sometimes said of Lord HUGH CECIL that his Parliamentary speeches were too much up in the clouds. Since he has taken to exploring those regions as a member of the Royal Flying Corps, that criticism no longer applies. In a severely practical speech he flatly contradicted the accusations that had been made against our Air Service, and boldly claimed that it was the most efficient in the world.

After that, Mr. BONAR LAW had a comparatively easy task in persuading the House to give the new Air Board a fair trial. In reference to the fears that had been expressed as to the powers to be accorded to its President he drily remarked that from his experience in the Cabinet he did not think Lord CURZON would be found lacking in personality.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE;
OR, THE RIVAL COMMISSIONAIRES.

All through the afternoon Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING had been popping up with questions, interjections and points of order. Now he rose to continue the debate, but Members had apparently had enough of him for one day. After a few minutes he suffered the most inglorious fate that can befall a Parliamentary crusader. One by one his audience melted away, until there was not enough left to make a House. "P. B." was counted out.

Thursday, May 18th.—Lord LANSDOWNE at least is not afraid of the new Order in Council prohibiting reference to Cabinet proceedings. In answer to complaints of the delay in introducing Compulsory Service he told the old story of the widow who married a widower, and complained to a friend that "*his* children are always fighting with *my* children and frightening *our* children." That, he implied, was what went on in the Coalition.

The Commons enjoyed a pretty little duel between two old friends. Ex-Professor HEWINS delivered a long lecture on elementary economics, leading up to the conclusion that we could not beat the Germans without an immediate dose of Tariff Reform. The House, expecting an equally solemn defence of Free Trade from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, was at once surprised and delighted when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rose to reply.

Though tied to the Tariff movement "by my heart-strings as well as by my head," he thought it would be imprudent to embark on it at this moment. After the War it would very likely meet with general consent. Mr. HEWINS must have felt like *Alice* with "jam yesterday, and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day."



"RECOLLECT THAT NIGHT—YOU AN' ME AN' OLE TURNIPTOPS WIV 'IS MOUTH-ORGAN IN THE WHITECHAPEL ROAD?"
"NOT 'ARF I DON'T."
"WELL, 'OW DID THAT TUNE GO?"

THEIR SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.

[It is reported that the citizens of Berlin are agitated about the serious difficulty that has arisen with regard to the removal of dust. A Berlin journal has championed their cause.]

I LOVE to catch such bits of local colour
As hide awhile the lurid hues of war,
And paint the fatuous Hun an even duller
Fool than we took him for.

I love to seize on every source of humour
That gives black care a very welcome shove—
I like, I mean to say, the sort of rumour
Recited up above.

Berlin, you see, has grown of late so gritty
That half the pop. is troubled to the quick,
Finding the dust of that unwholesome city
Is just a bit too thick.

Well, I have read about some other grumblers
With curious similarity of soul
Who left untouched the gnats that thronged their tumblers,
But drank their camels whole.

So here your Hun, denouncing this condition
Of his uncleanly city's upper crust,
Flatly declines to have his earthly vision
Clogged with material dust,

Yet, all unconscious of the draught he's taking,
Swallows the stuff in pharisaic wise
With which his rulers have for years been making
A dustbin of his eyes.

DAYLIGHT SAVING.

A NURSERY VIEW.

LAST Sunday morning an hour was lost. The children had been discussing the question beforehand.

"Where will it go?" asked one.

"I suppose the fairies will take it," said Joyce.

"Perhaps it will go behind the clock," said another.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'd like to do," said Joyce deliberately. "I'd like to get up in the middle of the night, when the hour is going to be lost, and put on my dressing-gown without waking Nannie, and go out into the garden and see for myself how they lose it. It's sure to be about somewhere."

"You couldn't," said one of the others. "Nannies always sleep so that they wake up at once if you move. You'd never get up without her knowing."

"Well, why do they want to lose it?" asked Joyce, realising that the last argument was unanswerable and so darting off on to a new train of thought altogether.

"Because they'll save a lot of other hours that way. And then, you see, if we get up earlier we shan't have to pay the pennies for gas and electric light, and all those pennies can go to help Daddy win the War."

"Yes, but where will the hour be gone?"

And so we came back to the beginning again.

There was a long pause.

"Well," concluded Joyce, on a note of finality, "it's a very good plan anyway."

That settled it.

"MR. BIRRELL'S REBELLION REVELATIONS."

"Westminster Gazette" Contents Bill.

But in justice to the late CHIEF SECRETARY it should be said that the Sinn Feiners also had a hand in it.



P.C. O'Leary. "MOVE ON THERE, AND DON'T BE OBSTHRUCTING THE THOROUGHFARE!"
Interested Spectator. "WOT 'ARM AM I DOIN' OF?"
P.C. O'Leary. "SURE IF EVERY WAN WOS TO STAND IN THE WAN PLACE, HOW WOULD THE REST GO BY?"

THE QUARTERMASTER.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO NEW OFFICERS.

How delicate must be the young man's dealings
With those who hold the regimental reins;
How sensitive he finds the Major's feelings,
How constantly the Adjutant complains;
Yet any youth of reasonable phlegm
Should be at ease with some at least of them,
But, mind you, there is only one Q.M.,
And he, I think, requires the greatest pains.

For he provides his own peculiar terrors,
His own pet penalties, his special scores;
He little recks your mere strategic errors,
He marks unmoved the feeblest kind of fours;
'Tis naught to him how Private Thompson shoots,
Only he must not wear civilian boots;
And all the officers may act like brutes
If they commit no sin against the Stores.

Then, like the octopus, that all day dallies
In loathly caverns, loving not the sun,
Till prying trespassers provoke his sallies,
He waddles forth and gives the culprit one;
Unrolls, like tentacles, by fold and pleat,
Some hoary form, some long-forgot receipt,
And stamps the fellow liar, thief and cheat—
There is no argument; the man is done.

And evermore, however slight the caper,
His name, his credit in the Stores is black;
If he but supplicate for emery-paper,
Or seek small articles his soldiers lack,
He will be lucky if they fail to look
His record up in some avenging book,
And say, "I thought as much—the man who took
A bar of soap and never brought it back."

Be careful, then, and court the man's compassion;
Note how the gods, in old Olympian years,
Would woo Hephaestus's, that used to fashion
Stout shields and suchlike for his godly peers;
How upstart deities, who feared not Zeus
And gave Poseidon something like abuse,
Approached him sweetly and were quite profuse,
Lest he be cross and serve them out no spears.

Nor in the trenches should your tact diminish,
For there, still stern with casual issue notes,
He will determine when the food must finish,
And stint his rum to undeserving throats;
And what if in some struggle he should say,
"Look here, this battle can't go on to-day;
You'll get no hand-grenades, no S.A.A.,
Till Simpson signs for all those overcoats"?

Mormonism in England?

"A Minister's Wives' Meeting will be held at Whitefield's, Tottenham Court Road."

FROM THE FRONT.

"HURRAH!" I said, "I've got a letter from the Front."

"Well done!" said Francesca. "Who's it from?"

"From Walter. It's not a very long one."

"That doesn't matter a bit. The great thing is to have one from the Front, even if it's only to thank you for a pair of socks."

"Mine's better than that," I said. "It runs into nearly two pages."

"Yes," she said, "but it doesn't tell you much, now does it?"

"No, to tell you the truth it doesn't. They're under an honourable obligation, you know, not to reveal things."

"Poor boys! It isn't much a Second-Lieutenant could reveal, is it. There's nothing said in your letter about Sir DOUGLAS HAIG having called Walter up to Headquarters——"

"You mustn't say Headquarters; you must say G.H.Q. if you want to impress people."

"I'm not talking to people; I'm talking to you. There's nothing said in your letter, is there, about Walter having been asked by Sir DOUGLAS HAIG to draw up a plan for the Big Push?"

"No, there isn't; but Walter would draw up a dozen if he were asked. He's that sort."

"Don't talk about my first cousin once removed in that flippant way."

"I'm not."

"You are, and it's most ungrateful of you."

"Ungrateful?"

"Yes, ungrateful. He's written you a letter that you'll be able to chat about for a fortnight. I can hear you mentioning it to your train-friends, Major Boger and Dr. Apthorpe. You'll bring it in in a careless kind of way. 'I've had a letter,' you'll say, 'from a chap at the Front, a cousin of my wife's, and he tells me they're expecting a move now at any moment.' Then they'll both say, 'Ah,' as if they didn't think much of your chap, and each of them will produce a chap of his own with some highly private information about the CROWN PRINCE having been taken to a lunatic asylum in a motor-car so heavily iron-clad that nobody could see who was inside, but he was recognised by his shrieks; and Dr. Apthorpe will cap it all with some cock-and-bull story about German ships having bombarded one another in the Canal last week. And so you'll get to London."

"Francesca," I said, "you are a holy terror. How do you know all these things? You have never travelled to London with Major Boger and Dr. Apthorpe, and yet you're able to misrepresent them as if you'd heard them speak every day of your life. It's wonderful."

"Clever fellow," said Francesca; "we won't pursue the question of your boastings. They're innocent enough, I dare say. Let me hear what Walter actually does say in his letter."

"Well," I said, "he doesn't actually say very much. The weather is fine, he says, and his particular lot have been having rather a slack time lately. There was a stampede of horses last week, but his Battery was not involved in it, and would I mind sending him a packet or two of chocolate, some strong brown boot-laces and a briar-root pipe, he having broken his last one, and he's never felt fitter in his life, and anybody who wants to know what health is had better come out to France at once. That's about all; but you can read it for yourself." I handed it over to her and she skimmed through it.

"I'll tell you what," she said, "I strongly advise you not to show this letter about."

"I certainly shall show it," I said, "but only to friends."

"Well," she said, "I wouldn't even do that, unless you want to get Walter into trouble."

"What nonsense!" I said. "It's the most discreet and honourable letter I ever received."

"Yes," she said, "but it's so cheerful. If certain newspapers got hold of it there wouldn't be any peace for Second-Lieutenant Walter Carlyon. He'd be told he was like all other Englishmen—he didn't take a serious view of the War. Then they'd say that he was one of the men who were responsible for the French not understanding us, and for the Russians failing to appreciate our efforts, which, indeed, could hardly be called efforts at all, and for the Italians despising us as we deserved to be despised for tolerating such a Government as we were afflicted with—and lots more of the same sort, all because poor Walter doesn't go about in a state of perpetual gloom, as if he expected the whole of Great Britain to be sunk into the sea the next minute."

"Francesca," I said, "your warmth is excusable, and there's a good deal in what you say, but I shall show Walter's letter all the same."

"Well," she said, "when the storm bursts I shall let him know whom he's got to thank for it."

"I shall write to him," I said, "and warn him to write a really pessimistic letter next time, so that I may show it to influential people and get his name up."

"It'll be no good," she said. "Walter isn't one of that sort. He's cursed with a profound and unreasoning belief in his country, and, being an Englishman, he'll go to his grave if necessary believing that England is bound to win the War."

"And, by Jove," I said, "I thoroughly agree with him."

"Yes," she said, "and so do I, but it doesn't do to say so to everybody nowadays." R. C. L.

SPEED THE PLOUGH: A COUNTRY SONG.

As I was a-walking on Chilbolton Down
I saw an old farmer there driving to town,
A-jogging to market behind his old grey,
So I jumped up beside him, and thus he did say:—

"My boy he be fightin', a fine strappin' lad,
I gave he to England, the one boy I had;
My boy he be fightin' out over the foam,
An' here be I frettin' an' mopin' at home.

"But if there be times when 'tis just about hard
Wi'out his strong arm in the field an' the yard,
Why, I plucks my old heart up an' flicks the old grey,
An' this is the tune that her heels seem to say:—

"'Oh the hoof an' the horn, the roots an' the corn,
The flock in the fold an' the pigs in the pen,
Rye-grass an' clover an' barns brimmin' over,
They feed the KING'S horses an' feed the KING'S men!'

"Then I looks at my furrows to see the corn spring
Like little green sword-blades all drawn for the KING;
An' 'tis 'Get up, old Bess, there be plenty to do
For old chaps like me an' old horses like you.

"'My boy be in Flanders, he's young an' he's bold,
But they will not have we, lass, for we be too old,
So step it out lively an' kip up your heart,
For you an' me, Bess, be a-doin' our part—

"'Wi' the shocks an' the sheaves, the lambs an' the beeves,
The ducks an' the geese an' the good speckled hen,
The cattle all lowin', the crops all a-growin',
To feed the KING'S horses and feed the KING'S men.'"



THE GREAT GAME.

Subaltern (wounded four times at Gallipoli, about to rejoin after four months' sick leave). "CAN I GET A TRENCH DAGGER HERE?" *Shopwalker.* "TRENCH DAGGER? CERTAINLY, SIR. YOU'LL GET THAT IN THE SPORTS DEPARTMENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EXCEPT by keen politicians the fourth volume of Mr. BUCKLE'S *Life of Benjamin Disraeli* (MURRAY) may be found a little dull in comparison with its predecessors. That is not the fault of the biographer, who has done his best with a vast mass of somewhat dry material, but could not make this portion of his record so enthralling as that which preceded it or—we may confidently hope—that which will follow it. In 1855 DISRAELI had arrived at respectability, but had not yet attained power. The Conservative Party recognised that he was indispensable, but continued to withhold its full confidence, with the result that, although his brain still teemed with the great schemes formed in his hot youth, he had to defer their practical accomplishment and to devote himself to educating his party and its titular leader, Lord DERBY, for the day when the swing of the pendulum might give it a majority in the House of Commons. Only one great triumph came to him during these years in the wilderness. DISRAELI had never visited India, but, owing perhaps to his Eastern ancestry, he had a truer intuition of Oriental needs than most contemporary statesmen; and it was fortunate that it fell to him in 1858, during one of the brief periods when the Conservatives held office on sufferance, to carry the Bill which transferred the government of India from "John Company" to the Crown. The principles which he then laid down, and which eighteen years later he carried a stage further in the Imperial Titles Act, justify Mr. BUCKLE in claiming the Coronation Durbar of 1911 as "the logical conclusion of Disraeli's policy." Apart from this one episode the volume is mainly concerned with the reconstruction of the Conservative party—"at about the pace of a Tertiary formation"—with which DISRAELI'S voluminous correspondence with Lord DERBY was mainly concerned. Happily he had other correspondents, and, though too self-conscious to be a perfect letter-writer, he could be playful enough when writing to his wife or to Mrs. BRYDGES-WILLIAMS. In this volume Mr. BUCKLE has given us a careful portrait of the Politician DISRAELI; in his next we look to see a little more of the Man.

It is probable, I think, that you will not have turned many pages of *Brenda Walks On* (HUTCHINSON) before being struck by a certain pleasing incongruity between its matter and style. Sir FREDERICK WEDMORE is such an artist in words, so punctilious in the niceties of their employment, that to find him writing a story of modern stage-life, and using for it—with, as it were, a certain delicate deliberation—phrases peculiar to the jargon of the class of which it treats, gives one a series of small shocks. It is like hearing slang from a Dean. As a matter of fact, though, I was wrong in calling *Brenda Walks On* a story. It is rather a disquisition about stage people, stage art and life, and anything else whatever upon which Sir FREDERICK wishes to talk at the moment, from the beauties of the North-Eastern coast (the Scarborough part of the book carried me back to the far-off days of *Renunciations*) to the treasures of Hertford House. Even *Brenda's* chief suitor is capable of breaking off the avowal of his love to deliver a few well-chosen remarks about theatrical

rents and the hazards of management. This suitor, *Penfold*, is perhaps the nearest approach to an actual character that the book contains. He was a writer of papers upon the drama of whom the author observes, "With a ready pen, indeed, Heaven forbid that he should have been cursed! It was better to have a careful one, faithfully ordered, allowing him to make sensible utterance of some part of the knowledge and thought that were in him." Which, by a happy coincidence, is exactly my verdict upon the author's method in this graceful causerie.

Christina's Son (WELLS GARDNER) is a disarming book. It overcomes criticism by the direct simplicity of its attack, in which only later do you begin to suspect a concealed art. Miss W. M. LETTS tells a tale that (you might say) has nothing in it; nothing certainly at all sensational or strikingly original. But this story of a middle-class North-country woman grips the attention, and holds it, by some quality hard to define. *Christina*, as wife of a man whom she can never greatly love, and, later, as mother of a son whom she adores but only half understands, becomes, for all her commonplace environment, a figure that dwells in the memory because of what you feel to be its absolute truth. The atmosphere of the story is so crystal clear that every detail of its chief characters stands out with the distinctness of a landscape after rain. And because, by all the rules, these characters should be so little interesting, and the very provincial society in which the thirty or so years of the book pass is so entirely undistinguished, you are faintly astonished all the way through (at least I was) at not being bored. I see that one critic has praised a previous story by Miss LETTS for its humour. I should not have picked this out as a characteristic of *Christina's Son*. Rather has it a certain gravity and sobriety of aim, which in part explains its appeal; if there is humour it is generally below the surface and never insisted upon. There is a moment when its rather restrained style rises suddenly to rare beauty, where the theme is old age; and throughout there is a maturity of judgment in the writing that will make it perhaps less attractive to the young than to those whose outlook has reached the same stage.



A FAVOURITE OF THE HALLS WAS GREATLY PLEASED WITH THE NEW POSTER OF HIMSELF——



UNTIL HE CAME TO A HOARDING WHERE THE EXIGENCIES OF SPACE HAD PLAYED HAVOC WITH THE COMPOSITION.

If I were to give away the plot of Miss MARY L. PENDERED'S *The Secret Sympathy* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) I think that you would sniff. It is not likely to cause animated discussion in intellectual circles. We are introduced to a girl who, finding herself reduced from affluence to poverty, takes a garage and runs it with success, and we become acquainted with a chauffeur and a peer, and the former turns out to be—but that is just what I am not going to tell you. If you want a book in which the hero is a very perfect gentleman indeed and the villain really is a villain, then here you are. Miss PENDERED'S scheme is not too subtle, but what she has set out to do she has done, and done well. Although her characters play their part in the War, she resists the temptation to smother them with V.C.'s and other decorations, and for this abstinence and for *Miss Chetwynd*, a middle-aged spinster of shrewd sense and humour, I warmly commend her. I confess myself in love with *Miss Chetwynd* and should dearly like to hear her candid opinion of *The Secret Sympathy*. But I feel sure that, if she smiled a little at the wonderfulness of it all, her final verdict would be as benevolent as mine.

Mr. RICHARD MAHER'S *The Shepherd of the North* (MACMILLAN) looks a little like one of those rather elaborate Catholic tracts in form of a novel of which we have so many classic examples. *Mgr. Winthrop*, the Bishop of Alden, way up in the Adirondacks, was indeed a noble old fellow, somewhat given to long speeches, but with a great heart in the right place, and wise and tolerant withal. He was known and loved by the small farmers and lumber-men as *The White Horse Chaplain* for a deed of valour done in his youth in the Civil War. And he carried that high quality of courage into his work of defending his people against the machinations of the U. & M. Railroad, which swept down upon them and stuck at nothing, not arson on a Teuton scale or judicial murder, to get the prize it was after—valuable iron ore in the hills through which its track ran. However, it was the Bishop's oar, dexterously thrust in, which finally won the victory. There is a point which puzzles me considerably. The crisis of the story turns on the secret of the Confessional. A young man is accused of murder, and the Bishop, his friend, has heard the confession of the real murderer, so that his lips are sealed. But his fiancée also unwittingly overheard the essential of the confession screamed by the dying man. Mr. MAHER seems to think her bound by the same sacred ties as the Bishop, even to the point of allowing her lover to go to the chair because of her silence. But is that sound moral theology? I should doubt it. I ought to add that there's nothing to shock the most sensitive evangelical conscience, and quite a good deal to edify, instruct and entertain.

Overheard at a fashionable restaurant:—

1st Guest. I read in one of the Sunday papers that BENJAMIN FRANKLIN discovered the Daylight Saving Bill by noticing that the sun shines the moment it rises, and not several hours afterwards, as is popularly supposed.

2nd Guest. How interesting! By the way, FRANKLIN'S body has never been found since he discovered the North Pole.

3rd Guest. No, poor fellow, although STANLEY went in search of him.

1st Guest (correcting). He found him right enough, but FRANKLIN preferred to stop where he was. Rough on STANLEY.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONSCIENTIOUS objector told the Cambridge tribunal that he could not pass a butcher's shop without shuddering. The suggestion that he should obviate the shudders by going inside seems almost too simple a solution.

* * *

According to a report of the committee appointed to investigate the matter, water is the best agent for suppressing conflagrations caused by bombs. It is not suggested, however, that other remedies now in use for the purpose, such as the censorship of the Press, should be completely abandoned.

* * *

According to Reuter (whom we have no reason to doubt) a campaign is now being waged in German East Africa against giraffes, which have been inconveniencing our telegraphic system by scratching the wires with their necks. It will be remembered that the policy of using giraffes instead of telegraph poles was adopted by the War Office in the face of a strong body of adverse opinion.

* * *

It is reported that, as the result of the prohibition by Sweden of the exportation of haddock, salmon, cleverly disguised to resemble the former, are being sold by unscrupulous fishmongers in the Mile End Road.

* * *

An arsenal worker has pleaded for exemption on the ground that he had seven little pigs to look after. The Tribunal however promised him that in the German trenches he would find as many full-grown pigs to look after as the heart of man could desire.

* * *

"In showing how to use as little meat as possible," says a contemporary in the course of a review of the Thrift Exhibition of the National School of Cookery, "a cook mixed the steak for her pudding in with the pastry." This is a striking improvement upon the old-fashioned method of serving the pastry by itself and mixing the steak with the banana-fritters.

* * *

"A cricketer from the Front" (says an evening paper) "believes a lot of fellows would escape wounds if they would watch missiles more carefully." It would, of course, be better still if there was a really courageous umpire to cry "No-ball" in all cases of objectionable delivery.

* * *

Addressing the staff at SELFRIDGE'S on Empire Day, Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE said he was glad that President WILSON, "who had had his ear to the ground for a long time, had at last seemed to realise that the American nation was at heart wholly with the principles that animated the Allies in this world struggle." But why put his ear to the ground to listen? Does he imagine that the heart of the American nation is in its boots?

* * *

The Lord Mayor of LONDON states that he expects that within a couple of years he will be able to reach his estate, seventy miles from London, in half-an-hour by aeroplane. We hope his prophecy may be realised, but we cannot help wondering what would happen if his aeroplane were to turn turtle on the way.

* * *

A legal point has been raised as to whether a woman who, while attempting to kill a wasp, breaks her neighbour's window is liable for damages. Counsel is understood to have expressed the view that, if the defendant had broken plaintiff's window while trespassing through the same in pursuit of the wasp, or had failed to give the wasp a reasonable opportunity of departing peaceably, or if it could be shown that the wasp had not previously exhibited a ferocious disposition, then judgment must be for the plaintiff.



Retired Major (to mendicant who has claimed to have seen service in the South African War). "WRETCHED IMPOSTOR! THAT IS AN INDIAN MUTINY RIBBON."

Mendicant. "LUMME! *Is it?*"

"Here in a circular letter from the Home Office we find the sentence: 'The increase in the number of juvenile offenders is mainly caused by an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in cases of larceny.' In ordinary human language this only means that nearly twice as many children were caught thieving as in the year before. But it would be all that an official's place was worth to say so."

The Nation.

Certainly it would, if his duties required a knowledge of elementary arithmetic.

THE BRITISH DRAGON.

[The KAISER'S Chancellor, in an interview with the American journalist, KARL VON WIEGAND, accuses England of militarism, and alleges that we pursued towards Germany a policy of envelopment (*Einkreisungspolitik*).]

THEY mocked us for a peaceful folk,
A land that flowed with beer and chops;
NAPOLEON (ere we had him broke)
Remarked our taste for keeping shops;
And WILLIAM, in his humorous way,
Thought that we must have all gone barmy
Because we joined so large a fray
With so absurdly small an army.

Opinions alter. Now it seems,
Under our outer rind, or peel,
Deep at the core of England's schemes
There lurked a lust for blood and steel;
Herr BETHMANN-HOLLWEG he proclaims
The War was due to our intrigue and
Expounds our militaristic aims
Into the ear of Herr VON WIEGAND.

We are a dragon belching fire,
One of those horrors, spawned in hell,
Who come from wallowing in the mire
To crunch the innocent damosel;
And when we've nosed about and found
What looks to be a toothsome jawful
We call our mates and ring her round
With other dragons just as awful.

Prussia was ever such a maid;
Pink-toed and fair and free from guile
She frolicked in the flowery glade,
Pursuing Culture all the while;
Then, coached by GREY, the monsters came,
And their behaviour (something horrid)
BETHMANN condemns, and brands the blame
Upon the premier dragon's forehead. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XL.

(*From a German.*)

YES, and for the very reason that I am a German I am speaking to you, so that you may know what one German at least thinks of you and your deeds. For I know that even where you sit walled about by your flatterers, ramparted against the intrusion of any fresh breath of criticism, and protected by entanglements of barbed wire against any hint of doubt as to your god-like attributes—even there I know that my voice shall in time reach you, and you shall become aware that there is a German who dares to say of you what millions of Germans think and soon will dare to say.

You are the man, Sir, who by a word spoken in a seasonable moment might have forbidden the War, and this word you refused to speak because, knowing your own preparations for war and those of the nations whom you forced to be your enemies, you anticipated an easy and a swift triumph. You believed that, after spending a few thousands of men and a few millions of marks, victory would be yours, and you would be able, as an unquestioned conqueror, to dictate peace to those who had dared to oppose you. And thus in a few months at the most you would return to Berlin and prance along the flower-strewn streets at the head of your victorious and but little-injured regiments. It is told of you that lately, when you visited a great hospital crowded with maimed and shattered men, your vain and shallow mind was for a moment startled by the terrible sight, and you murmured, "It was not I who willed this." In part you were right. You did not consciously will to bring upon your country the suffering and the misery you have caused, because you were willing to take the gambler's chance; but in the sight of God, to whom you often appeal, you will not escape the responsibility for having steadily thrust peace and conciliation aside when, as I say, by one word you might have avoided war.

Germany, you will say, is a great nation and cannot brook being insulted and defied. Great Heaven, Sir, who denied that Germany was great? Who wished to insult or defy her? Not France, whose one desire was to live in peace; not Russia, still bleeding from wounds suffered at the hands of Japan; not England, still, as of old, intent on her commercial development, though anxious, naturally enough, for her Fleet; not Italy, bound to you by a treaty designed to guard against aggression. It is true that all nations were becoming weary of a violent and hectoring diplomacy, of a restless and jealous punctilio seeking out occasions for misunderstandings and quarrels, and rushing wildly from one crisis to another; but under your direction this intolerable system had been patented and put in operation by Germany and by no other nation. It was as though a *parvenu*, uncertain of his manners and doubtful as to his reception, should burst violently into a *salon* filled with quiet people and, having upset the furniture and thrown the china ornaments about, should accuse all the rest of treading on his toes and insulting him. So did Germany act, and for such actions you, who had autocratic power—you, at whose nod Chancellors trembled—you loved their tremors—and Generals quaked with fear—must be held responsible. What low strain of vulgarity was it, what coarse desire to bluster and rant yourself into fame and honour, rather than to deserve them by a magnanimous patience and a gentleness beyond reproach, that drove you on your perilous way? It was your pettiness that at the last plunged you into the War.

And now that you have been in it for little short of two years, how stands the Fatherland, and where are the visions of easy and all but immediate victory? Germany is bleeding at every pore. Her soldiers are brave; but to confirm you on your throne you force them day by day to a slaughter in which millions have already been laid low. That other nations are suffering too is for me no consolation. My thoughts are centred on Germany, once so nobly great, and now forced by a restless and jealous lunatic into a war to which there seems no end.

I sign myself in deep sorrow, A GERMAN.

"The Mahogany Tree."

A correspondent writes to Mr. Punch: "In this season's *Printer's Pie* your old friend and mine, Sir HENRY LUCY, speaks of '"the old mahogany tree" in Bouverie Street, under which THACKERAY for a while sat.' This tantalising sidelight makes many of us pine for fuller information. Did the incident occur on some particular occasion, or did the great novelist make a practice of this engaging form of self-effacement?"

"At a camp in Essex New Zealand troops joined with the local school children in the celebrations. The men paraded and the New Zealand flag was saluted. Afterwards there was a march past; the National Anthem, Kipling's 'Recessional,' and 'Lest we Forget' were sung."—*The Times.*

Mr. KIPLING seems to have got an encore.



HELD!

A REGRETTABLE INCIDENT.

Anne was standing in the hall looking like nothing on earth. One of the reasons why I gave in to Anne and married her was because of her repose. She can look more tragic than BERNHARDT, but she never makes a noise. In moments of domestic stress, as when the six hens we had purchased contributed one egg and that in the next garden (date of birth unknown), Anne assumes a plaintive smile that leaves the English language at the post. When the cook, who wears a frayed ulster ornamented with regimental badges ranging from the Royal Scots to the Brixton Cyclists, looked on the wine and went further, Anne did not blurt out crudities. Having shut the kitchen-door behind her, she simply entered the hall and walked smoothly to the plate where any persons who call may leave cards. Already she had soothed the house; and in that splendid silence, that pursuit of the commonplace, she had not merely calmed my dread of the scene that accompanies a cab and a constable, but had carolled, as it were, to Ethel the nursery-maid tilted over the second floor banisters that all was well, or nearly so.

Having stared gravely at a dusty card, which we all knew by heart, Anne turned her face and, raising her eyebrows about an eighth of an inch, shrugged her shoulders very slightly and passed on.

But on the present occasion there was, so far as I was aware, no domestic friction—we had boiled the hens—and I was, I admit, at a loss.

"Come, Herbert," said Anne gently. Then I knew that we were bankrupt—I mean, of course, more bankrupt. I knew that the Government, having crouched in leash, had sprung with a snarl upon the married man of forty-five.

We seated ourselves in Anne's room just as persons do upon the stage. Anne, leaning against the shutter, stared dreamily out of the window.

"Tell me," I said.

Anne is a great artist. She dabbed at her cheeks—but lightly, as though she scorned a tear—smiled bravely at me with moist eyes, and, walking to the mantelpiece, adjusted a Dresden shepherdess.

"You have heard me speak of the Ruritanian Relief Fund," she said in a splendid off-hand tone.

"Frequently," I responded, but not impatiently.

"It was, you remember, the only possible fund when dear Lady Rogerson heard about the War. All the other allied countries had been snapped up—there seemed for a while no chance, no hope. Lady Rogerson was so brave. She said to me at the time, 'My dear, we will not give in—we have as much right as anyone else to hold meetings and ask for money.'"

"And so you did, dear—surely you have been in the thick of it. Constantly have I seen appeals for Ruritania in the Press."



Boots (in Irish hotel). "I'VE FORGOTTEN, CAPTAIN, WHETHER YOU WANTED TO BE CALLED AT SIX OR SEVEN."
Voice from within. "WHAT TIME IS IT NOW?"
Boots. "EIGHT, YER HONOUR."

Anne permitted herself a faint gesture.

"Everything was going so well," she continued, dusting the shepherdess abstractedly. "We had a splendid committee, and Lady Rogerson was leaving for Ruritania with our Ladies' Coffee Unit this morning. They were going to provide hot refreshment for the gallant mountaineers as they marched through their beautiful mountain passes—they have them, haven't they, Herbert?"

"They must have," I said hotly. It was a nice state of affairs if they were going to back out of the coffee on that preposterous ground.

"At the last moment," she sobbed, and, dropping the shepherdess, was quite overcome. I was seriously concerned for poor Anne, whose affection for the Ruritanians was only rivalled by her ignorance of where the blessed country is.

"At the station," she said suddenly in a low voice, "news came that Ruritania was not even at war."

"Monstrous," I cried. "Most monstrous."

"So we all came back, and Lady Rogerson was so splendid and looked so brave in her sombrero and brass buttons. She explained how it was all her own fault—that old Colonel Smith had muddled the names of the Allies, and that we must be patient because who knew what might or might not happen in the future? But would you believe it, several of the Committee said the most awful things about Ruritania and poor Lady Rogerson, and in the middle of it all the telephone bell rang."

"Ah," I said, with a knowing look.

"And Lady Rogerson, after a moment, laid down the receiver, turned like BOADICEA, and said in a voice I shall never forget, 'Ladies and gentlemen, Ruritania declared war this afternoon. If the Coffee Unit starts immediately they can catch the night train.'"

Anne paused and made a little cairn of broken china on the mantelpiece.

"I'm so glad," I said, stroking her hand—"so glad. Lady Rogerson deserved her triumph."

Anne made no comment for a moment. When she spoke her voice was poignant.

"The Committee sang the National Anthem," she resumed miserably, "and we all put on our Ruritanian flags. A vote of confidence in dear Lady Rogerson was passed amidst tremendous enthusiasm, and the Coffee Unit set off for the station."

"It must now be on its way," I remarked briskly.

"No," said Anne, "never."

"But Ruritania?"

Anne trailed to the door. She was a wonderful artist in effects.

"Ruritania declared war"—

"I know, my dear—you said so"—

"Upon the Allies," added Anne, and left the room.

It was, considering everything, a rotten thing for Ruritania to do.

Our Helpful Critics.

"Browning's *Sordello* was literature—but not actable drama."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The same remark applies to *Paradise Lost.*

THOUGHTS ON NEWSPAPERS.

I SWEAR that this article is not written in the interests of the newspaper trade.

If it bears fruit the newspaper trade will score, but that I cannot help. It is written in the larger interests of humanity and the sweeter life.

The situation briefly is this. One paper is not enough for any house, and some houses or families require many. In the house in which I write, situate in a foreign country, there are many exiles from England and only one paper, which arrives on the fourth day after publication (thus making Wednesday a terrible blank), and sometimes does not complete the round of readers until to-morrow. The result is that a bad spirit prevails. Normally open and candid persons are found concealing the paper against a later and freer hour; terminological inexactitude is even resorted to in order to cover such jackdaw-hoardings; glances become covetous and suspicious.

All this could be obviated.

I remember hearing of a distinguished and original and masterful lady (SARGENT has painted her) in the great days, or rather the high-spirited days, of *The Pall Mall Gazette*—when verse was called Occ, and it was more important that a leading article should have a comic caption than internal sagacity, and six different Autolyci vended their wares every week—who had fifteen copies of the paper delivered at her house every afternoon, and fifteen copies of *The Times* every morning, so that each one of her family or guests might have a private reading; and she was right.

A newspaper should be as personal as a toothbrush or a pipe, otherwise how can we tear a paragraph out of it if we want to?—as my friend, Mr. Blank, the historian, always does, for that great sociological essay on which he is engaged, entitled *The Limit*.

But the idea of having enough papers for all has gained no ground. Even clubs don't have enough. And as for dentists——!

Givers of theatre parties have been divided into those who buy a programme for each guest and those who buy one programme for all; and programmes, for some occult reason which seems to satisfy the British ass, cost sixpence each. Yet the enlightened hosts of the first group will cheerfully pack their houses with week-enders and supply but one *Observer* for the lot. Why?

The suggestion, even with war-time economy as an ideal before us, is not so mad as it sounds. Most of us smoke more cigarettes than we need, to an amount far exceeding the cost of six extra morning papers.

The worst of it is that other people can never read a paper for us. Most people don't try; they put us off.

If ever a La Rochefoucauld compiles the *sententiæ* of the breakfast-room he must include such apophthegms as these:—

Even the most determined opponent of journalism becomes alert and prehensile on the arrival of the paper.

He is a poor master of a house who does not insist upon the first sight of the paper.

He is a poor master of a house who, on being asked if there is any news to-day, replies in the affirmative.

No papers require so much reading as those with "nothing in them."

He is a poor citizen who could not edit a paper better than its editor.

Into what La Rochefoucauld would say when he came to deal not with the readers of papers but with papers themselves, I cannot enter. That is a different and a vaster matter. But certainly he should include this *pensée*:—

He is a poor editor who does not know more than the PRIME MINISTER.



Charwoman. "PLEASE, MUM, I AIN'T COMING TO WORK HERE NO MORE."

Mistress. "INDEED. HOW IS THAT?"

Charwoman. "WELL, MY MAN'S EARNING SO MUCH NOW THAT THERE'S PLENTY COMING IN. LAST WEEK WE WAS OBLIGED TO PUT SOME IN THE SAVINGS-BANK, AND I'M AFRAID WE SHALL HAVE TO AGAIN *THIS*."

ABDUL: AN APPRECIATION.

I HEARD the shriek of an approaching shell, something hit the ground beneath my feet, and I went sailing through the ether, to land softly on an iron hospital cot in a small white-walled room. There was no doubt that it was a most extraordinary happening. On the wall beside me was a temperature chart, on a table by my bed was a goolah of water, and in the air was that subtle Cairene smell. Yes, I was undoubtedly back in Cairo. Obviously I must have arrived by that shell.

Then, as I was thinking it all out, appeared to me a vision in a long white galabieh. It smiled, or rather its mouth opened, and disclosed a row of teeth like hailstones on black garden mould.

"Me Abdul," it said coyly; "gotter givit you one wash."

I was washed in sections, and Abdul did it thoroughly. There came a halt after some more than usually strenuous scrubbing at my knees. Mutterings of "mushquais" (no good) and a wrinkled brow showed me that Abdul was puzzled. Then it dawned on me. I had been wearing shorts at Anzac, and Abdul was trying to wash the sunburn off my knees! By dint of bad French, worse Arabic, and much sign language I explained. Abdul went to the door and jodelled down the corridor, "Mohaaaaamed, Achmed." Two other slaves of the wash-bowl appeared, and to them Abdul disclosed my mahogany knees with much the same air as the gentleman who tells one the fine points of the living skeleton on Hampstead Heath. They gazed in wonder. At last Achmed put his hand on my knee. "This called?" he asked. "Knee," I told him.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "this neece—Arabic; this" (pointing to an unsunburnt part of my leg)—"Eengleesh."

Then the washing proceeded uninterruptedly. "You feelin' very quais (good)?" Abdul asked. I told him I was pretty quais, but that I had been quaiser. "Ginral comin' safternoon and Missus," he informed me, and I gathered that no less a person than the Commander-in-Chief (one of them) was to visit the hospital. And so it happened, for about five o'clock there was a clinking of spurs in the passage, and the matron ushered in an affable brass hat and a very charming lady. In the background hovered several staff officers. Suddenly their ranks were burst asunder and Abdul appeared breathless.

He had nearly missed the show. He stood over me with an air of ownership and suddenly whipped off my bed clothes, displaying my nether limbs. He saw he had made an impression. "Neece is Arabic," he said proudly. It was Abdul's best turn, and he brought the house down. The visitors departed, but for ten minutes I heard loud laughter from down the corridor. Abdul had departed in their wake, doubtless to tell Achmed and Mohammed of the success of his coup.

I had been smoking cigarettes, but found the habit extravagant, as Abdul appreciated them even more than I did. One morning I woke up to see him making a cache in his round cotton cap. I kept quiet until he came nearer, and then I grabbed his hat. It was as I thought, and about ten cigarettes rolled on the floor. I looked sternly at Abdul. He was due to wither up and confess. Instead he broke first into a seraphic grin and then roared with laughter. "Oh, very funny, very, very funny," he said between his paroxysms. Now what could I say after that? I was beaten and I had to admit it, but I decided that I would smoke a pipe. To this end I gave Abdul ten piastres and sent him out to buy me some tobacco. He arrived back in about an hour with two tins worth each eight piastres. "Me quais?" he asked expectantly. "Well, you are pretty hot stuff," I admitted, "but how did you do it?"

Abdul held up one tin.

"Me buy this one," he said solemnly; "this one" (holding up the other one) "got it!"

"What do you mean, 'got it'?"

"Jus' got it," was all the answer I could get. Then to crown the performance he produced two piastres change. Could the genii of the *Arabian Nights* have done better?

I was in that hospital for three months, and I verily believe that if it had not been for Abdul I should have been in three months more.. He had his own way of doing things and people, but he modelled himself unconsciously on some personality half-way between FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and *Fagin's* most promising pupil. The day I was to go he cleaned my tunic buttons and helmet badge with my tooth-brush and paste and brought them proudly to me for thanks. And I thanked him.

The last I saw of Abdul was as I drove away in the ambulance. A pathetic figure in a white robe stood out on the balcony and mopped his eyes with his cotton cap, and as he took it off his head there fell to the ground half-a-dozen crushed cigarettes. It was a typical finale.

THE DYSPEPTIC'S DILEMMA.

[*Maté*, an infusion of the prepared leaves of the *Ilex paraguayensis*, or Brazilian holly, long familiar in South America, is coming into fashion in London.]

IN happy ante-bellum days,
To quote a memorable phrase,
"Whisky and beer, or even wine,
Were good enough for me"—and mine.

But now, in view of heightened taxes
And all that grim MCKENNA axes,
I have religiously tabooed
All alcohol—distilled or brewed.

But "minerals" are now expensive,
And, though the choice may be extensive,
I find them, as my strength is waning,
More effervescent than sustaining.

At cocoa's bland nutritious nibs
My palate obstinately jibs;
And coffee, when I like it best,
Plays utter havoc with my rest.

Tea is a tipple that I love
All non-intoxicants above;
But on its road to lip from cup
All sorts of obstacles crop up.

On patriotic grounds I curb
My preference for the Chinese herb,
But for eupeptic reasons think
The Indian leaf unsafe to drink.

Hence am I driven to essay
Maté, the "tea of Paraguay,"
As quaffed by the remote Brazilians,
Peruvians, Argentinians, Chilians.

My doctor, Parry Gorwick, who
Believes in this salubrious brew,
Has promised from its use renewal
Of my depleted vital fuel.

And so I'm bound to try it—still
I wasn't born in far Brazil,
And find it hard on leaves of holly
To grow exuberantly jolly.

A New Reading.

"Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, after first posing for screen purposes in California, promises to produce his *Henry VIII.* in New York, with himself as *Cardinal Richelieu*."
Munsey's Magazine.

"MR. BIRRELL IN THE DOCK."
Dublin Evening Mail.

This is quite a mistake. He has only been in the nettles.

"The excitement in the Lobby yesterday was reminiscent of the Irish crisis, Members remaining to discuss numberless humours long after they had risen."
Civil and Military Gazette.

The correspondent who sends us the above extract suggests that the Members in question must have been Scotsmen.

GETTING THE MASCOT ON PARADE.



"Come on!"



"Gee up!"



"Now, then—"



"We'll be late—"



Enter the Decoy.



Well away.
(*Never could stand that dog.*)



On parade at last—just in time.



Kindly old Gentleman (distributing cigarettes to soldiers returning home on leave). "And where's your home, my man?" *Scotsman.* "I come fra Paisley—but I canna help that."

BALLADE OF BOOKS FOR THE WOUNDED.

'Midst of the world and the world's despair,
A fair land lieth in all men's sight;
Ye that have breathed its witching air,
Remember the men who went to fight,
That have much need in their piteous plight
Its gates to gain and its ease to win.
The need is bitter, the gift is light;
Give them the key to enter in.

If ever ye crept bowed down with care
Thither, and lo! your fears took flight,
And the burden of life grew little to bear,
And hurts were healed and the way lay bright;
If ever ye watched through a wakeful night
Till the dawn should break and the dusk grow thin,
And a tale brought solace in pain's despite,
Give them the key to enter in.

Once they were stalwart, swift to dare;
Little could baulk them, naught affright;
Still are they staunch as then they were,
Strong to endure as once to smite.
Yet for awhile if so they might
They would forget the strife and din;
Shall they wait at a door shut tight?
Give them the key to enter in.

Envoi.

Friends, this haven is theirs by right;
They held it safe for you and your kin:
Hereby a little may ye requite—
Give them the key to enter in!

A Test of Valour.

"Mr. Mellish, a regular reader of the *Daily Mail* for years, was awarded the V.C. last month for conspicuous bravery."—*Daily Mail.*

"The lack of food is especially irritating to the people, because Bulgaria is a great fool producing country."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Yet their irritation seems quite intelligent and sane.

How History is Written.

"The Prime Minister passed through Cardiff in a special train this morning on his return from Ireland. The train stopped at the station to change engines, but the right hon. gentleman was only recognised by a few of those on the station."—*South Wales Echo.*

"Mr. Asquith travelled *vid* Rosslare and Fishguard. It was eight a.m. when he left the Pembrokeshire port and 10.25 when the special train pulled up for a few moments at Cardiff. The Prime Minister was then soundly asleep in a sleeping car."

Evening Express (*Cardiff*).



INJURED INNOCENCE.

THE GERMAN OGRE. "HEAVEN KNOWS THAT I HAD TO DO THIS IN SELF-DEFENCE; IT WAS FORCED UPON ME." (*Aside*) "FEE, FI, FO, FUM!"

[According to the Imperial Chancellor's latest utterance Germany is the deeply-wronged victim of British militarism.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PRESS THE BUTTON, AND UP COMES THE GENIE.

Monday, May 22nd.—Mr. ASQUITH returned to his place to-day, looking all the better for his trip to Ireland. No one was more pleased to see him than Mr. TENNANT, who had been subjected all last week to a galling fire from the Nationalist snipers. Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY had been especially active, employing for the purpose a weapon of unique construction. Although discharged at the Treasury Bench, its most destructive effect is often produced on the Members who sit just behind him. Mr. DILLON is particularly uneasy when Mr. HEALY gets his gun out.

When Mr. ACLAND moved the Vote for the Board of Agriculture there were barely two-score of Members present. He made a capital speech, full of attractive detail and delivered with unbucolic gusto, but did not succeed in greatly increasing the number of his audience.

There was some excuse perhaps for the non-attendance of the Irish Members. They have an Agricultural Department of their own, presided over by an eminent temperance lecturer who teaches Irish farmers how to grow barley for the national beverage. But it might have been supposed that more Englishmen and Scotsmen would have torn themselves away from their other duties in the smoking-room or elsewhere to hear what the Government had to say about the shortage of labour in the fields.

Mr. ACLAND puts his faith in women. If the farmers would only meet them half-way the situation would be saved. Mr. PROTHERO thought the farmers' wives would have something to say about that. They did not like "London minxes trapesing about our farmyard." From their point of view conscientious objectors would be a safer substitute.

Tuesday, May 23rd.—Over ten years have passed since Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH became Baron NORTHCLIFFE, yet never until to-day, I believe, has he directly addressed his fellow-Peers, though it is understood that through other channels he has occasionally given them the benefit of his counsel.

His speech was a sad disappointment to those trade-rivals who have not scrupled to attribute his silence to cowardice or incompetence. No justification for such insinuations was to be found in his speech to-day. He had something practical to say—on Lord MONTAGU's motion regarding the Air-Service—and said it so briefly and modestly as to throw doubt upon the theory that he personally dictates all those leaders in *The Times* and *The Daily Mail*.

Colonel HALL-WALKER took his seat to-day after a re-election necessitated by the transfer of his racing stud to the Government. Up to the present Ministers have found it a Greek gift. To-day they had to withstand a further attack upon their horse-racing proclivities by Lord CLAUD HAMILTON, who, notwithstanding that he is chairman of the railway that serves Newmarket, denounced with great fervour the continuance during the War of this "most extravagant, alluring and expensive form of public amusement."

In introducing a Vote of Credit for 300 millions, making a total of £2,382,000,000 since August, 1914, the PRIME MINISTER said very little about the War, except that we were still confident in its triumphant issue. Any omission on his part was more than made good by Colonel CHURCHILL, who for an hour or more kept the House interested with his views on the proper employment of our Armies. Whenever he speaks at Westminster one is inclined to remark, "What a strategist!" whereas it is rumoured that his admiring comrades in the trenches used to murmur, "What a statesman!" One of his best points was that the War Office should use their men, not like a heap of shingle, but like pieces of mosaic, each in his right place.

Colonel CHURCHILL's supporters are still not quite sure whether he has yet found his own exact place in the national jigsaw.

Wednesday, May 24th.—The House of Lords was well attended this afternoon, in the expectation of hearing Lord CURZON unfold the programme of the new Air Board. But it had to exercise a noble patience. Lord GALWAY gave an account of a trip in a Zeppelin; Lord BERESFORD (who, strange to say, is much better heard in the Lords than he was in the Commons) told how the Government were still awaiting from America a large consignment of aeroplanes which as soon as they were delivered would be "obsolete six months ago"; and Lord HALDANE (less impressive in mufti than when he wore the Lord Chancellor's wig) delivered once again his celebrated discourse on the importance of "thinking clearly."

Lord CURZON at least did not seem to require the admonition, for his speech indicated that he had carefully considered the possibilities of the Air Board. He did not agree with Colonel CHURCHILL that its future would be one of harmless impotence or of first-class rows. At any rate the second alternative had been rendered less probable by the disappearance from the Government of his critic's own "vivid personality."

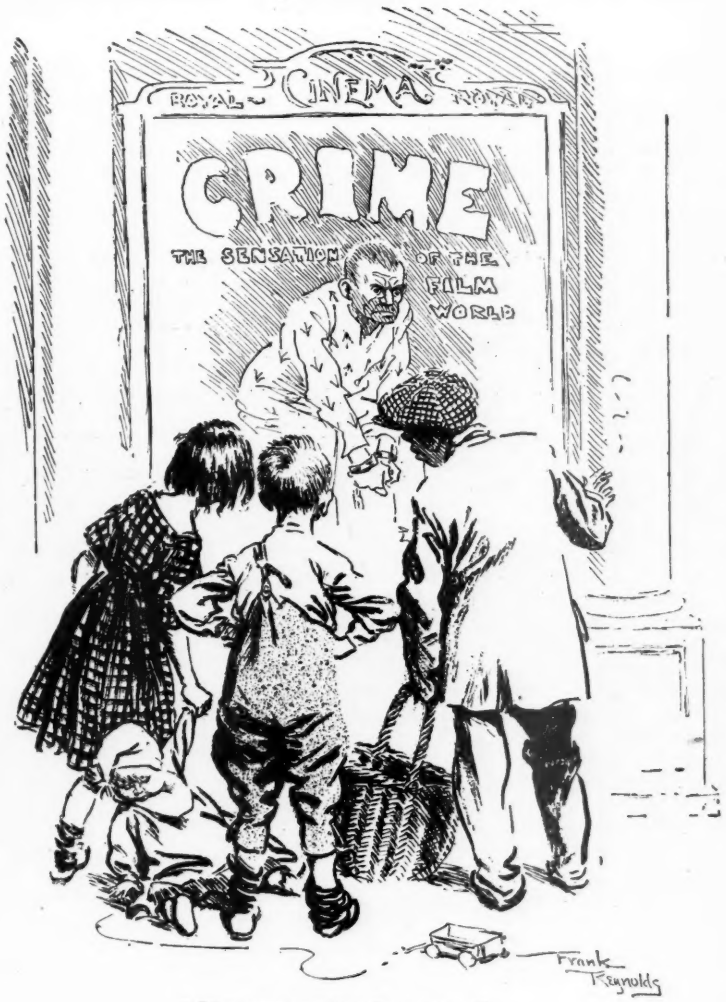
Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD have inadvertently done signal service to their country's cause. By raising—on Empire Day, too!—the question of peace, and urging the Government to initiate negotiations with Germany, they furnished Sir EDWARD GREY with an opportunity of dealing faithfully with the recent insidious manœuvres of Herr VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG. The only terms of peace that the German Government had ever put forward were terms of victory for Germany, and we could not reason with the German people so long as they were fed with lies. The FOREIGN SECRETARY spoke without a note, and carried away the House by his spontaneous indignation. The House had previously passed the Lords' amendments, strengthening the Military Service Bill. Altogether it was a bad day for the pro-Bosches.

Thursday, May 25th.—There was a big attendance in the House of Commons to hear Mr. ASQUITH unfold his new plan for the regeneration of Ireland. In the Peers' Gallery were Lord WIMBORNE, still in a state of suspended animation; Lord MACDONNELL, wondering whether Mr. ASQUITH would succeed where he and Mr. WYNDHAM failed; and Lord BRYCE, ex-Chief Secretary, to whom the Sinn Feiners are indebted for the repeal of the Arms Act. On the benches below were the leaders of all the Irish groups, including Mr. GINNELL. Even Mr. BIRRELL crept in unobtrusively to learn how his chief had solved in nine days the problem that had baffled him for as many years. An Irish debate on the old heroic scale was looked upon as a certainty.

In half-an-hour all was over. The PRIME MINISTER had no panacea of his own to prescribe. All he could say was that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had been deputed by the Cabinet to confer with the various Irish leaders, and that he hoped the House would assist the negotiations by deferring debate on the Irish situation.

His selection of a peacemaker is generally approved. If anyone knows how to handle high explosives without causing a premature concussion, or to unite heterogeneous materials by electrical welding, or to utilise a high temperature in dealing with refractory ores it should be the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS. Everybody wishes him success in his new *rôle* of Harmonious Blacksmith.

Nevertheless some little disappointment was felt by those who had hoped for a prompter solution. As an Irish Member expressed it, "This has been the dickens of a day. We began with 'Great Expectations' and ended with 'Our Mutual Friend.'"



"I 'VE SEEN IT—'TAIN'T NO GOOD."
"'E GETS 'UNG, DON'T 'E?"
"YUS, BUT THEY DON'T SHOW YER THAT."

The Policeman's Friend.

"COOK wanted, used to coppers."—*Daily Paper.*

A CONVENIENT CONSCIENCE.

"I'M sorry to disturb you, Theodore," began Mrs. Plapp, opening the door of her husband's study, "but I've just been listening at the top of the kitchen stairs, and from what I overheard I'm certain that girl Louisa is having supper down there with a soldier!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Plapp; "I can't possibly permit any encouragement of militarism under *my* roof. Just when I'm appealing to be exempted from even non-combatant service, too! Go down and tell her she must get rid of him at once."

"Couldn't *you*, Theodore?"

"If I did, my love, he would probably refuse to go unless I put him out by force, which, as you are aware, is entirely contrary to my principles."

"I was forgetting for the moment, Theodore. Never mind; I'll go myself."

She had not been long gone before a burly stranger entered unceremoniously by the study window. "'Scuse me, guv'nor," he said, "but ain't you the party whose name I read in the paper—'im what swore 'e wouldn' lift 'is finger not to save 'is own mother from a 'Un?"

"I am," replied Mr. Plapp complacently. "I disbelieve in meeting violence *by* violence."

"Ah, if there was more blokes like *you*, Guv'nor, this world 'ud be a better plice, for some on us. Blagg, *my* name is. Us perfeshnals ain't bin very busy doorin' this War, feelin' it wasn't the square thing, like, to break into 'omes as might 'ave members away fightin' fer our rights and property. But I reckon I ain't doin' nothink unpatriotic in comin' *'ere*. So jest you show me where you keeps yer silver."



First Slacker (to second ditto). "WELL, NO ONE CAN SAY WE'RE NOT PATRIOTS. WE'RE NOT KEEPING ABLE-BODIED CADDIES FROM JOINING THE ARMY."

"The little we possess," said Mr. Plapp, rising, "is on the sideboard in the dining-room. If you will excuse me for a moment I'll go in and get it for you."

"And lock me in 'ere while you ring up the slops!" retorted Mr. Blagg. "You don't go in not without *me*, you don't; and, unless you want a bullet through yer 'ed, you 'd better make no noise neither!"

No one could possibly have made less noise than Mr. Theodore Plapp, as, with the muzzle of his visitor's revolver pressed between his shoulder-blades, he hospitably led the way to the dining-room. There Mr. Blagg, with his back to the open door, superintended the packing of the plate in a bag he had brought for the purpose.

"And now," said Mr. Plapp, as he put in the final fork, "there is nothing to detain you here any longer, unless I may offer you a glass of barley-water and a plasmon biscuit before you go?"

Mr. Blagg consigned these refreshments to a region where the former at least might be more appreciated. "You kerry that bag inter the drorin'-room, will yer?" he said. "There may be one or two articles in there to take my fancy. 'Ere! 'Old 'ard!" he broke off suddenly, "What the blankety blank are you a-doin' of?"

This apostrophe was addressed, however, not to his host, who was doing nothing whatever, but to the unseen owner of a pair of khaki-clad arms which had just pinioned him from behind. During the rough-and-tumble conflict that followed Mr. Plapp discreetly left the room, returning after a brief absence to find the soldier kneeling on Mr. Blagg's chest.

"Good!" he said encouragingly; "you won't have to keep him down long. Help is at hand."

"Why don't you *give* it me, then?" said the soldier, on whom the strain was evidently beginning to tell.

"Because, my friend," explained Mr. Plapp, "if I did I should be acting against my conscience."

"You *'ear* 'im, matey?" panted Mr. Blagg. "'E's *agin* you, 'e is. Agin all military-ism. So why the blinkin' blazes do *you* come buttin' in to defend them as don't approve o' bein' defended?"

"Blowed if *I* know!" was the reply. "'Abit, I expect. Lay still, will you?" But Mr. Blagg, being exceptionally muscular, struggled with such violence that the issue seemed very doubtful indeed till Louisa rushed in to the rescue and, disregarding her employer's protests, succeeded in getting hold of the revolver.

* * * *

"It was lucky for you," remarked Mr. Plapp, after Mr. Blagg had been forcibly removed by a couple of constables, "that I had the presence of mind to telephone to the police station. I really thought once or twice that that dreadful man would have got the better of you."

"And no thanks to *you* if he didn't," grunted the soldier. "I notice that, if your conscience goes against fighting yourself, it don't object to calling in others to fight for you."

"As a citizen," Mr. Plapp replied, "I have a legal right to police protection. Your own intervention, though I admit it was timely, was uninvited by me, and, indeed, I consider your presence here requires some explanation."

"I 'd come up to tell you, as I told your good lady 'ere, that me and Louisa got married this morning, as I was home on six days' furlough from the Front. And she 'll be leaving with me this very night."

"But only for the er—honeymoon, I trust?" cried Mr. Plapp, naturally dismayed at the prospect of losing so faithful and competent a maid-of-all-work altogether. "Although I cannot approve of this marriage, I am willing, under the circumstances, to overlook it and allow her to remain in my service."

"Remain!" said Louisa's husband, in a tone Mr. Plapp thought most uncalled for. "Why, I should never 'ave another 'appy moment in the trenches if I left her *'ere*, with no one to protect her but a thing like *you*! No, she 's going to be in the care of someone I can *depend* on—my old aunt!"

"I don't like losing Louisa," murmured Mrs. Plapp, so softly that her husband failed to catch her remark, "but—I think you 're wise." F. A.

A Dangerous Quest.

"Lost, at Bestwood, Saturday, Irish Terrier Dog, finder rewarded, dead or alive."—*Provincial Paper.*



Sergeant. "'ERE, WHAT ARE YOU FALLING OUT FOR?"
Excited Cockney. "SEE THAT PIGEON? I'LL SWEAR 'E'S GOT A MESSAGE ON 'IM!"

SCREEN INFLUENCES.

THE plea, "I saw it at the Cinema," may be offered by others than those of tender years in excuse for vagaries of conduct.

Only the other day a young officer, wearing his Sam Browne equipment the wrong way round and carrying his sword under his left arm, was seen at King's Cross bidding farewell to his fiancée. As the train moved out he drew his sword, threw the scabbard away, and, standing stiffly to attention, saluted the fair lady. On being questioned by the authorities he said he was not aware that his conduct was unusual, as he had often seen that kind of thing done at the Cinema.

In view of the popularity of the Cinema to-day, habitués of our more palatial restaurants cannot be surprised at the growing custom among men about town of wearing the napkin tucked deeply in at the neck, cutting up all their food at one time, and conveying it afterwards to the mouth with the fork grasped in the right hand.

The following incident will show that the Cinema excuse is made to serve in other lands also. A simple Saxon soldier, in a moment of remembrance, stooped to pat the rosy cheek of a small Belgian child, then lifted the little one up and kissed him and kissed him again. A young officer caught him in the act. "What do you mean, you dog, by treating the brat so?" roared the lieutenant, who would have struck the man had not his companion, an older officer, restrained him. Together they waited for the fellow's explanation. "When I was on leave," said the soldier, "I—I saw Prussian soldiers treating little Belgian children like that—at the Cinema."

"The Elements so mixed" again.

"Of two evils always choose the lesser, and on the whole we think we might fall from the frying-pan into the fire if we swopped horses whilst crossing the stream."—*Financial Critic.*

"Is the German Chancellor alone to be allowed to scatter broadcast his falsifications of history?"—*Daily Telegraph.*

Oh, no! Some Members of the House of Commons have recently given him valuable assistance.

"How an Irish colleen travelled free from Ireland to London was explained at the Willesden Police Court yesterday, when she was charged with not paying her face."
Daily Sketch.

Rather ungrateful of her, after travelling on it so far.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

XV.—BILLINGSGATE.

"TROT, mare, trot, or I'll be late,
And Billing will have locked his Gate.

"Mister Billing,
Are you willing
To open your Gate to me?"
"Yes!" says Billing,
"Give me a shilling
And I will fetch the key."

"Mister Billing,
I haven't a shilling,
I'll give you a button of horn."
"No!" says Billing,
"I'm unwilling,
A button will buy no corn."

"Take it or leave it, but I can't wait—
Jump, mare, jump over Billing's Gate!"

XVI.—LIMEHOUSE AND POPLAR.

I planted a limestone once upon a time,
And up came a little wee House of Lime.

I planted a seed by the corner of the wall,
And up came a Poplar ninety feet tall.

I settled down for life, as happy as could be,
In my little wee Lime-House by my big Poplar-Tree.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Late October and a grey morning tinging to gold through the warming mist. A large comfortable dining-room smelling faintly of chrysanthemums and more strongly of coffee and breakfast dishes. In the hearth a great fire, throwing its flames about as with joy of life. The table-cloth, the silver, the dishes, the carpet on the floor, the side-board, the pictures, the wall-paper told of wealth and ease, the fruits of peace, and the arrangement of these things told of the good taste which is so essentially the fruit of long peace.

The room was empty, and the first to enter it that morning was the Mother. She was a tall imposing woman, and her bearing and her little mannerisms were of the kind that the latter-day novelists have delighted to use as matter for their irony. It was the Boy's birthday—his eighteenth birthday, the first he had spent at home since he had been going to his preparatory and his public school. So she departed from the usual routine to place by the side of his napkin the neat little parcels she had brought down with her. Two of them were from her other sons fighting in France. They were a very affectionate and united family—father and mother and the three sons.

After that she went to her husband's end of the table and looked through the heap of letters placed there as usual by the admirable butler. It was understood of old that she opened no letters but those addressed to her, not even the letters from the fighting sons when they happened to write to their father instead of to her.

This time, however, her eye caught at once, between the edges of the others, an official envelope and, lower yet, another. She became rigid and stood for a minute by the table, her mind running vaguely into endless depths. Then she put her hand out and picked the envelopes from the heap and saw that her fears might not be groundless. But they were addressed to her husband, and at that moment she heard his tread and his slight cough as he came slowly down the stairs. Hastily she pushed them back among the others and went to her place. When he came into the room she was busy with the urn.

As usual he was just putting his handkerchief back; as usual he looked out of the window, then walked over to the fire and warmed his hands automatically. All this business of coming down to breakfast had been to him for so many years a leisurely pleasant business in a world free from serious worries, that even the War, with its terrible disturbances, with its breaking up of the family circle, had not succeeded in altering his habits. Everything waited for him—for he was not unpunctual—the letters, the newspaper and the breakfast. But this day was the Boy's birthday and the Father took from his pocket an envelope and placed it with a smile by the side of the little parcels.

Would he never look at his letters? The Mother was on the point of speaking, but long habit, the old habit of obedience to her lord, restrained her. Even now, when she was cold with anxiety, those old concealed forces of habit restrained her. Might she not offend him?

The Father sat down, put on his glasses and began to look at the pile by his side. She noticed the slight start he gave and her eyes met his as he looked up suddenly at her. Deliberately braving Fate, he put those two envelopes aside. It was evident that he meant to read through all the others first, but he was not so strong as he thought. His fingers went again to the official envelopes and he took up the letter-opener placed ready for his use by the admirable butler and slit along the top of one envelope and took the thin paper from it and read.

His head drooped a little, and the Mother came round to his side. Then he opened the other and suddenly sat very still, with his great strong fine hand open on the paper, gazing straight in front of him. His wife bent over him and tried to speak, but her voice had died to a whisper, a hoarse straining sound.

"Dead?" she said at last.

Her husband dropped his head in affirmation.

"Which?"

He did not answer and the Mother understood. "Oh, Harry, not *both?*"

Again his head drooped and he fumbled for the papers and gave them to her, and as he did so a tear rolled suddenly down his cheek and splashed on a spoon. It seemed to be a sign to him, he felt his courage giving way and visibly pulled himself together. Then he turned to take the Mother's hand, rising from his seat. They stood a little while thus, the Mother looking away, as he had done, into unfathomable distances of time and space. Then she too pulled herself together and went to her place at the other end of the table. They heard steps on the staircase, a voice singing. The door opened and the Boy came in late and expecting a comment from his father. His eyes travelled to the parcels beside his plate, then he felt the silence and saw the strained expressions of his mother and father and lastly the official papers. He came forward and spoke bravely.

"Bad news, Dad?"

There was no answer. He had not expected one, for he read the truth on the face that had never lied. He stood very still for a brief moment, his head up—characteristically—his face a little pale. Both brothers! Then he breathed deeply and turned to his father in expectation. The latter knew what was wanted.

"You are eighteen to-day, Boy. You may apply for your commission."

There was a cry, quickly stifled, from the Mother, and the Boy said very quietly, "Thank you, Dad; of course I must go now." Then he went to his mother and kissed her and was not ashamed to cry.

It was his father who broke the silence.

"May God grant you many returns, many happy returns of the day!"

THE SORROWS OF WILSON.

(*With humble apologies to* Thackeray.)

Wilson had a love for Charlotte
That impelled him to address her
(Charlotte was a town, and Wilson
Was a famous ex-Professor).

So upon the War in Europe
He delivered an oration,
Darkly hinting at the problems
Calling for elucidation.

As reported in the papers,
He discussed the situation
With Olympian detachment
And conspicuous moderation.

But the wireless Wolff discovered
In his words a declaration
Of his laudable intention
To proceed to mediation.

Thus the speech, which cost good Wilson
Many hours of toil and trouble,
From a sober cautious statement
Turned into a Berlin bubble.

Charlotte, having heard the lecture,
Ignorant of what was brewing,
Like a well-conducted city
Went on innocently chewing.

"The water in the South-West Norfolk Fens has now subsided about 6 in. Two 6 ft. openings have been cut in the river bank near the Southery engine to let the water flow into the river. Two temporary slackers have been put in the openings, so that they can be closed when the tide is higher in the river."
Provincial Paper.

They might just as well have been put into the trenches.



Orderly Officer. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITHOUT YOUR RIFLE, SENTRY?"
Tommy. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I AIN'T THE SENTRY."
Orderly Officer. "WHO ARE YOU, THEN, AND WHERE IS THE SENTRY?"
Tommy. "OH, 'E'S INSIDE OUT OF THE RAIN. I'M ONE OF THE PRISONERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HERR HERMANN FERNAU'S *Because I am a German* (CONSTABLE) is a sort of postscript to the widely-outside-Germany-circulated *J'accuse!*, that vigorous indictment by an anonymous German of the Prussian clique as the criminal authors of the War. Herr FERNAU summarises the argument of *J'accuse!* and if anyone cares to have at his finger-tips the essential case against the enemy he could not do better than absorb the six pages in which twenty-four questions put by the anonymous author to the directors of his unhappy country's destiny are most skilfully compressed. Four attempted German answers are shown by our author to have in common an amazing reluctance to deal with any single definite point at issue; and a most unjudicial appeal to popular hatred of the traitor critic. Of course it is a cheap line to welcome as a miracle of wisdom every German who takes a pro-Ally view. But I honestly detect no shadow of pro-Ally bias in this book, and it is certainly no tirade against Germany. What bias there is is that of the extreme republican against his autocratic government. "I have read," says Herr FERNAU in effect, "this perfectly serious and definite indictment lucidly drawn in legal form. I hope as a German (not afraid to sign my name) there is an answer. But whereas the Entente Powers have supported their official case by documentary evidence we are asked to accept mere asseveration in the case of Germany. That is the less allowable as the obvious (though not necessarily the true) reading of the facts is against her. Silence and vigorous suppression of the indictment look rather like signs of guilt." Yes, emphatically a book for members of the Independent Labour Party.

Beatrice Lovelace belonged to a family that had come down in the world, and were now Reduced County. So far reduced, indeed, that *Beatrice* lived with her cross aunt *Anastasia* and one little maid-of-all-work in a tiny house in a very dull suburb, where the aunt would not allow her to be friends with the neighbours. However, one fine day two things happened. *Beatrice* got to know the young man next door, and the little servant (whose name, by a silly coincidence which vexed me, happened to be *Million*) was left a million dollars. So, as the house was already uncomfortable by reason of a row about the young man, *Beatrice* determined to shake the suburban dust from her shapely feet and take service as maid to her ex-domestic. That is why the story of it is called *Miss Million's Maid* (HUTCHINSON). An excellent story, too, told with great verve by Mrs. OLIVER ONIONS. I could never attempt to detail the complicated adventures to which their fantastic situation exposes *Beatrice* and *Million*. Of course they have each a lover; indeed, the supply of suitors is soon in excess of the demand. Also there is an apparent abduction of the heiress (which turns out to be no abduction at all, but a very pleasant and kindly episode, which I won't spoil for you), and a complicated affair of a stolen ruby that brings both heroines into the dock. It is all great fun and as unreal as a fairy-tale. For which reason may I

suggest that it was an error to date it 1914? Such nonsensical and dream-like imaginings are so happily out of key with the world-tragedy that its introduction strikes a note of discord.

I have just finished reading a distinguished book, *One of Our Grandmothers* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE—a book full of a delicate insight and very shrewd characterisation. It probes to the heart of the mystery of girlhood—Irish girlhood in this case. I certainly think that *Millicent*, who was a sort of prig, yet splendidly alive, with her gift of music (which, contrary to custom in these matters, the author makes you really believe in), her temperament, her temper and her limitless demands on life, would have given young *Maryon*, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a trying time of it; but it would have been worth it. That, by the way, was *Jerry's* opinion, common, horsey, true-hearted, clean-minded little *Jerry*, who was the father of *Millicent's* coarse and something cruel stepmother. I have rarely read a more fragrant chapter than that in which this queer, sensitive, loyal little man tries to cut away the girl's ignorance while healing the hurt that a rougher hand (a woman's), making the same attempt, had caused. Perhaps Miss MAYNE was really trying to trace to its source the stream of modern feminism. She is a rare explorer and cartographer.

A Rich Man's Table (MILLS AND BOON) is one of those stories that I find slightly irritating, because they appear to lead nowhere. Perhaps this attitude is unreasonable, and mere fiction should be all that I have a right to look for. But in that case I confess to wishing a little more body to it. Miss ELLA MACMAHON'S latest novel is somehow a little flat; not even the splintered infinitive on the first page could impart any real snap to it. The rich man was *Mr. Bentley Broke*, a pompous person, who had one child, a son of literary leanings named *Otho*. Perhaps I was intended to sympathise with *Otho*. It looked like it at first; but later, when he left home and married, without paternal blessing, the daughter of his father's great rival, he developed into such a fool—and objectionable at that—that I became uncertain on the matter. Especially as the pompous parent, lacking nerve to carry out a matrimonial venture on his own account, relented and behaved quite decently to the rebellious pair. So the rich man's table would have, as all tables should, more than one pair of legs under it again. Nothing very fresh or thrilling in all this, you may observe. But the characters, for what they are, live, and are drawn briskly enough. And there is some skill in the contrast between a dinner of herbs in Fulham, and a stalled ox, with fatted calf, at the rich man's table in Portman Square. Perhaps this is the point of the story.

So often have I read and admired the novels of "M. E. FRANCIS" that to praise her work has become a habit which it irks me to break. But I am now bound to say that *Penton's Captain* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) has not added to my debt. And the cause of the trouble—as of so many other troubles—is the War. In her own line Mrs. BLUNDELL is inimitable, but here she is just one of a hundred or a thousand whose fiction seems trivial beside the facts of life and death. Apart from this defect, her story is absolutely without offence, a simple tale of love and misunderstandings and war and heroism, and the curtain falls upon a scene of complete happiness. Her only fault is that she has been tempted, excusably enough in these days of upheaval, to wander from her element, and I am looking forward to the day when she returns to it and I can again thank her with the old zest and sincerity.

As a painstaking study of lower middle-class life *The Progress of Kay* (CONSTABLE) is to be remarked and remembered. That is not, however, to say that it is exciting, for *Kay's* progress consisted so much in just getting older that I suspect Mr. G. W. BULLETT'S title to be ironical. As a child *Kay* had some imagination and a sense of mischief; as an adult he would have been all the better for a little military training, and there is no disguising the fact that as a married man and a father he was a dreary creature. I can well believe, from the air of truth which these pages wear, that there are plenty of *Kays* in the world today; and to confess that I was not greatly intrigued by this particular sample when he grew to man's estate is in its way a compliment to his creator. For however much you may like or dislike the mark at which Mr. BULLETT has aimed there is no doubt that he has hit it. Villadom, by his art, takes on a revived significance, and *Kay's* career encourages reflection touched by a vague sadness.



FALSE ECONOMY.

A Tale for the Horse-Marines.

"*London, Sunday.*

While a British submarine was rescuing the Zeppelin crew in the North Sea, a German cruiser fired at it.

The Cavalry from Salonika are pursuing the remainder of the Zeppelin crew."—*Egyptian Mail.*

"LONDON STOCKS.

REVIVAL IN GILT-EDGED SECURITIES."

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

Now we hope our contemporary will coin an equally felicitous description for the pillory.

"Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, was carried triumphantly round camp last night after he had addressed nearly two thousand Anzacs on parade. Mr. Hughes was accompanied by Mrs. Hughes, Mr. Fisher, High Commissioner, and Mrs. Fisher. Brigadier-General Sir Newton Moore, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Forces in England, was also present with Lady Moore."

Morning Paper.

It is regrettable that General and Lady MOORE could not share the honours, but probably the chair was constructed to carry four only.



VIVIAN VAVASOUR, THE MELODRAMA ACTOR,



DELIGHTS IN THE COMPARATIVE PEACE OF THE TRENCHES.

CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to tell us of a painful experience which he has had in consequence of his efforts to practise war-time economy in the matter of dress. The other evening, after going to bed at dusk in order to save artificial light, he was rung up by the police at 1 A.M. and charged with showing a light. It appears that he had gone to bed with his blind up, after throwing his well-worn trousers over the back of a chair, and that the rays of a street lamp had caught the glossy sheen of this garment and been reflected into the eagle eye of the constable.

* * *

According to a Reuter's message the Greeks are "much preoccupied" at the seizure of strategic positions on Greek territory by Bulgarian troops. The preoccupation, it is thought, should have been done by the Allies.

* * *

While he was on his way to make a Memorial Day speech at Kansas City, Mo., an open knife was thrown at Ex-President ROOSEVELT. Some of his bitterest friends in the journalistic world allege that it was just a paper knife.

* * *

Last week a number of professional fortune-tellers were fined at Southend for having predicted Zeppelins. The fraudulent nature of their pretensions was sufficiently manifest, since even the authorities had been unable to foresee the coming of the Zeppelins until some time after they had arrived.

* * *

The export of sardines in oil from Sweden is prohibited. Some resentment is felt at the order by the Germans, who with their customary ingenuity have for some time been importing india-rubber sardines in petrol without detection.

* * *

A soldier at Salonika has sent a live tortoise home to his relatives at Streatham. The tortoise, it is understood, was too fidgety to bear up against its surroundings and was sent home for a little excitement.

* * *

If, on the other hand, the tortoise was just sent as a souvenir we should discourage the practice. The tendency on the part of our soldiers in India and Egypt to send home elephants and camels as mementos of the localities in which they are serving is already putting something of a strain upon the postal authorities.

* * *

From "The World of Letters" in *The Observer*: "Some day there will be a cheap edition of Captain Ian Hay's war-book, *The First Four Hundred*, and the sale will be immense . . . The Blackwoods are old-fashioned modest people, who do not parade figures . . ." In the present case, however, we do not think they would have objected to the reviewer parading a further 99,600 in the title of IAN HAY's book.

* * *

"The question of alien waiters in London hotels rests with those who patronise the hotels," says a contemporary. In other words, the pernicious practice which had grown up before the War of ordering German waiters with one's dinner must be abandoned before the hotel managers will remove them permanently from their menus.

* * *

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has come out with a strong denunciation of "devilry" in German music. How little we suspected, before the War opened our deluded eyes, that it was no mere lack of skill but the fierce promptings of a demoniac hate that marred our evenings on the esplanade.

* * *

From *The Northern Whig's* account of a visit to the Cruiser Fleet:—"It was a proud moment when from the deck of a fast-moving destroyer the long lines of the mighty Armada, with here and there the neat little pinnacles darting in and out, were surveyed." Obviously a misprint for binnacles.

THE AMUSED AND THE AMUSERS.

ALL the windows of the V.A.D. hospital were brilliantly lighted up, and through them floated the strains of a piano and occasional bursts of laughter. Number One Ward, however, was quite empty except for my friend, Private McPhee, stalking majestically up and down as if on sentry-go, wearing a "fit of the blues" several sizes too large for him and an expression which would, I believe, be described by kailyard novelists as "dour."

"Bong jaw, Mademawselle," he exclaimed, bringing his stick smartly to the salute, "or rather bong saw, tae be correct."

McPhee has affected the Gallic tongue since his sojourn in France.

"Why, what are you doing all by yourself, McPhee?" I asked. "Are you on duty?

"Na, nà," he said, "ah 'm pleasin' masel just."

He paused and emitted a fierce chuckle.

"Ah 'm gettin' even," he announced; "they wantit me to gang oot wi' a wumman."

"But whatever made them want you to do that, McPhee?"

"One o' thae nurses," continued the patient smoulderingly. "Ah fought at Mons, an' Ah fought at New Chapelle, an' Ah fought at Wipers, that 's what ignorant pairsons ca' Eepers; and they wantit me to gang oot wi' a wumman. Why for did they no send me oot to fight the Jairmans in a peerambulator?"

"Oh," I said, at last enlightened. "But surely, McPhee, the nurses are very nice. And think how hurt they will be if you won't go out with them."

"Ah 'm no denyin' some o' them are a' recht," said McPhee grudgingly, "but it 's a maitter o' preenciple. An' I 'm gettin' even wi' them the noo!"

He chuckled again.

"But how are you getting even?"

"Ah 'm no dressin' up for them," said the vengeful one; "ye ken thae nurses are havin' a kin' of a bairthday pairty or the like, an' a' the men 's dressed up to please them. An' if Ah canna gang oot to please masel, Ah canna dress oop like a monkeyback to please them.

"They wantit me to dress up for CHAIRLIE CHAPLIN. Man, the nurse was argle-barglin' a clock hour tryin' to persuade me to put thae claes on. 'Oh, do' (he squeaked), 'to please me, McPhee.' . . . But Ah wouldna. Ah turnit ma face to the wa' an' wouldna speak a wurrd.

"Ye ken, the ward that gets the maist votes gets a prize, an' thae nurses is awfu' set on their ward winnin' it. Ah could ha' won it for Number One. Fine cud I. Ah can turn masel oot so 's my ain brither couldna tell me from HARRY LAUDER. But Ah wouldna. If I canna gang oot——"

At this point the door opened and a dejected apparition in a ruff and petticoats, like a rumpled remnant of a pre-war pageant, drifted in and sat down on a bed.

"Ah weel, Queen Elizabeth, hae they dune wi' ye yet?" inquired McPhee sardonically.

Gloriana shook his head. "They 're playin' musical chairs," he said gloomily, "so I thought as I wouldn't be missed for a bit. This thing round my neck does tickle, but my nurse 'd be awful 'urt if I took it off."

McPhee emitted an ejaculation—Gaelic, I believe—usually expressed in writing "Mphm."

"Sma' things," he said, "please sma' minds. . . . Wha won the prize?"

"Number Two Ward," said Queen Elizabeth indifferently, "sweets. They 're eatin' 'em. They 'll have stummick-aches to-morrer. . . . But there—it 's the least as we can do to let the nurses 'ave their bit o' fun."

* * * * *

Nurse Robinson hurried up to me on my way out. I thought her looking a trifle anxious.

"I 'm feeling rather worried about one of my men," she began, "Private McPhee. I wonder if you saw him just now?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "we had quite a long chat."

"Oh, I 'm so glad," she exclaimed, "I was really quite afraid he was wrong in his head. Do you know, he simply refused to dress up for the party . . . and you know how they *love* dressing up! Such a good dress, too—CHARLIE CHAPLIN. . . . And I couldn't get a word out of him! Wasn't it strange?"

"Very," I said; "convalescents get all kinds of fancies, don't they? And was the party a success?"

"Splendid!" she said, brightening up. "Of course it 's meant a lot of work. We 've been toiling early and late at the costumes. But I 'm sure it 's worth it. It does please the poor fellows. Draws them out of themselves, don't you know."

From a Company notice-board at the Front:—

"Men must again be warned about matter they are putting in their letters. No places where we are or where we are going to are not to be divulged. Those having done so in their letters have been obliterated."

We had no notion that the Military Censorship was so drastic as that.

A FANTASY.

IF you were a white rose Columbine
And I were a Harlequin,
I 'd leap and sway on my spangled hips
And blow you a kiss with my finger tips
To woo a smile to your petal lips
At every glittering spin.

If I were a pig-tailed Buccaneer
And you were a Bristol Girl,
A-rolling home from over the sea
I 'd give you a hug on the landing quay,
A hook-nosed parrot that swore like me,
And a brooch of mother-o'-pearl.

If you were a Donna of old Castile
And a Troubadour were I,
I 'd sing at night beneath your room
And weave you dreams in a minstrel's loom
With rainbow tears and the roses' bloom
And star-shine out of the sky.

If I were a powdered Exquisite
And you were a fair Bellairs,
I 'd press your hand in the gay pavane
And whisper under your painted fan
As I bowed you into your blue sedan
At the old Assembly stairs.

If you were a WATTEAU Shepherdess
And I were a gipsy lad,
I 'd teach you tunes that the blackbird trills
And show you the dance of the daffodils,
The white moon rising over the hills,
And Night in her jewels clad.

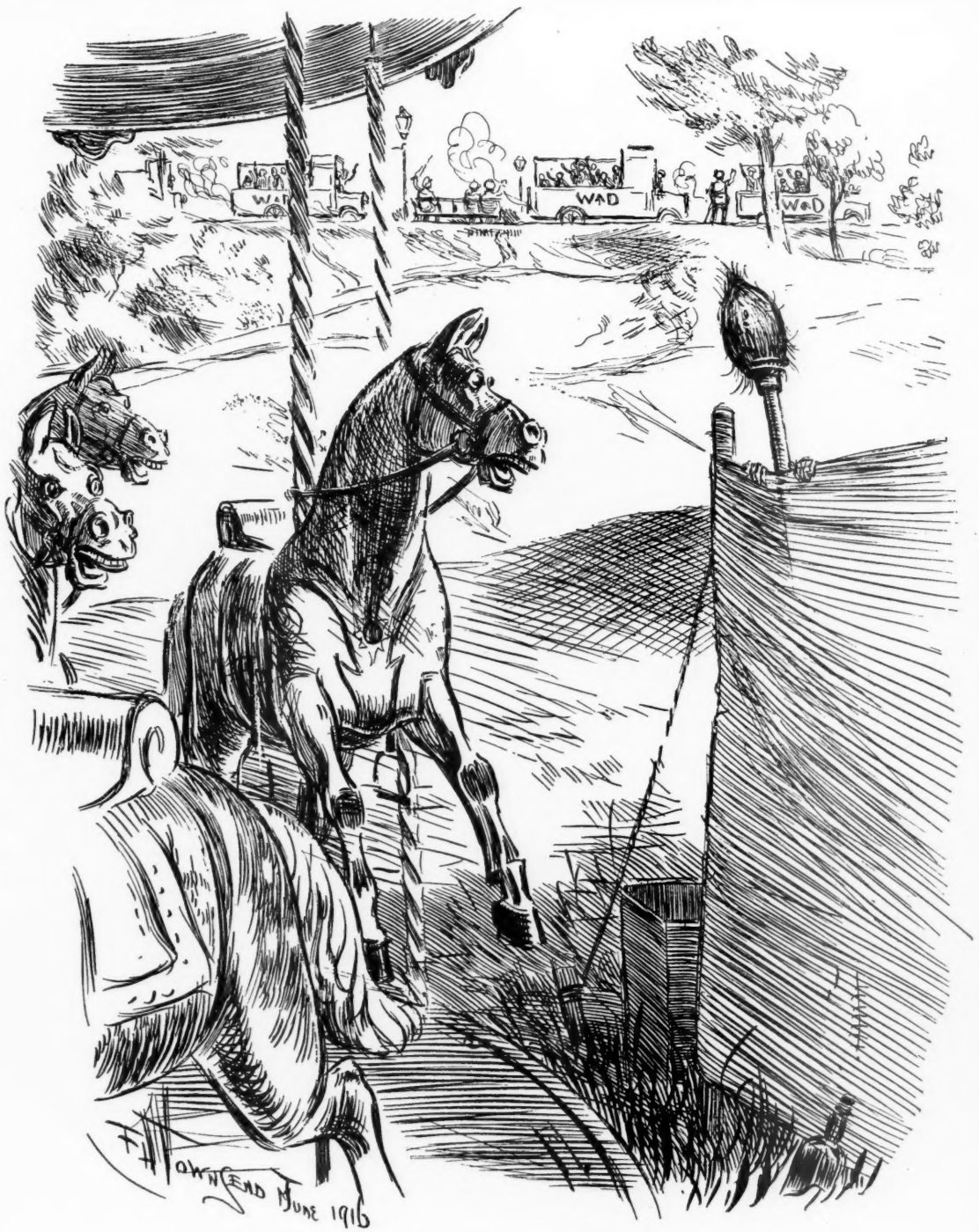
If you were the Queen of Make-believe
And I were a Prince o' Dream,
We 'd dress the world in a rich romance
With Pans a-piping and Queens that dance,
With plume and mantle and rapier glance
And Beauty's eyes a-gleam.

If I were a Poet, sweet, my own,
And you were my Lady true,
I 'd hymn your praise by night and morn
With golden notes through a silver horn
That unborn men in an age unborn
Might glow with a dream of you!

Not Founder's Kin.

"The Archbishop of Perth has received news that he has been appointed an honorary Fellow of Cain's College, Cambridge."
Church Standard (Sydney, N.S.W.)

According to *The Somerset and Wilts Journal* the songs sung by the boys and girls of the Radstock National Schools on Empire Day included "Raise the Flagon High." We cannot but think this Bacchic theme a little unsuitable for our youthful songsters.



A WORKING HOLIDAY.

COKER-NUT. "WHIT-MONDAY AND NOTHING DOING!"

ROUNDABOUT HORSE. "WELL, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WITH A WAR ON? THEY'VE ALL GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO DO."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XLI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—They say we fight for money, do they? Well, so we do, and it 's a long hard fight, and it 's a good soldier who wins against that firmly entrenched enemy, the Command Paymaster.

When this War is over I shall take all my money out of the Bank of England and, putting it in a paper bag and not troubling to tie it up, I shall just hand it to the C P.M. and say, "Hang on to this, will you, till I come back?" Mark my words: if I 'm away for fifty years or so, every penny of it will be there when I return. It isn't his habit to part with other people's money entrusted to his keeping.

I have a sergeant, an honest upright man with no complications in his past, except that he is a Scot by birth and, happening to be there at the outbreak, enlisted in Canada. By reason of his uncertain movements he is unable to draw his food in the usual way, and yet insists, tiresomely, on being fed. So I said he 'd better feed himself, and I claimed an authority for him to draw ration money in lieu of rations. Having weathered all the storms of an administrative correspondence, we eventually came by the authority itself. This was a great and happy day in the lives of myself and the forty-nine other officers who had by this time become involved in the affair. "Sgt. Blank is authorised to draw ration money in lieu of rations as from March 1st, 1916," I read to him, and sighed with relief. But it was a premature sigh. The trouble was only just beginning.

"One-and-eightpence a day, no less, you get, Sergeant," I said.

He was by now an old hand. "One-and-eightpence a day I am authorized to get, Sir," he corrected me.

A man not easily depressed, he took a cheerful view of the preliminary condition that he was paid monthly, in arrear. He proposed to spend his meal-times, during the rationless and moneyless days of March, reading the correspondence; quite enough to engage a man's whole attention during at least that period.

April 1st, 1916, duly arrived, and with it the renewal of the Sergeant's food question. "What, again?" I asked, irritably.

But the Field Cashier, who was first approached on April 3rd, wasn't in the least irritated. The subject interested him from the start. Moreover, argumentative by nature though he undoubtedly was, he was all anxiety to pay. First, however, there were one or two trifling formalities to be observed. "You see," he explained, "I can only pay out upon an authority."

With some confidence and no little pride we opened our despatch-case and produced our correspondence. He read every word of it; his pay corporal did the same, and very kindly explained it to us all as he went along. "This," they agreed, "is your authority to get the money. What I want is an authority to pay it." With expressions of mutual esteem we parted for the day, agreeing to give the matter our most earnest consideration during the week which must elapse before his return for the next pay-day.



Subaltern. "AND ABOUT THIS SALUTING—I WANT YOU RECRUITS TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THAT. OF COURSE, YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T SALUTE *ME*—YOU SALUTE THE UNIFORM."

We spent a busy week interviewing the forty-nine officers and anyone else we could get to listen. Only from the Camp Commandant did we get anything approaching enthusiasm. Camp Commandants are men of a patient disposition and a never-failing sympathy; what is better still, they invariably possess a Sergeant-Major of unscrupulous if altruistic cunning. We presented ourselves at the pay-office, on April 10th, armed with every possible form of literature, over the Camp Commandant's signature, which any reasonable Field Cashier could possibly want to read.

The Field Cashier was very pleased to see us; we were very pleased to see him. It was a most happy reunion. Only the Command Paymaster's presence was wanted to make the thing a success. The Field Cashier gave us his address, dispensed with the Sergeant's presence at all future meetings, and postponed all further proceedings in the matter till April 17th.

If there was any lack of graciousness in the correspondence with the C.P.M., this was, I must at once say, on my side. He wanted to oblige, but, being human, he must have his authority.

I sent him the authority to get and the authority to pay. His reply was to the effect that both were perfectly delightful and in the very best taste, but what was wanted before he could authorize payment was an authority to have the account in England credited with the necessary fund.

For the first time in my life I positively loathed England.

Bit by bit, however, the C.P.M. softened; but he hadn't softened quite enough to satisfy our Field Cashier by April 24th. It was not till May 1st that he gave in altogether, and went so far as to send a chit to the Camp Commandant, authorising him to receive for me the Sergeant's money. Meanwhile we had discovered the private residence or funk-hole of our F.C., and conversations became daily.

The defect on May 2nd was that the Camp Commandant hadn't signed the right receipt.

The defect on May 3rd was that I hadn't got the right receipt to sign.

The defect on May 4th was—yes, hunger had got the better of the Sergeant. Though he had got the right receipt and signed it, he had signed it in the wrong place.

On May 5th I procured a light lorry, packed into it the Camp Commandant, the Sergeant, myself, as many of the forty-nine officers as I could lure, pens, ink and paper, and, by mere weight of numbers, I overcame the Field Cashier. He scribbled his initials everywhere, inquired in notes of what value we would take the money, and undertook, on his personal honour, that upon his very next visit to our headquarters (where the payment should properly be made) the notes should be ours. I asked the Sergeant triumphantly what



"WHY DON'T YER SEE DOCTOR SMIFF ABAHT IT?"
"IS 'E A QUALIFIED DOCTOR?"
"I DUNNO. BUT I 'EAR 'E'S DONE WONDERS WIV ANIMALS."

more he could want. He saluted emphatically at the prospect of receiving, on May 8th, the money wherewith to buy his food for the period March 1st to April 3rd (inclusive).

It was indeed an achievement. Not only were all authorities in existence and duly authorised, but the authorities who had authorised the authorities were themselves authorised in writing to do so—and that authoritatively. However, it was satisfactorily established in formal proof that all persons concerned, including the Camp Commandant, myself and the Sergeant, were in fact the persons we were represented to be. Indeed the last lingering doubt was removed from the mind of the Field Cashier as to his own identity, and (hats off, gentlemen!) England had done her Bit. It was a reluctant bit, but somehow or other it had been done. The money was there. The Command Paymaster could authorise its payment; the Field Cashier could pay it; the Camp Commandant could receive it; I could obtain it; and the Sergeant could get it. May the 8th was fast approaching; but——

If a man (especially when he's right away in Canada) will be in such a hurry to enlist that he cannot spare the time to think out things carefully, what can he expect? Shortly after midnight of May 7th to 8th a telegram arrived: "Reference my A.B.C. 3535; your X.Y.Z. 97S; their decimal nine recurring. Please cancel all payment of rtn. allce. to Sergeant Blank, Akk. Akk. Akk. This N.C.O. belonging to a Canadian unit should apply direct to Paymaster, Overseas Contingent, Akk."

The Sergeant said nothing, except to ask me how long I thought the War was likely to last?

Yours ever, HENRY.

What our V.T.C.'s have to put up with:—

"Horsham was reached by tea time, the Company having marched upwards of sixteen miles, apart from its droll work."
Sussex Daily News.

"The Forestry Department of the township of Berlin reports that in the Grunewald, the public park between Berlin and Potsdam, 1,600 trees had been planted, thus changing about 400 acres of barren land into a forest."
The Times.

The statement, like the forest, seems a little thin.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

XVII.—BLACKFRIARS.

SEVEN Black Friars sitting back to back
Fished from the bridge for a pike or a jack.
The first caught a tiddler, the second caught a crab,
The third caught a winkle, the fourth caught a dab,
The fifth caught a tadpole, the sixth caught an eel,
And the seventh one caught an old cart-wheel.

XVIII.—THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

There's a Bull and a Bear, and what do you think?
They live in a Garden of white Stocks and pink.
"I'll give you a pink Stock for one of your white,"
Says the Bear to the Bull; and the Bull says, "All right!"
They never make answer if anyone knocks,
They are always so busy exchanging their Stocks.

A PARTIAL PAT ON THE BACK.

Another Little Lecture on the War, after the style of "The Spectator" (abbreviated).

IT is no time to waste words in praise of anybody. We want to give and mean to give—we may perhaps even say that we hope to give—the Cabinet our countenance and some measure of our approval, but neither adulation nor encomium. The Editor of this journal is quite ready to allot the laurels when they have been earned; he will be found at his post handing them out when the time arrives. But not now.

It will be said, no doubt . . . (Deletion of what will no doubt be said).

You may ask a man to put his whole strength into drawing a cork, but unless you are a fool you do not, while the operation is going forward, keep nagging at him because the cork is too firmly jammed, nor do you jeer at him for his lack of prescience in not having selected a bottle with a wider neck. You do not ask him strings of useless questions as to why he doesn't grip the bottle between his feet or get a purchase on it with his teeth. Above all you do not keep handing him tools, such as a pair of scissors or a button-hook or a crowbar. No. You concentrate earnestly upon the provision of an *efficient corkscrew*, if you ever hope to taste the imprisoned liquor. And meanwhile, "Don't trip him up" should be the order of the day; "Don't catch his eye" should be your watchword; "Don't get into the bowler's arm" should be your motto.

We shall be told, of course . . . (Deletion of what we shall of course be told).

But to discountenance nagging is not to encourage laudation, adulation, or encomium, or even praise. These can wait. The cow, to change the metaphor, will generally give her milk all the better if she is not in the act of being stroked or patted or wreathed with buttercups.

We shall perhaps evoke the retort . . . (Deletion of the retort, which will perhaps be evoked).

So much for the exact attitude which the Public ought to maintain toward the Government during the War. Unfortunately the Public, or rather a section of them, have done nothing of the sort. And that is the reason why, in spite of good intentions about adulation and all that, it has become absolutely necessary for us to step forward and present the Ministry with this unsolicited testimonial. The Government is not what it appears to be to cross-grained critics seeking for a rotation of suitable scapegoats. Ministers are full of glaring faults. Most of them before the War were wickedly engaged in doing all sorts of damage to the country, appalling to contemplate. But since the War began they are doing what they can to retrieve a lurid past, and we believe that History (our intimate colleague who waits to endorse at a later stage the views expressed in these columns) will pronounce that they have displayed great qualities.

But stay! We are in danger of adulation after all. Let us freely admit that they are a sorry lot. We have never been blind to the fact. All the same, they have shown the greatest of all qualities in a crisis—dispassion almost amounting to torpor. There has never been about them the slightest trace of hustle or helter-skelter. They have steered with the greatest deliberation a course which they thought was the right one for the ship of state to take. To change the metaphor, having fixed the route of the national 'bus they have refrained from diving down side-streets. (But there we go again, running off into laudation. This will not do at all.)

To speak frankly, all the political tenets of the majority of the Cabinet are such as can never receive anything but bitter hostility from this publication. We can't help it. There is a gulf fixed, that is how it comes about. But on the other hand we must not let this view prevent us—even though, after all, we are guilty of eulogy—from recognising their sterling worth. They are indispensable to the navigation of the ship of state. To change the metaphor, we must be content to let the train be driven by the engine-driver and not insist upon interference by the dining-car attendant.

We are well aware that we lay ourselves open to the charge . . . (Deletion of the charge to which we lay ourselves open).

Let us then trust the Government, even blindly. Let our motto be the immortal words in the "Hunting of the Snark": "*They had often, the Bellman said, saved them from wreck: though none of the sailors knew how.*"

THE HAPPY ERROR.

As a rule I am not one to peer over shoulders and read other people's letters or papers. But when one is in a queue waiting for one's passport to be *viséd*, and when one has been there for an hour and still seems no nearer to the promised land, and when it is the second time in the day that one has been in a queue for the same purpose—once in France and once in England—why, some little deflection from the narrow path of perfect propriety may be forgiven.

Moreover in other ways I behaved better than many of my fellow-travellers, for I stood loyally behind the man in front of me in my due place, and did not, as others did, insinuate myself from the side into positions to which, by all the laws of precedence and decency, they were disentitled. Indeed I even caught myself wondering whether, had I any preferential opportunities of getting through first, as some Red Cross and otherwise influential people had, I should make use of them. To take any advantage of this weary waiting line of suspects, of which I was one, would have been almost monstrous.

So, standing there all patiently and dejected, moving forward a foot or so every four or five minutes, no wonder that I found myself reading the embarkation paper which the gentleman in front of me had filled up and was holding so legibly before him.

He was tall and solid and calm and French, with a better cut coat than most Frenchmen, even the aristocrats, trouble about. He was broad-shouldered and erect, and I was piqued to find him, for all his iron-grey hair, five years younger than myself. His name was—never mind; but I know it. His profession was given as publicist—as though he were Mr. ARNOLD WHITE or Sir HENRY NORMAN, although, for all I know, Sir HENRY NORMAN may by now be a Brigadier-General. His reasons for visiting England, given in English, were in connection with his profession. But after that his English broke down; for when it came to the question what was his sex, how do you think he had answered it? I consider that his solution of the difficulty was an ample reward to me—and to you, if you too have any taste in terminological exactitude—for my fracture of a social convention. The word he had wanted was either "male" or "masculine"; but they had evaded him. He had then cast about for English terminology associated with men, and had thought vaguely of master and mister. The result was that the line ran thus:—"Sex: Masterly."

And, looking at the publicist's *soigné* moustache and firm jaw and broad hands, I could believe it. But what an inspiration! And, dear me! what will the Panks, if there are any left, say?

"To Teachers and Business Ladies. Healthful Holiday in North Wales; brainy air."
Provincial Paper.

Think what it has done for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.



The Judge. "THREE YEARS."
Optimistic Prisoner. "COULDN'T YOU MAKE IT 'THREE YEARS OR THE DURATION OF THE WAR,' ME LUD?"

IDENTIFICATION.

How often the kind of thing occurs that I am about to describe!

Four or five summers ago, before the world went mad, I was on one of DAVID MACBRAYNE'S steamers on the way to a Scotch island. Among the few passengers was an interesting man, with whom I fell into conversation. He was a vigorous, bulky, very tall man, with a pointed grey beard and a mass of grey hair under a panama, and he was bound, he told me, for a well-known fishing-lodge, whither he went every August. He had been a great traveller and knew Persia well; he had also been in Parliament, and one of his sons was in the siege of Mafeking. So much I remember of his affairs; but his name I did not learn. We talked much about books, and I put him on to DOUGHTY'S *Arabia Deserta*.

I have often thought of him since and wondered who he was, and whenever I have met fishermen or others likely to be acquainted with this attractive and outstanding personality I have asked about him; but never with success. And then last week I seemed really to be on the track, for I found that my new neighbour in the country has also had the annual custom of spending a fortnight or so in the same Scotch island, and he claims to know everyone who ever visits that retired spot.

So this is what happened.

"If you're so old an islander as that," I said, "you're the very person to solve the problem that I have carried about for four or five years. There's a man who fishes regularly up there"—and then I described my fellow-passenger. "Tell me," I said, "who he is."

He considered, knitting his brows.

"You're sure you're right in saying he is unusually tall?" he inquired at last.

"Absolutely," I replied.

"That's a pity," he said, "because otherwise it might be Sir Gerald Orpington. Only he's short. Still, he was in Parliament right enough. But, of course, if it was a tall man it's not Orpington."

He considered again.

"You say," he remarked, "that he had been in Persia? Now old Jack Beresford is tall enough and has plenty of hair, but I swear he's never been to Persia, and of course he hasn't a son at all. It's very odd. Describe him again."

I described my man again, and he followed every point on his fingers.

"Well," he said, "I could have sworn I knew every man who ever fished at Blank, but this fellow—— Oh, wait a minute! You say he is tall and bulky and had travelled, and his son was in the Boer War, and he has been in Parliament? Why, it must be old Carstairs. And yet it can't be. Carstairs was never married and was never in Parliament."

He pondered again.

Then he said, "You're sure it wasn't a clean-shaven bald man with a single eyeglass?"

"Quite," I said.

"Because," he went on, "if he had been it would have been old Peterson to the life."

"He wasn't bald or clean-shaven," I said.

"You're sure he said Blank?" he inquired after another interval of profound thought.

"Absolutely," I replied.

"Tell me again what he was like. Tell me exactly. I know every one up there; I must know him."

"He was a vigorous, bulky, very tall man," I said, "with a pointed beard and a mass of grey hair under a panama; and he went to Blank every August. He had been a great traveller and knew Persia; he had been in Parliament, and one of his sons was in the siege of Mafeking."

"I don't know him," he said.

"FOREIGN gentleman desires English lady to correct him, during one hour every morning, from 9 to 10."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

There is one foreigner whom innumerable English ladies would be delighted to correct; but he is no gentleman.



Hostess (alluding to latest photograph of herself). "WELL, DEAR, DO YOU THINK IT'S LIKE ME?"
Polite little Girl. "WELL, I DON'T THINK IT HAS MADE YOU LOOK QUITE—QUITE—*grown up* ENOUGH."

"BIOLOGY AT THE FRONT."

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—I am encouraged by reading the very interesting letter which appeared in your issue of May 29th under the heading, "Biology at the Front," and dealt with the habit acquired by French poultry of imitating the sound of flying shells, to relate an experience which recently befell me. I was seated at breakfast "Somewhere in France," and had ordered, as is my custom, a boiled egg. When it was brought to me I proceeded to open it by giving it a smart tap. The egg immediately exploded with a loud report, and the contents were scattered in all directions. Those at table with me at once threw themselves prostrate on the ground, and one, whose olfactory nerves were excessively developed, exhibited every symptom of being gassed. On questioning the innkeeper we learnt that the egg had been laid some weeks before by a hen in the neighbourhood of the Front. I had previously noticed that it was elongated in shape, the small end being pointed and the base end nearly flat, while the whole was cased in a shell.

The continuance of this imitative habit would be a strange perpetual memorial of the Great War—particularly for Pacificist politicians.

Yours, &c., DARWINIAN.

The Ashpit, Egham.

WAR'S SURPRISES.

THE POET.

My gifted nephew Eric
  Till just before the War
Was steeped in esoteric
  And antinomian lore,
Now verging on the mystic,
Now darkly symbolistic,
Now frankly Futuristic,
  And modern to the core.

Versed in the weird *grivoiserie*
  Affected by VERLAINE,
And charmed by the *chinoiserie*
  Of MARINETTI'S strain,
In all its multiplicity
He worshipped eccentricity,
And found his chief felicity
  In aping the insane.

And yet this freak ink-slinger,
  When England called for men,
Straight ceased to be a singer
  And threw away his pen,
Until, with twelve months' training
And six months' hard campaigning,
The lure of paper-staining
  Has vanished from his ken.

For now his former crazes
  He utterly eschews;
The world on which he gazes
  Has lost its hectic hues;
No more a bard crepuscular
Who writes in script minuscular,
He only woos the muscular
  And military Muse.

Transformed by contact hourly
  With heroes simple-souled,
He looks no longer sourly
  On men of normal mould,
But, purged of mental vanity
And erudite inanity,
The clay of his humanity
  Is turning fast to gold.

"THE ROAD TO RAGDAD."

Provincial Paper.

Not even LITTLE WILLIE could think of a better way.

"SECOND-HAND HEARSE Wanted; body must be up to date and reasonable."

Bristol Times and Mirror.

And not insist on a brand-new outfit.



WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

FERDIE. "I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE?"
TINO. "OH, NO! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. THIS IS LIBERTY HALL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HAS LORD KITCHENER, IN HIS PASSIONATE DESIRE TO ENCOURAGE THE VOLUNTEERS, EVER THOUGHT OF THE UNTAPPED RESOURCES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON?

Monday, May 29th.—When Mr. ANDERSON alleged that a certain firm, desirous of getting its employés exempted, had "hospitably entertained" the members of the local tribunal at its works, we felt that we were on the fringe of a grave scandal. A picture of the tribunal replete with salmon and champagne rose before the mind's eye. But when we learned from the Ministerial reply that the refreshment alluded to consisted of "tea and bread-and-butter" the vision faded away. Those innocent viands could not connote corruption.

A propos of tribunals, the House learned with delight that the military representative at Middlesbrough is Mr. HUSTLER HUSTLER. Obviously the Government have at last discovered "the man of push and go" for whom they were looking a year ago.

Mr. MCKENNA was a little short-tempered this afternoon. He first descended heavily upon Mr. SAMUEL SAMUEL, who had suggested that it was time to issue another War Loan, instead of borrowing so heavily upon Treasury Bills. The hon. member, he declared, had no right to speak for that mysterious entity, "the City." When Sir F. BANBURY, who indubitably has that right, endorsed Mr. SAMUEL'S appeal, Mr. MCKENNA took refuge under a point of order—rather an exiguous form of shelter for a Minister of the Crown.

Tuesday, May 30th.—The uncertainty of the Volunteers as to whether they are regarded by the War Office as a very present help in time of trouble or as a confounded nuisance will hardly be removed by Lord KITCHENER'S speech. True he said many nice things about them, and particularly about the behaviour of the Dublin corps during the insurrection, but when it came to a tangible recognition of their usefulness he had very little to offer. All the money available was required for the Army. The Volunteers must be content with such part-worn equipment and old-fashioned weapons as he could find them.

On the Consolidated Fund Bill Mr. FELL and other Members for East Anglia represented very poignantly the woes inflicted upon their constituencies by the air and sea raids. Fishermen and lodging-house keepers were alike deprived of their livelihood. Could not the Government do something for them, either by billeting soldiers or by direct grants-in-aid?

Mr. HAYES FISHER in reply exuded sympathy at every pore. The previous speakers had, as he said, painted "a deplorable picture of gloom," and he laid on the colours from an even more opulent palette. But on the question of actual relief he was painfully indefinite. Billeting—that was a question for the War Office; grants—they were a matter for the Treasury. The East Anglers who thought their fish safely hooked had to go away empty.

Wednesday, May 31st.—Not content with having laid sacrilegious hands on the clock, the Government have now deranged the calendar and kicked Whit-Monday into August. But it is all in the good cause of piling up shells against the Bosches, so the House cheerfully approved the PRIME MINISTER'S announcement.

For some days there have been rumours of an impending attack upon Lord KITCHENER, to be led by Colonel CHURCHILL. Perhaps that was why Mr. TENNANT, who moved the Vote for the War Office, decided to get his blow in first. His short speech began with a jibe at his critic's strategical omniscience, though it is not true that he referred to him as "the right hon. and recently gallant gentleman";

proceeded with a denial of most of his assumptions, and ended with a high tribute to Lord KITCHENER's prevision in raising a great army to cope with a long war.

Colonel CHURCHILL did not pick up the gage thus ostentatiously thrown down, but some of his friends were less discreet, and developed a close-range assault upon Lord KITCHENER. The PRIME MINISTER is never seen to greater advantage than when he is defending a colleague, and he declared that the WAR SECRETARY was personally entitled to the credit for the amazing expansion of the army.

Unofficial tributes were not wanting. Sir MARK SYKES asserted that in Germany the WAR SECRETARY was feared as a great organiser, while in the East his name was one to conjure with; and Sir GEORGE REID declared that his chief fault was that he was "not clever at circulating the cheap coin of calculated civilities which enable inferior men to rise to positions to which they are not entitled."

Thursday, June 1st.—In moving that the House should at its rising adjourn until June 20th, the PRIME MINISTER felt it necessary to remove any impression that the Government, while asking everybody else to sacrifice their Whitsun holiday, were themselves going junketing.

Like Old TOM MORRIS, who rebuked a would-be Sunday golfer by saying "if you don't want your Sabbath rest the links do," he pointed out that the continuous sittings of the House threw a double burden not only upon Ministers—one of whom, Mr. RUNCIMAN, has unhappily broken down—but also upon the permanent officials. Even Members of Parliament, he slily added, might be under a misapprehension in supposing that constant attendance at the House was the best way in which they could discharge their duty to their country in time of war.

The Nationalist Members are doing their best to "give LLOYD GEORGE a chance." True, they ask an inordinate number of questions arising out of the hot Easter week in Dublin—when, according to the local wit, it was "'98 in the shade"—but otherwise they have sternly repressed any tendency to factiousness. Yesterday, when a free-lance sought to move the adjournment of the House in order to denounce the continuance of martial law in Ireland, not a single other Member rose to support him; and to-day, though Mr. DILLON could not resist the temptation to make a speech on the same subject, he showed a refreshing restraint.

Only once—when he declared that "if you can reach the hearts of the Irish people you can do anything with them; but they will not be driven, and you cannot crush them"—did his voice approach that painfully high pitch which irreverent critics have been known to describe as "Sister Mary Jane's top-note."

Mr. ASQUITH in reply was sympathetic but firm. The Government were not deaf to the plea for leniency which had been addressed to them by all Irish representatives, by Sir EDWARD CARSON as well as by Mr. REDMOND. But they could not give an undertaking that there should be an end of the courts-martial. As for the persons deported from Ireland, for whom Mr. DILLON had specially appealed, it would be more humane in their own interests not to bring them to trial at once, for that would mean a crop of convictions and sentences which would increase instead of allaying the alleged irritation in Ireland.

Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR developed a really ingenious argument. To show that martial law ought now to be dropped he mentioned that if he attempted to hold a recruiting meeting in his constituency his life would not be worth half-an-hour's purchase. Members who were thinking of spending the recess in Ireland were greatly impressed.



Doctor (examining recruit). "AND DO YOU ALWAYS STUTTER LIKE THAT?"
Recruit. "N-N-NO, SIR. ONLY W-W-W-WHEN I T-T-TALK."

AT THE PLAY.

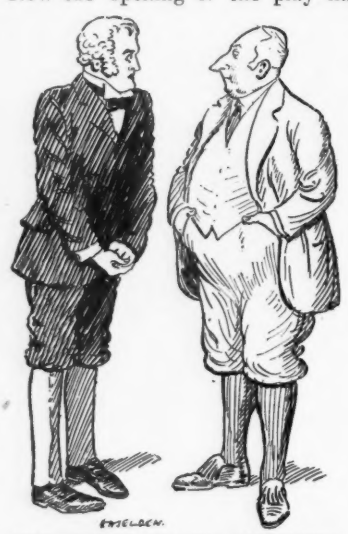
"FISHPINGLE."

Sir Geoffrey Pomfret, "that almighty man, the county god," claimed to exercise the same divine right over the souls of his village that he exercised, in the matter of breeding, over the bodies of his cattle and pigs. Nothing, I think, has brought the present War more closely home to my bosom than the humours of this feudal relic—taken in all seriousness by everyone, including the author. It seems almost inconceivable that Mr. VACHELL's play deals with conditions that still survived only a few years ago. Yet the Squire's devotion to the science of eugenics establishes its date as quite recent. It was his sole taint of modernity; and indeed where his own son's marriage was concerned he omitted to apply his scientific principles, and made a choice for him in which no regard was paid to eugenics, but only to established social traditions.

At first the play opened up prospects of a pleasant gaiety. A love scene, conducted in a rich Western brogue, between the *Squire's* footman and his still-room maid, and the embarrassment caused by her eagerness to learn the philosophy of "eujanics," were full of promise. It was confirmed by the appearance of Mr. AINLEY, whose manner reminded us of his many triumphs in the art of eccentric detachment. His part—the title-rôle—was that of *Sir Geoffrey's* faithful butler, on such familiar, though respectful, terms with his master that the two sipped port together in the former's room in broad daylight while discussing family matters. They took an unconscionable time about it, but, as I said, it promised well. However, Mr. VACHELL had other designs than our mere amusement. We were not to have our comedy without paying for it with our heart's blood. Very soon the shadow of melodramatic pathos and mystery crept over the sunny scene. *Fishpingle* takes a box from a cupboard and glances at a miniature and a bundle of letters. There is illegitimacy in the air, and a lady near me in the stalls confides to her neighbour that "he 's the *Squire's* half-brother." I can't think where she got her information, for the rest of us never learned the facts of the mystery till the very end of the evening, and even then the details of *Fishpingle's* origin only transpired (as they say) under extreme pressure arising out of his dismissal by his master on the strength of a violent disagreement about fundamentals.

Sir Geoffrey's father, it seems, had before his marriage run away with a girl not of his own rank, who had generously refused to spoil the family tree by marrying him; and *Fishpingle* was the result. You might judge from the peculiarity of his surname that the matter was taken lightly by his parents. But you would be wrong. His mother died when he was born, and his first name (for I cannot call it a Christian name) was *Benoni*, which, being interpreted, means "the child of sorrow." *Sir Geoffrey's* grandmother, who had discouraged the legal adjustment of the relationship between the lovers, had tried to repair matters by educating *Fishpingle* above the obscurity of his irregular birth; hence his comparative erudition, rare in a butler.

Now the opening of the play had



THE BREED OF THE POMFRETS.

Fishpingle (to himself). "HOW ANYBODY CAN FAIL TO SEE THE EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY LIKENESS BETWEEN US I CANNOT IMAGINE."

Fishpingle . . . . Mr. HENRY AINLEY.
Sir Geoffrey Pomfret . Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

put me into a mood which was not the right one for the reception of this extract from a deplorable past. Some comedies would be all the better for a little tragic relief; but this was too much. Mr. VACHELL had no business to give his play a title like *Fishpingle*. He should have called it "Nature's Nobleman, or The Tragical Romance of a Faithful Butler's Birth," and then I might have known what to expect. As it was I felt aggrieved. It was not, of course, a question of asking for my money back at the doors (critics, to be just to them, never do this in the case of a complimentary seat), but I felt I had a right to protest against this attempt to harrow my heart-strings, attuned as they were to the key of comedy, with a painful drama dating back to more than half a century before the rise of the curtain, and with its chief actors all dead. And the irritating mystery in which it was wrapped only made things worse. Further, I suffered a considerable strain on both my head and my heart in consequence of obscure hints (vaguely involving a photograph on his mantelpiece) as to the reason why *Fishpingle* remained a bachelor to the bitter end.

But I am ashamed to appear flippant, for Mr. AINLEY played with exquisite feeling and a fine sincerity. And I have to thank Mr. VACHELL for giving us some excellent studies of character—not character developed before our eyes by circumstance (except perhaps a little at the last), but admirably observed as a kind of fixture to be taken with the house.

And if the play is not quite on the high level of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S *The Eldest Son*, which it faintly recalls, it is much more worthy of Mr. VACHELL'S gifts than the poor thing, *Penn*, which died so young. Also he is very much more fortunate this time in his cast. Miss MARION TERRY, as *Lady Pomfret*, was a pattern of sweet graciousness; and Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH was at his happiest as *Sir Geoffrey*. And the two pairs of lovers, Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND and Miss MAUD BELL above stairs, and Mr. REGINALD BACH and Miss DORIS LYTTON below (they were really all of them on the ground floor, the butler's room being the common trysting-place), served as delightful examples of natural selection—both on their own part and that of the management—and were as fresh and healthy as the most eugenical could desire. O. S.

"DADDY LONG-LEGS."

Daddy Long-Legs is a pleasant American sentimental comedy made by JEAN WEBSTER out of her very jolly book, and not so sticky as some of our importations of the same general type. The four Acts are phases in the development of *Judy* (or *Jerusha*) *Abbott*, orphan; and, as normally happens in book-plays, development is extremely abrupt. Act I. shows us *Judy* as the drudge of the orphanage breaking into flame of rebellion on the day of the visit of the trustees. Naturally the trustees are all trustees *pour rire*, except one real good rich man, *Jervis Pendleton*, who admires the orphan's spirit, and decides that she is to have her chance at his charges; but is on no account to know her benefactor.

In Act II., a year later, *Judy* is not merely the most popular but the best dressed girl in her college. She still dreams about her unknown benefactor, whom she calls *Daddy Long-Legs*,



Vicar (severely). "AH, THE OLD STORY—AN UNSKILLED MAN DODGING THE WORK HE MIGHT GET."

Tramp (stung to the quick). "UNSKILLED, AM I? YOU 'AVE A GO AT DODGING WORK THESE DAYS, AND SEE IF IT DON'T TAKE A BIT O' SKILL!"

and assumes to be a hoary old man. *Pendleton* comes to Commem., or its equivalent, to have a peep at his ward, and loses his heart. In the Third Act, three years later, our heroine is a famous author, and *Pendleton*, coming (still incog.) to propose, is refused by a *Judy* who has taken to worrying unduly (and not altogether convincingly, if you ask me) about her lack of family. And, of course, in Act IV., wedding bells.

Miss RENÉE KELLY has a charming personality, and a smile which alone is worth going to see. She trounced the matron and the incredible trustees with a fierce fury, and seemed to have easy command of the changes of mood and tense which her fast-moving circumstances required. A pretty twinkling star. Mr. CHARLES WALDRON is a skilful actor. If he, perhaps, grimaced a little too much by way of not letting us miss the obvious points of the little mystery, he made as admirable a proposal of marriage as I have ever heard on the stage (or off it for that matter, with perhaps one exception); but to suppose that so accomplished a lover would accept a mere mournful shake of the head as a final refusal is simply too absurd. Miss FAY DAVIS made quite a little triumph of gentle gracious kindliness out of one of those potentially tiresome explanatory parts without which no mystifications can be contrived. Miss KATE JEPSON is a comédienne of rich grain, and gave a very amusing study of the hero's old nurse. Miss JEAN CADELL, that clever specialist in dour unpleasant stage women, made a properly repulsive thing out of the matron of the orphanage. Mr. HYLTON ALLEN scored his points as a comic lover with droll effect. If the distinctly clever children of the home (*Judy* excepted) had been effectively put on the contraband list I should not have worried. They were unduly noisy (for art, not for life perhaps), and they overdid their parts, being not only rowdy in the absence, and abject in the presence, of authority, but different kinds of children—not merely the same children in two moods.

Altogether a pleasant play pleasantly and competently performed. T.

"CABINET LEEKAGE."—*Daily Paper.*

Now why, we wonder, do they spell it that way?

Alleged Cannibalism in the German Navy.

"The prisoners got the same food as the submarine crew. Here is the bill of fare: Breakfast consisted of coffee, black bread, submarine commander and he pilot."
Provincial Paper.

"Jimmy Wilde, the fly-weight champion, took part in two contests at Woolwich on Saturday, winning them both with great ease. Darkey Saunders, Camberwell, was beaten in three months."—*Burton Daily Mail.*

The reporter also seems to have been knocked out of time.

"If the area of the garden cannot be increased, the quantity and quality of the crops should be improved by the extra hour of daylight."—*The Times.*

For this discovery our contemporary is hereby recommended for the famous Chinese Order of the Excellent Crop.

"A letter sent on Friday saying, 'We are starting a central mess for 1,200 men on Monday,' and asking: 'Can you send cooks?' brings as a reply 24 trained women cooks, who roll up their sleeves and cook breakfast for the number stated inside 12 hours!"
The Times.

What was breakfast to some must have been supper to others.

MUSINGS ON MILK-CANS.

WHEN I travel up to London by an early morning train
Or return into the country when the day is on the wane,
At the smallest railway station
There 's a dreadful demonstration
Which causes me unmitigated pain.

I 'm aware that milk is needed for our infant girls and boys;
That it aids adult dyspeptics to regain "digestive poise";
But I 've never comprehended
Why its transport is attended
By the maximum of diabolic noise.

I admit the railway porter who can deftly twirl a can
In each hand along the platform is no ordinary man;
But what kills me is the banging
And the clashing and the clanging
As he hurls them in or hauls them from the van.

Now if some new material for these vessels could be found—
Non-metallic and in consequence a silencer of sound—
There would be within our borders
Fewer nerve and brain disorders
And more of moral uplift to go round.

I know a dashing journalist, a credit to his trade,
Who 's always in the thick of it whenever there 's a raid.
Bombs of various sorts and sizes
He describes and analyses,
But he can't endure a long milk-cannonade.

I 've written to our Member, Dr. Philadelphus Snell,
To ask a question in the House—I think he 'd do it well—
If our cows' nerves should be mangled
By the way their milk is jangled;
And, if he doesn't play, I 'll try GINNELL.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The* GERMAN EMPEROR *and the* CROWN PRINCE.)

The German Emperor. Sit down, won't you?

The Crown Prince. Oh, thanks, I rather prefer standing. One's legs get so cramped in a motor-car.

The G. E. Sit down!

The C. P. Really, I——

The G. E. SIT DOWN!!

The C. P. Oh, if you 're going to take it like that, I 'll—yes, yes, there I am. Are you happy now?

The G. E. I don't know why I tolerate this impertinence from a whipper-snapper like you. If I did my duty——

The C. P. I know what you 're going to say: if you did your duty you 'd have me arrested and packed off to prison. Isn't that it? Yes, I thought so. You want to be like old FREDERICK WILLIAM. He had FREDERICK THE GREAT sentenced to death, and, by Jove, he all but had the sentence carried out too. It was a deuced near thing. FREDERICK WILLIAM was mad, you know—as mad as a hatter, and——

The G. E. Stop it. I will not have you add to your other misdeeds the crime of irreverence against one of the greatest and worthiest members of our royal House.

The C. P. Well, it 's my House as well as yours. I dare say you regret that, but there it is, and you won't alter it by glaring at me and threatening me with your moustache. I 'm glare-proof and moustache-proof by this time.

The G. E. What have I done to deserve such a son?

The C. P. If it comes to that there 's another way of putting it. What have *I* done to deserve such a father?—that 's what I might ask; but I 'm too respectful, too careful of your feelings. And what 's my reward? You 're always nag-nag-nagging at me, morning, noon and night. Why can't you give it a rest?

The G. E. This is beyond endurance. But it has always been the same from the time you cut your teeth until now—no filial piety, no consideration for your mother and me; only a cross-grained selfishness and bad temper. What happened in India?

The C. P. Oh, if you 're going over that old story again, I 'm off.

The G. E. Donnerwetter noch einmal! Sit still, I tell you. I say again, what happened in India? You never thought of ingratiating yourself with the native chiefs. You couldn't even keep your engagements or be punctual. All you thought of was running after some girl whose face happened to take your fancy. I might as well have kept you at home or sent you to London. What a creature to be a Crown Prince!

The C. P. (*wearily*). There you go again. But I protest against such treatment. I 'd far rather be back before Verdun with old VON HÄSELER grandmothering me all over the place.

The G. E. I wonder you dare to mention the word Verdun in my presence.

The C. P. Why shouldn't I? I didn't appoint myself Commander of the Verdun armies. You did that, and I 've done my best to obey your orders and those of the High Command. If the French fight well, and if we lose thousands upon thousands of men, how am I responsible? Do be reasonable, my respected father. It was you who wanted Verdun. You won't be happy till you get it, and if you do get it now it won't be as useful as an old shoe without a sole. Anyhow, I 'm bearing the burden, and if we succeed in breaking through it 's you that will have the credit of it. If Verdun falls you 'll be there in double quick time to take the salute in your shining——

The G. E. Silence, jackanapes!

The C. P. And if we don't get through poor old VON HÄSELER will have to retire. You 'll send him your photograph in a gold frame to console him, just as you consoled BISMARCK. Pity there 's no BISMARCK now. However, we can't have everything, can we?

(*Left quarrelling.*)

"A damaged Zeppelin was observed to descend in the Thames Estuary, and it surrendered on the approach of patrol goat."
The Journal (*Calcutta*).

This incident is believed to be unique, but German submarines have no doubt before now been accounted for by our naval rams.

"We give these things long words. We talk of the 'triumph of organisation.' Is it not simpler to say—that when a man knows exactly what he wants done, exactly how every part of it should be done, and can pick a man for each task, and apportion his requirements to what is possible; and then, by far the most important thing of all, can so deal with the many under his command that each is most furiously anxious to do what the leader wants—why then, things go right."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The answer is in the negative.

"There is much matter for thinking over in the observations of this 'Student' who was at Sandhurst twelve years ago, and at Oxford later on, and seems to have got the best out of both forms of training—the unhasting and unresting labour of 'the Shop,' which aims only at making competent gunners and sappers, and the easy-going round of University life which enlarges one's sympathy and stimulates the imagination."—*Morning Paper.*

Judging by his description of Sandhurst we think that the writer of the above extract must also have been at Oxford, where the imagination gets stimulated.



Farmer (who has got a lady-help in the dairy). "ULLO, MISSY, WHAT IN THE WORLD BE YE DOIN'?"
Lady. "WELL, YOU TOLD ME TO WATER THE COWS AND I'M DOING IT. THEY DON'T SEEM TO LIKE IT MUCH."

THE GREAT NEUTRAL.

I AM the Neutral Journalist who wanders round Europe. I am absolutely impartial. I am absolutely trustworthy. My perfect integrity is vouched for at the head of all my articles. Pleasant it is to come over to London, sell one set of articles to the Boom Press and another to the Gloom Press, and then sit down with smiling face and begin an article for Germany: "I sit in a hovel amongst the ruins of Fleet Street, with the wreck of the armoured fort of St. Paul's in view. I hear a stir outside. A wild mob of conscientious objectors is beating a recruiting officer to death. Such things happen hourly in defeated Albion." My series of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham—all in ashes—has proved so successful that I propose to cover all the large towns and construct a Baedeker of ruins.

Yet I pride myself more on my work for England's Press. My German articles have all to be in the same vein. Only the Boom Press exists in Germany. But in England one can vary one's view and do artistic work. You must have read my story of the struggle for the last sausage in a Frankfort butcher's shop—how the troops intervened and the crowd attacked them, and how ultimately 1,400 civilians were mown down with machine guns—and the sausage was eaten by the General Officer commanding the Army Corps that suppressed the rising. You must also have seen my description of the KAISER—his white hair, bent shoulders, deathlike look as he passed, protected by his Guards from the wild fury of the Berlin mob. Of course I have another KAISER, the bright smiling man whose youth seems to have been renewed by the War, who waves his hand to the madly enthusiastic crowds waiting round the Palace for a glimpse of their divinity.

You must have read my secret interviews with distinguished Germans, who whispered to me that HINDENBURG had thrown down his sword and declared that if the useless slaughter did not cease he would march on Berlin. I have told you their promises of bloody revolutions and fierce risings. Also I have given you interviews with other distinguished Germans, who confided to me that now Germany could turn out one submarine and one Zeppelin every week-day and two on Sundays, and I have thrilled you with the details of the great trade war which will come directly peace is declared, when Germany will win back all her wealth by selling everything fifty per cent. below cost.

How my dinners vary in that strange Teutonic land! I pay twenty marks for two tiny slices of fish, a thin piece of indigestible potato bread, and a section of rancid sausage. At other times I spend two marks and get a delightful meal which could not be procured in a London restaurant for five shillings. I walk through Berlin and see scarcely a cripple or a wounded man. I let you know that ninety-five per cent. of German wounded, owing to the skill of German doctors, go back to the Front in a week. To other English readers I confide that all the maimed, wounded and blind are sent into the very centre of Germany. There are huge districts without a whole man in them.

Did you ask for the actual facts? I will give you one—and it is this: the only persons in Germany whose waist-measurements have increased in the War are the neutral journalists.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Hearts of Alsace* (SMITH, ELDER) your interest will be held less by the actual story than by the profoundly moving and poignant picture that Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS has drawn of life in the Reichsland under the increasing burden of Prussian tyranny. It is a picture that one feels to be absolutely true. The author writes of what she knows. This Alsatian family—old *Jean Barthélemy*, the city father, crushed and embittered by the fate of his loved Mulhouse; his two daughters and the circle of their friends within the town—all live and move and look longingly towards the West, as so many others must have done these forty and odd years past. The plot, what there is of it, concerns the clandestine love of *Claire*, the petted younger daughter of the Gley house, for an officer in the conqueror's host, whom she had met during a visit to Strasburg. *Claire* marries her *Kurt*, a shady worthless knave, and, as the book ends with the outbreak of war, is left to an unknown fate. Very stirring are the chapters that tell of the tumult of emotion that broke loose when the French guns were heard in Mulhouse; though here—as in all those war stories whose only satisfactory end is the final confusion of Kaiserdom—one feels that there is a chapter yet to be added. Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS writes with all the vigour (I might add all the garrulity) of intense personal feeling. Her book, as a race study, is a real contribution to the literature of the War.



The Author (dictating). "'THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH DYNAMITE, GUN-COTTON, NITRO-GLYCERINE, CANS OF PETROL AND OTHER HIGH EXPLOSIVES. A TRAIN OF POWDER HAD BEEN LAID AND WAS SWIFTLY BURNING ITS WAY TO THE HEAP OF COMBUSTIBLES. CLARENCE, TIED TO A POST, LISTENED TO THE RETREATING FOOTSTEPS OF THE HUNS, A SMILE OF CONTEMPT CURLING HIS SENSITIVE NOSTRILS.' CLARENCE IS IN A TIGHT PLACE, MISS BROWN, AND I DON'T KNOW YET HOW WE'LL GET HIM OUT OF IT. CAN YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING?"

Amanuensis (brightly). "WHY NOT HAVE PEACE PROCLAIMED?"

These are days in which some measure of sacrifice is rightly considered the common duty of everyone, so long as it is sacrifice with an object. Perhaps this consideration gives me less patience with the preposterous kind, which, as a motive in fiction, usually consists in the hero inviting all and sundry to trample upon his prospects and reputation. This is what the chief character in *Proud Peter* (HUTCHINSON) did. He began by allowing it to be supposed that he was the father of his brother's illegitimate child, the bright peculiar fatuousness of which pretence was that thereby the said brother was enabled to marry, and break the heart of, the heroine, whom, of course, *Peter* himself adored. Also, many years after, when the child, now an objectionable young man, nay more, an actor, was pursuing another heroine with his unwelcome attentions, he very nearly spiked *Peter's* guns, on being threatened, by exclaiming, "I am thy son"—or words to that effect. Fortunately, however, there existed, as I had somehow known would be the case, a signed photograph that put all that right. Why, I wonder, is Mr. W. E. NORRIS always so sharp with the dramatic profession? Was it not in one of his earlier stories that somebody quite seriously questions whether a good actor can also be a good man? On the whole, as you may have gathered, while I should call *Proud Peter* a comfortable tale of the eupeptic type, I enjoyed it rather less than other stories from the same facile pen.

ARTHUR GREEN'S *The Story of a Prisoner of War* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) can be recommended to all who can still digest the uncooked facts. "I can swear," he says, "that all that is written is Gospel truth," but without any such assurance it would be impossible for even the most sceptical to doubt the writer's honesty. Wounded and taken prisoner in August, 1914, he suffered severely at the hands of the Germans, and his account of the camp at Wittenburg does nothing to decrease one's loathing for that pestilential spot. For many reasons it is a sad tale, and not the least of them is the evidence it gives that a civilized race can sink to such depths of cruelty and cowardice. Perhaps the only people to whom it will give any comfort are those who have sent food and clothing to our prisoners. But I am glad that this book came my way, because I would choose to read facts of the War baldly written by a soldier rather than any war fiction composed by imaginative civilians. "Of course I'm not an author," he writes, and as far as grammar and spelling go it is not for me to contradict him, but he has seen and suffered, and in these days no one who has handled a bayonet need apologise for taking a turn with a pen.

Encouraged, no doubt, by the reception accorded to that cheery little volume, *Minor Horrors of War*, its author, Dr. A. E. SHIPLEY, has now followed it with an equally entertaining sequel in *More Minor Horrors* (SMITH, ELDER). This deals more especially with the pests attached to the Senior Service, and familiar to those who go down to the sea in ships—the Cockroach, the Mosquito, the Rat, the Biscuit-Weevil and others. Of each Dr. SHIPLEY has some pleasant word of instruction or comment to say, in his own highly entertaining manner. I like, for example, his remark about the mosquito (whose infinite variety is recognised in no fewer than five chapters), that, if he could talk, the burden of his song would be that of the guests at the dinner-party in *David Copperfield*—"Give us blood!" And I found good omen in the cockroach world on learning that *Periplaneta Orientalis*, or the common English sort, has *P. Germanica* thoroughly beat in the matter of empire-building. In short, Dr. Shipley's second volume, like his first, combines instruction with amusement, and is well worth its modest eighteen-pence to those on land who may wish to learn about the intimate associates of their dear ones who are defending them upon the sea.

"In the Midst of Life——"

"Good Greengrocery and Mixed Business, sure living; death cause of leaving."—*Provincial Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE German IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR'S Reichstag speech with regard to the Battle of Jutland was, according to *The Daily Mail*, delivered with "an eye on Washington." Not GEORGE, of course.

* * *

According to the German official announcement, the sinking of the *Lützow* was concealed for "military reasons." It is only reasonable to assume that other and larger prevarications concerning the North Sea battle may be ascribed to "naval reasons."

* * *

A remarkable omission from the German account of the Naval battle off Jutland is observed. There is no mention of the destruction of H.M.S. *Blockade*.

* * *

According to the Croydon Public Library Committee, "readers are turning to Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and Jane Austen for relief from war worry." This authoritative statement will come as a great shock to Mr. BALFOUR, who appears to have been under the impression that WINSTON CHURCHILL was the popular author of the moment.

* * *

Under the heading, "Fish-shaped Zeppelin," *The Daily Mail*, quoting the Zurich correspondent of the *Nieuwe Courant*, describes a monster supposed to have been recently launched by the Germans, which fires an aerial torpedo weighing 420 lbs. a distance of nine miles. We ourselves would have preferred the heading, "Fish-shaped Story."

* * *

An A.B., fresh from the Naval fight, had read a statement in the Press that the KAISER had given three Hochs! for his Navy. "Well, I don't give a Dam for it!" said the British tar.

* * *

The President of the Republic of San Domingo has resigned, "to save the State from armed American intervention." We fear that somebody has been pulling the gentleman's leg.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette on the Jumble Sale at the Caledonian Market: "But there were bargains for everybody, whether it was an elephant or a daintily bejewelled carrier, a Paris hat or a three-year-old, or a motor-car, or an elephant." One of the lady helpers, discovering at the last moment that she had a duplicate elephant, appears to have brought it along just in time to catch our contemporary before it went to press.

* * *

In connection with the occupation of Fort Rupel by the Bulgarians it is announced that General SARRAIL is taking the "necessary steps." Yet we cannot be blind to the fact that it would have been better to have forestalled the enemy and taken the necessary front-door.

* * *

At a meeting of the Church Reading Union at Sion College, Sir FRANCIS FOX, J.P., said that a boy who was arrested for setting fire to a church had told him that he "had seen it on the cinematograph." This statement has drawn a spirited protest from a number of our leading film manufacturers, who point out that the thing could not possibly have happened, as in all their dramas they have always made it a rule never to burn anything less expensive than a cathedral.

* * *

An advertisement from *The Times*: "Very stout gentleman, ineligible Army, requires permanent engagement to act for Cinema. Had some experience in comedy pictures; fatter than any other movey actor; weight 22 stone; exceptional opportunity for British producers, but willing go abroad." What about an exchange, on a weight basis, with America, who might send us Sir HERBERT TREE and CHARLIE CHAPLIN?

* * *

At the Bow County Court a man who was questioned regarding his occupation said that he was a tinsmith, a carrier, a job-buyer, a milkman and a general dealer; that he was training about 120 carrier-pigeons for the Government and also did a bit of prize-fighting. There the matter seems to have ended, but one cannot help thinking that a really expert cross-examiner would not have let him go without finding out what he did in his spare time.

* * *

Reports from all the agricultural districts refer in glowing terms to the cheerful manner in which women workers on the farms are carrying on their duties. We are, however, informed that in one district a woman voluntary worker was heard to express the opinion that she would be more keen upon her part of the work if the ground were not so horribly far down.

* * *

The popularity of police passes is due to the fact that they can often be kept and used as a testimonial to character. Thus a well-known Irishman of county family, on applying for a pass to England, received the following: "Mr. —— is known to all the police of the county, and they consider him a fit man to leave Ireland."



Member of the Royal Flying Corps (first day out of hospital). "SPEED UP, MAN—SPEED UP!"

The Decline of Chivalry.

"The Minister for Lands, the Minister for Agriculture, and the Under-Secretary for Agriculture paid a visit to the old Zoo at Moore Park, and decided to adopt the suggestion that it be utilised as a horticultural college for women students. It is expected the animals will take up their new quarters by July next."—*Australian Paper.*

Headline to an account of German outrages in the Baltic:—

"HENS ANNOYING SWEDES."
Rand Daily Mail.

This quite takes us back to the LLOYD GEORGE of the old days.

"SWEET maid (experienced) for restaurant."
Scottish Paper.

We hope she knows her KINGSLEY:—"Be good, sweet maid."

A New Gas Attack?

"With whatever object, offensive or defensive, the German General Staff is concentrating all EGGS SEVENPENCE EACH."
Glasgow Evening Times.

"KIND Motherly Person wanted urgently to mind baby girl during day; easy distance from Reservoir."—*Auckland Star.*

So, if the child becomes too troublesome——

To the Memory of Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener.

BORN JUNE 24TH, 1850. DIED ON SERVICE JUNE 5TH, 1916.

SOLDIER of England, you who served her well
And in that service, silent and apart,
Achieved a name that never lost its spell
Over your country's heart;—

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length
Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength
That kept its manhood's prime;—

Great was your life, and great the end you made,
As through the plunging seas that whelmed your head
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,
To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away
That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day
A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true
Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew
But might not live to see. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG and FRAU VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.*)

She. You are late again, Theobald. How often must I——

He. Oh, please do not worry me, my dear Martha. After what I have been forced to go through it is a wonder that I am here at all.

She. What—have you been seeing *him* again? I thought he was away with one of the armies and you would be having a holiday.

He. So did I think; but it was not to be. Holiday, indeed! When do I ever get even a moment in which to think my own thoughts?

She. At any rate I hope he acknowledged what Germany owes to you. Where would he have been, I wonder, if it had not been for your constant devotion to his service throughout this terrible time? Does he realise what that has meant for him and his?

He. Kaisers never realise anything. That's my experience of one of them, at any rate. If you flatter them they smile on you and take all the credit of your work. But I am not cut out of that sort of wood, and the result is that he looks at me as if he had bitten into a lemon by mistake. You know that look, don't you?

She. Yes, my poor Theobald, I know that look. It makes everything black and uncomfortable. But if he is like that and does not consider your feelings, why do you continue to serve him? You should assert yourself, and if he does not improve you should send in your resignation. After all there are better things in the world than to be Chancellor to a man who does not appreciate your work.

He. Of course I have thought of that, but I have put the idea aside. If I were to resign now it would only give joy to my enemies, and they are the last people in the world to whom I wish to give joy. He won't get rid of me just yet, for he finds me too useful as a lightning-conductor. Still, I know that some day he'll give me a push by sending me a letter condoling with me on the state of my health, and then good-bye to the office of Chancellor.

She. And, for my part, Theobald, I hope that time will come soon, though I shudder to think what will become of the country when you go. However, we won't talk of that any more. Tell me rather what he has been saying to you to-day.

He. Oh, to-day he was displeased with my speech in the Reichstag.

She. Displeased with that beautiful speech so sun-clear and patriotic! Why, the man must be mad. Never in all my life have I read anything so patriotic and convincing. What *does* he complain of?

He. What does he not complain of? First, he is angry that I defend myself against attacks made in an anonymous pamphlet.

She. Then I am sure he wrote it himself or inspired it.

He. I have not the evidence to prove that, but it is, of course, possible. It would be just like him to play me a trick like that. But what chiefly provoked his anger was what I said about the naval battle.

She. Yes, I remember you said that England was not thereby defeated. If you will pardon me, Theobald, I myself thought that this was a rash statement.

He. So you're going to turn against me too, are you? It was a true statement, whatever *he* or you may say. They lost ships, yes, and we lost ships too, and we can afford to lose ships much less that the English can. What is the use of pretending that we've won the War and beaten down England because our sailors shot straight and fought bravely? So did the English, and they've got more ships left than we have, more's the pity.

She. But *he* has made a glorification speech about it, hasn't he?

He. Yes, he has. In another day or two he will have worked himself up to the point of believing that he commanded our ships in the battle. I know him; but he needn't think *I'm* going to encourage him in this laughable pretension.

She. Do not think about him any more, but go to bed and have a good sleep.

He. I will try, but the telephone will ring, I am sure, and he will command me to come and see him. (*The telephone rings.*) There, I told you so.

Is it true that the KAISER intends to confer upon Admiral VON SCHEER the title of Baron von Sheer-off?

Our Classicists.

"Another relic was a torpedo propeller. 'It came from a German submarine that got into an awkward place rather foolishly—but de mortibus, and the rest of it.' "—*Provincial Paper.*

Never mind about the rest of it. "De mortibus" is enough, thank you.

"Deep down in the ship I came across a strange sight. Some twenty or thirty boys, seated at desks, were being taught the mysteries of compound fractures by a petty officer."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

As a preliminary to teaching the German Fleet the art of recurring decimation?

"Private Willie —— has returned from France looking extremely robust and well. He will, I understand, enter for a course of instruction at Baal College, Oxford, before proceeding again to the front."—*Irish Paper.*

As this new foundation, originally intended no doubt for the German Rhodes Scholars, has apparently been diverted to better use, the authorities might now alter the name.



UNCONSCIOUS CANDOUR.

GERMAN FATHER. "CAN'T WE SEE OUR VICTORIOUS FLEET?"

OFFICIAL. "NO, YOU CAN'T. NOBODY CAN!"

ON THE SPY TRAIL.

THE milkman told Jimmy that the KAISER was like a gambler who had mortgaged his resources up to bursting point, and now with every tooth drawn was chewing the bitter dregs of remorse to the bone. The milkman says these things come to him whilst he is milking, and the reason is that when he presses his head to the cow's side the heat of the cow thaws the blood in his brain for a time.

He told Jimmy that he could make a speech with anybody when he had got his brain like that, and that he thought of addressing meetings, but that the cow would be uneasy on a public platform.

Then he looked round to see where Jimmy's bloodhound, Faithful, was. You see Faithful sometimes makes the milkman's horse try to get into the milk-cart and hide its head under the seat, you know, like an ostrich in the dreary desert when it is pursued by its enemies. But Faithful was chained up for the sake of the deaf-and-dumb woman who comes round once a fortnight. The deaf-and-dumb woman has a blind husband, who squeezes a concertina whilst she shakes some coppers in a tin cup at you. Jimmy's mother always gives her sixpence.

Jimmy says bloodhounds don't like coppers jumping about in tin cups; it makes them harbour resentment, and then you have to show people where the piece came out of your dress. The milkman told Jimmy that he had met the deaf-and-dumb woman that morning. She was all by herself in one of his fields, practising "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Her husband had enlisted, that was why, and she had sold the business. Jimmy wanted to see the woman, but she never came past, so he went down to the railway-station with Faithful to see if she were there. But there was only a man with a parcel under his arm looking about for a train.

Jimmy says that people often go to the station like that, just to see if there is a train in it; they want to use up their return tickets, Jimmy says. But there is only the porter to look at, Jimmy says. The man seemed to think the porter was hiding the trains somewhere, and asked him for a *Bradshaw*. Jimmy says the porter scratched his head so hard that Jimmy thought he would get a splinter in his finger, you know, like they tell you at school, and then he fetched the man a bradawl. "Didn't he ask me for a gimlet and didn't I bring him one?" the porter appealed to Jimmy.

Jimmy says the man was very rude to the porter; he said things you have to be sorry about when you have time to think them over. Jimmy says the man actually made the porter unlock the waiting-room door and throw open the window, although the porter told him that he had a hen sitting on some eggs there.

The man seemed very restless, Jimmy says, because he didn't stay long in the waiting-room. You see Jimmy's bloodhound wanted to see what the hen smelt like, and how it was getting on; but the hen was not quite herself that day, and would keep on flying about the waiting-room at Faithful, just to try and vex him.



OUR WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE CORNISH RIVIERA.

THE SALONIKA SENTRY.

Voice from the house. "IF YOU KEEP YOUR FATHER OUT TOO LONG HE'LL BE CATCHING ANOTHER NASTY COLD."

Jimmy says Faithful did his best to get the hen to go back and be busy sitting on eggs again, but she wouldn't listen to reason.

Jimmy says the man tried to throw the waiting-room at Faithful and the hen, so Faithful came out through the window until the furniture had settled down. Bloodhounds are like that, Jimmy says, they avoid a disturbance; Faithful is a very good avoider, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says he thinks one of the eggs must have been addled, and come undone in the excitement of the moment, by what the man said. He didn't seem to like addled eggs much, Jimmy says, and he called Faithful an animal.

There was a luggage train due, and Jimmy thought he would just see it come in and then take Faithful away, when on looking round he saw that his bloodhound had suddenly thrown himself on the Spy trail. He kept sniffing at the parcel the man had placed on the seat, and then sniffed hard at the man; after that he sat down and scratched himself whilst he compared the sniffs. Jimmy says it is splendid to see a prize bloodhound sifting evidence like that; Faithful is a very good sifter, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the man picked up the parcel and put it under his arm; you could see he was anxious by the way he kept one foot drawn back at the ready. But Jimmy knows all about parcels under people's arms; you do it with a fishing-line, and it is a surprise to cure people when they have got the hiccough.

What you have to do is to get the fishing-line ready, and when the train comes in to the station you tie one end of the line to one of the railway trucks, and then, if you are lucky, you manage to hook the other end through the string of the parcel.

Jimmy says that when you see the parcel you are carrying suddenly jump from under your arm and go bumping along after the train as it goes out of the station, you forget to hiccough.

You can do it with buns in refreshment rooms or with the green baize on bookstalls—it only depends on who has got the hiccough, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the man hadn't got the hiccough, but he was very surprised to see his parcel start chasing the luggage train; it was because of its activity, Jimmy says. Jimmy was on the bridge watching. Jimmy says the parcel gave a squeak every time it bumped, and Faithful followed the squeak all down the platform, and when the parcel burst he hurled himself at it.

It was the blind man's concertina! and when Jimmy saw Faithful emerge with the deaf-and-dumb label which the woman used to wear he ran for a policeman as hard as he could.

The man wanted the policeman to take Jimmy in charge for destroying his property, Jimmy says. He explained to the policeman about the concertina; he said he had bought it from a woman who did not know its value, and that it was a genuine "Strad."

Jimmy says the policeman might have let the man off if it hadn't been for the porter. You see when the man's parcel was bumping along after the train, the man opened his mouth



The Mess Bore (innocent of small gunpowder plot). "DEPEND UPON IT, SIR, THERE'LL BE SOMETHING HAPPENING QUITE SOON NOW, AND NEARER THAN WE THINK FOR."

so wide that some German words fell out, and the porter had heard them. The porter knows German, Jimmy says; he learned it before the War began from a German whose luggage he had put into the wrong train.

When the German spy was searched it was found that he hadn't much money, and the policeman said he must have bought the concertina and label to try to get people to give him money and so work his way to the coast.

It turned out afterwards that he had escaped from a concentrated camp, Jimmy says. When Jimmy told the milkman about it, the milkman said that it was "Ha, ha, one more feather plucked from the horde of German rats that pollute the air with their diabolical designs."

He was just telling Jimmy that the KAISER was standing on the brink of a deep abscess, when he heard Jimmy's bloodhound taking his horse home to put it to bed, and this disturbed his flow of thought.

A testimonial:—

"I have much pleasure in recommending Mrs. D—— as a very efficient masseuse after breaking my wrist."

It was the least she could do to put it right.

THE SUPER-LUTHERAN CHURCH.

[*The Tägliche Rundschau* has published an article by Judge VON ZASTROW, of Berlin, on the Future National Church. It is to unite religion and love of the Fatherland; to reconcile the Sermon on the Mount with war; to make room for Pietists, Materialists, and Laodiceans; and to remove all sectional and sectarian differences. In short, the Church will bathe itself in "the new streams of German power, it will drink from the water which will make our German Will strong and healthy for battle. Our German piety, our German Christianity will assume an heroic colouring, in place of the sentimental tone which has hitherto characterised it."]

WHEN the fighting is finally over,
And victory smiles on our land,
And we 're living in comfort and clover,
We must take our religion in hand;
We must make it heroic and German,
With "Fatherland-love" as its fount;
We must reconcile War with the Sermon
Once preached on the Mount.

'Twill embrace the disciples of HAECKEL'S
Monistic material creed,
The Mammonite worship of shekels,
The gospel of hunger and greed;
And the layman, so Laodicean,
No more his devotions will shirk,
But will kneel with the mild Manichean,
The amiable Turk.

In fine, there 'll be nothing sectarian
In Germany's National Church;
And the pedants, Pelagian and Arian,
Will be knocked from their petulant perch;
All paltry divisions 'twill level
That tend to enfeeble the Hun,
And the worship of God and the Devil
Will merge into one.

"Miss —— has a sweet voice. . . . Perhaps her greatest appeal was simplicity and an entire lack of effectiveness."
"Journal," Meriden, Conn.

We have singers just like that in the old country, too.

"Lieutenant —— is reported wounded by the War Office."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

He is not the only one who has been hurt by this agency.

"WANTED immediately for Boys' Industrial School (temporarily and possibly permanently), an All-round Tanner."—*Natal Mercury.*

There is evidently a good deal of leathering to be done.

From JACK LONDON'S *A Son of the Sun*:—

"She had been hung up by one arm in the sun for two days and nights."

Somewhere north of the Arctic Circle, we presume.

UNCHARTED SEAS.

HE boarded the 'bus just as it was leaving Piccadilly Circus. "Full ahtside," chanted the conductor, so the A.B. squeezed into a totally inadequate space between a girl of sixteen and an elderly and benevolent-looking lady. Squaring himself forward, he placed a hand like a boxing-glove on either knee and glanced genially up and down the 'bus. He was a large man, dark and hairy, and it was quite easy to associate him with pig-tails, tar and cutlasses. After the first impression there came to one a sense of something odd and un-nautical. Then one became suddenly aware that, instead of the regulation Navy cap, he was wearing a rough woollen tam-o'-shanter, which hung coyly over one ear.

A thin man in a top-hat was the first to notice it.

"Still pretty cold in the North Sea?" he ventured, with an eye upon the tam-o'-shanter.

"So I've 'eard," the sailor replied guardedly; "but this 'ere," he touched his headgear, "ain't an Arctic brow-mitten. I got this from a friend, 'avin' lost me own little 'at jest after the second torpedo was fired."

"Gracious!" ejaculated the elderly lady, and the occupants of the 'bus became magnetised to attention.

"Now that 's extremely interesting," exclaimed the thin man with a nervous movement of his hand; "could you tell us the name of the ship?"

"Can't say as I can, Sir," was the discouraging reply.

"Of course not, of course not," spluttered a testy old gentleman in white spats; "a very injudicious question in a public conveyance." He glared at the thin man with intention.

"Sort o' fancy name she 'ad," the sailor continued, quite unmoved by this outburst; "fact she was a bit fancy all round."

"Ha! disguised, I presume?" exclaimed the old gentleman, his discretion for a moment overcome.

"Did she float for any length of time after being torpedoed?" The thin man put the question with a legal incisiveness.

"Went to pieces like a paymaster's digestion as soon as the second mouldy got 'er. Most unnatural."

He rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand and ruminated on the peculiarity of it.

"I suppose you got dreadfully wet?" the elderly lady asked feelingly.

"Well, Mum," he said gravely, "I wasn't exactly dry. Yer see, after the show sharp squalls set in from the Sou'-west, an' me 'avin' made fast to my mate's bow awnin', I 'adn't no claim to the umbereller. So I did get a bit soused round the superstructure, but not, so to speak, flooded right down to my propeller casins."

"Dear! dear! How truly terrible."

She relapsed into silence convulsively, while the old gentleman wheezed with great ferocity and muttered something about a good answer to a d——d silly question.

"A submarine, of course?" The thin man pursued his examination relentlessly.

"So we presoomed from events which 'appened later."

"Artful them blinkin'—beg pardon, ladies—pirits is," vouchsafed a man of toil from the far end of the 'bus; "my brother wot's——"

"All this occurred at night, I assume?" the old gentleman interrupted snappily.

"Yes, Sir, it was an evenin' performance." He glanced out into the murky night. "Put me down at Sydney Terrace," he said to the conductor.

"Wy, ye're there nah," grumbled that caustic individual as he jerked sharply at the bell-cord.

"Well," exclaimed the thin man as the sailor rose to go, "I congratulate you very heartily on your good luck—very heartily indeed!".

For the first time the hero of the incident seemed to exhibit signs of impatience.

"Good luck!" he repeated sarcastically. "Call it good luck to 'ave your cap pinched out o' the 'arf-dollar seats an' then 'ave to take yer best girl 'ome in this crabbin' *chappoo*. I 'm goin' to see the brass-'atted owner to-morrow, an' if 'e don't pay out I 'll wreck the 'ole bloomin' theatre. Good luck, yer call it!" He swung off the foot-board and disappeared into the gloom, muttering incoherently.

* * * * *

"He—he!" tittered the flapper.

It was the only audible comment on the situation.

"A War Office statement this afternoon reports another successful operation by Australian and New Zealand mounted troops in Egypt.

At the enemy port of Barsalmana the enemy were compelled to abandon their camp, and were then combed by aeroplane."

Liverpool Echo.

An appropriate sequel to a brush with the Cavalry.

"If you stand the piano out into the room, you will want a cur-choke soup, mayonaise of lamb, macaroni with tomatoes."

Ladies' Paper.

In the interests of the cur it would be more merciful to keep the piano in the corner.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I.

"A GENTLEMAN seeking information for forthcoming book about the recent developments and inventions in Glass and Pottery manufacture, also Bottle-making, would be pleased to hear from anyone capable of furnishing such information."—*The Times.*

II.

DEAR SIR,—It is very fortunate that I caught sight of your advertisement, for I am just the man you need. You want to know all about bottles and things. I can tell you.

Let us begin with pottery.

Pottery is made in the Five Towns, a district in the Midlands to which references may be found by the industrious, using a microscope, in the works of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, the famous Caledonian Market salesman. How it is made I have not room here to indicate, but its effect on those who make it is to fill their lives with romance and excitement. Thus, if they don't become Town Councillors for Hanbridge they join the School Board at Hanley; and if they are not taking the new tram to Burslem they are catching the fast train to Manchester at Knype.

And now for glass.

Glass is an invisible substance made in some mysterious way. It is used for a multiplicity of things, but principally for windows and bottles. It is when used for windows that its special quality of transparency comes in so happily, for it enables you to see through. This, when it is the window of a hat shop and you are out with your wife or fiancée, is not an unmixed blessing, but at other times it can be very convenient. Thus, when looking through the window, oneself being carefully concealed behind the blind, one can see undesirable callers approaching and beat a safe retreat. Windows can also be shut, both in houses and railway carriages, and thus keep the place warm and pleasantly insanitary and comfortable. It has been said that the pure air of many German towns is due to the fact that the Germans keep their windows shut.

Glass is also used for the chimneys of lamps, which, when the wick is turned up too high, as it usually is, break. It is employed furthermore in the manufacture of glass eyes, which, as all who have visited *A Kiss for Cinderella* know, do not always match the real ones.

But the best thing that glass does is to become bottles. Bottles are of two kinds: one kind for medicine, and the less said about those the better; and



Niece. "HURRAH, AUNTIE! TED HAS BEEN MADE A LANCE-CORPORAL!"
Auntie. "I DO WISH TED WOULD BE CONTENT WITH BEING A SOLDIER, AND NOT GO IN FOR THESE FORMS OF NOTORIETY."

the other for wine. It was a happy thought which substituted glass for the skin and leather of which earlier bottles were made, for one can now see, by holding it to the light, how little the bottle contains, and order another. The principal fault of bottles is that they are rarely big enough. A half-bottle does not contain sufficient for one, and a whole bottle rarely satisfies two. Some men are so lost to shame as to set only one bottle of wine before three or even four persons.

Before the War old bottles were used chiefly as targets in rifle saloons. Now that they have become scarce, and targets are made in Germany, they are worth money and should be carefully saved.

Glass is useful also for making glasses—the receptacles from which wine is drunk. Without glasses we should be hard put to it to consume our liquor and should have to resort to half-cocoanuts, cups, the hollow of the hand, or even sponges.

Just at the moment bottles—I mean the more genial variety—are under a cloud. It is a penal offence to sell a bottle before noon, between half-past two and half-past six, and after half-past nine at night. But they are expected to come to their own again when Peace is celebrated.

I think that is all.

Yours, etc., FIRST AID.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

XIX.—HAYMARKET.

I WENT up to the Hay-market upon a summer day,
I went up to the Hay-market to sell a load of hay—
To sell a load of hay and a little bit over,
And I sold it all to a pretty girl for a nosegay of red clover.

A nosegay of red clover and a hollow golden straw;
Now wasn't that a bargain, the best you ever saw?
I whistled on my straw in the market-place all day,
And the London folk came flocking for to foot it in the hay.

XX.—THE ANGEL.

The Angel flew down
One morning to town,
But didn't know where to rest;
For they shut her out of the East End
And they shut her out of the West.

The Angel went on
To Islington,
And there the people were kinder.
If ever you go to Islington
That 's where you will find her.

Those who *do* hold the victory—
BEATTY possidentes.

Commercial Candour.

"——— & SON,
WINDOW-CLEANERS.
We spare no panes."

Our Optimists.

"As a result of Wednesday's battle the strength of the British Fleet is now greater, not relatively, but absolutely, than it was."
Daily Telegraph.

Ships in WOLFF'S clothing: the "victorious" German Fleet.

"Villagers here are heartily congratulating Mr. Charles Gibbs on his marvellous escape from the great North Sea Battle, from one of our lost cruisers. He reached home on Sunday, and brings with him a portion of a shell that pierced his cap, and an engine of the vessel tattered in the conflict."—*Thame Gazette.*

"Some" souvenir.

"The Germans are using guns twenty-one centimetres in length, which can be fired from railway lines and transported with facility."
Westminster Gazette.

This appears under the heading, "Big Guns the Deciding Factor." But should it not have been "Pocket Pistols"?

"Talking parrots from 12s. 6d., 3 months' trial."—*Daily Paper.*

After that you get used to it.

"WANTED, MAN for Tipping Russian Army by hand, piece work."
Northampton Chronicle.

It should be rather a long job.



"'AVE YOU FETCHED DOWN MANY ZEPPERLEANS THIS MORNING?"

U.A.

IT is very odd how suddenly and completely a new idea gets about. Yesterday you had never heard of it, or not in any way to take notice of it; to-day you hear about it consciously for the first time, and to-morrow it is a commonplace of conversation.

It is so with U.A.

I had, of course, heard of U.A. as a menace, a hidden terror, the old man's dread, the *bon vivant's* heritage, and so forth. But only vaguely. No one had talked about it; I had seen the words in advertisements and had forgotten them again. I had never associated myself with them. Whatever might happen to me, U.A. would be unrepresented.

And then the blow fell. Suddenly U.A. became omnipresent. I met a friend who only last week I had found doing himself with his customary thoroughness at dinner. This evening he was dining again, but his sole companion was a chilly and depressing bottle of French natural water.

"What is this?" I asked. "War economy?"

"No," he said; "merely U.A."

I should have thought little of that were it not that half-an-hour later I overheard two men talking about the difficulty of getting rid of U.A. once it had established itself.

Another man, to whom I complained of some trifling discomfort, said it was probably U.A.

An hour later I was sitting at a farce which, like all the farces in London at the present moment, is the funniest thing ever staged—only this, if the management is to be believed, is more so; and the only thing I was able to laugh at was a joke about U.A.

The next morning I received a letter from a solicitous relation warning me to be more careful or I should be at the mercy of U.A.

And to crown all I went to see a doctor about something really quite negligible, and, after beginning by conjecturing that it was due to U.A., he ended by feeling certain of it.

He asked me a hundred questions about myself, and after every reply he said either, "That's U.A.," or "U.A. again."

"Almost everything that is wrong with people," he said finally, "is caused by U.A."

I came away feeling thoroughly fashionable, but also dejected beyond words, for he had condemned me to a *régime* from which every spark of happiness was excluded.

I have since become a source of embarrassment to my friends, for more than half the nice things that everyone else eats and all the nice things that they drink are denied me. U.A. forbids. Wine—oh no. Spirits—not on your life. Underdone beef—poison. Tobacco—very unwise. And so forth.

As for my own kitchen, which does not think very quickly, it considers me mad; and after one of the melancholy meals that are now my lot I am disposed to agree.

The question I ask myself is, Which is it to be—a long life of joyless food and no U.A., or a shorter but merrier life with U.A. thrown in? And "What's the harm in a little U.A. anyway?" I say as I light a forbidden cigar.

However I answer the great problem, of one thing I am certain, and that is that with all this U.A. about there ought to be a restaurant with enough intelligence to provide an anti Uric Acid menu.

From a description of the German assaults at Verdun:—

"The last regiment, which attacked in ass formation, was terribly handled."

We understand that it was not led by the CROWN PRINCE in person.

"THAT the new Service Act will decimate the Hythe Town Band.

THAT when the call has been answered there will only be five members left."

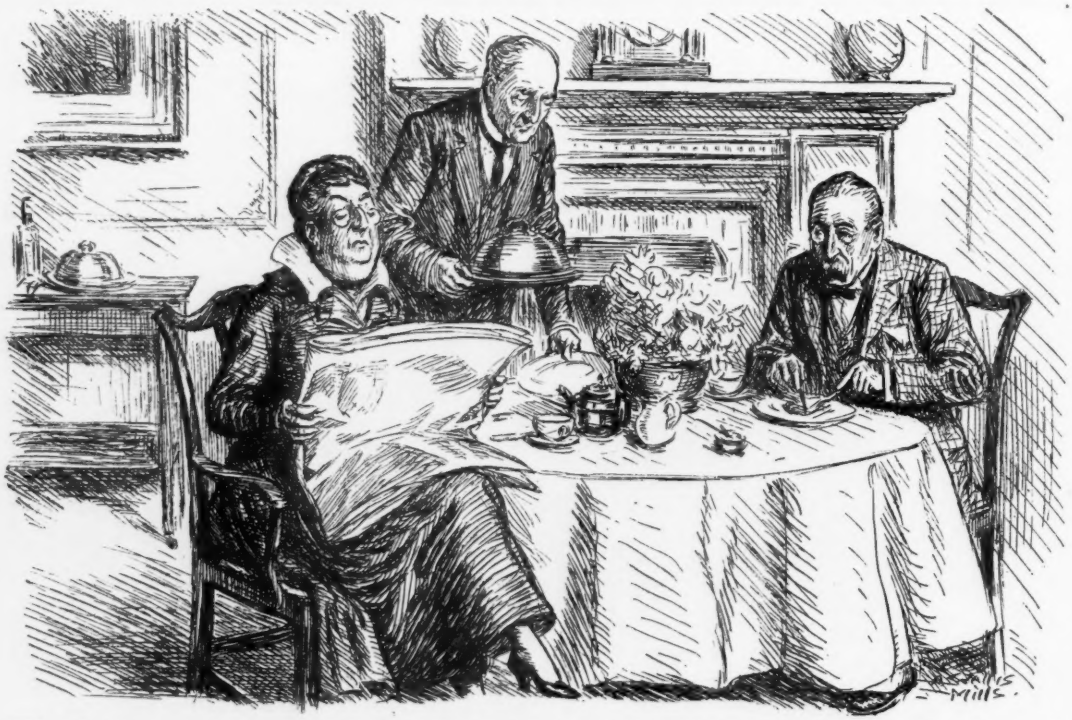
Kentish Express.

The present strength of the Hythe Town Band appears to be $5\frac{5}{9}$: five men and five tailors?



THE LOST CHIEF.

IN MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER, MAKER OF ARMIES.



Wife. "I *quite* AGREE THAT DISCHARGED SOLDIERS SHOULD HAVE A MEDAL, OR SOME DISTINGUISHING BADGE. IT REALLY HAS BEEN MOST UNPLEASANT FOR ME SOMETIMES WHEN I HAVE SPOKEN TO LIKELY-LOOKING MEN, ONLY TO FIND THEY HAVE ALREADY SERVED."

THE SAFETY-VALVE.

THE trouble started a week ago, when the eagle eye of a Very Great Man chanced on a piece of paper lying in the neighbourhood of our camp. On being hastily summoned, I could not offhand give any reasonable explanation of its presence. To any lesser personage I should undoubtedly have proved it to belong to one of the A.S.C. people who live next door; but as it was I could only agree that it was a piece of paper, and as such was serving no useful purpose.

Two days later the blow fell. The V.G.M. would inspect the camp, and us in full marching order, the following day.

In the meantime we had learnt that several neighbouring camps had been tried thus, found wanting, and soundly strafed. From them we gleaned some useful hints:—

(1) That any unnecessary oddments, human or other, left lying about in the camp would be certain to elicit caustic comment;

(2) That tired or dissipated-looking animals, soiled harness or lustreless buttons would probably bring about atmospheric changes on parade; and

(3) That pieces of paper would mean indefinite home leave for somebody.

It was still moonlight when our cloud of skirmishers was abroad. The camp is entirely on soft sand, so that burying is a beautifully simple operation. In every tent parties could be seen rapidly putting home-made chairs, beds, boxes, tins and cooking utensils below ground. Personally I was fastening my less sleek mules to a somewhat soiled waggon, collecting odd men who wouldn't be nice for the great to see, and despatching the lot behind a neighbouring wood. They looked very like a troupe of roving gipsies. A sentry was posted in case the V.G.M. should come round the wood, when the troupe would, with infinite stealth, track round in his wake.

Eventually the camp was an absolute picture—not a superfluous article in view; kits dressed with mathematical exactitude; cookhouse spotless, with a faultlessly attired cook fingering his implements in the manner indicated in the text-book. On the horse-lines were stablemen, assiduously raking away at wisps of straw previously laid down for the purpose.

He arrived about five minutes early, but the last tin of sardines was safely concealed, and we felt almost confident. We were inspected very minutely and asked seemingly ingenuous questions, each doubtless with a subtle trap for the unwary. I shivered when his horse pawed the ground and unearthed a bottle of Bass. I was also horrified to perceive the faces of several particularly grimy cook's mates continually popping round the edge of the wood. However, the inspection of the wagons concluded without untoward incident, and when the camp's turn came we felt we were on safe ground. We had that rare and comfortable feeling that nothing had been forgotten. I saw the Great Man start as his eye encountered the spotless scene. Then a look of grim determination was apparent as he began his tour, his glance, trained to an extraordinary pitch of perception, seeking its wonted prey. But no prey was forthcoming. Up and down the lines he went, peering into tents, digging at kits and deputing members of his retinue to test them for tooth-brushes. Exasperation gradually took the place of determination on his countenance. As he neared the end of his tour he was swelling very visibly and muttering to himself. We saw that some terrible eruption was about to occur, and we played our last card. At a sign from

me a stealthy figure emerged from behind a bush, dropped a piece of orange peel and disappeared again. As the procession turned the last corner a wild light broke upon the face of the Central Figure. His step quickened as he approached the orange peel. He turned and cleared his throat. "This piece of orange peel," he began, addressing our C.O., and rapidly deflating the while. The situation was saved.

We have a great reputation now, and intend to do "Inspections Complete" at a reasonable figure, inclusive of harness, bright-buttoned soldiers, guard for presenting arms, diggers, a concealed spot for unsightly men and appliances, and—our special line—a safety-valve.

BEST SELLERS.

I HAVE seen many flag-days and met many flag-sellers. Some were false (they had flags with rusty pins and jabbed them treacherously into my best blouse), and many were frivolous (that sort doesn't trouble about old-maid customers); but of those who were neither false nor frivolous Jack and Jill stand easily first.

I saw them coming up the garden path very early in the morning, Jack in a sailor suit and Jill in a minute white frock. Their combined ages might have totalled nine—at a generous guess.

There was a furious ring at the door, and when I opened it a small brown hand was thrust in, full of flags, whose pins must have been very prickly to hold, while he of the sailor suit addressed me eagerly.

"Look! This sort's a penny. It's paper. And this sort's thruppence. It's real silk. Which 'll you have?"

The hand held two silk and four paper flags. I took a silk one, and the girl nodded approval. "I think," said she, "the silk ones will *wear* better."

While I found my purse the boy had a sudden idea, which he instantly communicated with the sincere intention of doing the best he could for me. Said he, "You'd better have the bofe. You 'll want one for your—for the father." And then he had a brighter thought still. "And the childrens. This paper kind would do for them. It's no use buying *good* ones for them, is it?"

"No, they're sure to lose them," agreed Jill. "You see, they're rather loose on their pins," she added with commercial candour.

"Else they wouldn't waggle properly," put in the boy hastily, in case I might be thinking this a defect.



THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

"PLEASE, SIR, A GENTLEMAN CALLED WHEN YOU WAS OUT."
"OH! WHAT WAS HIS NAME?" "DUNNO, SIR."
"WHAT WAS HE LIKE? CAN YOU DESCRIBE HIM?" "NO, SIR."
"WELL, HAD HE A FAIR MOUSTACHE?" "DUNNO, SIR. 'E 'AD 'IS 'AT ON."

"I 'll take the lot," said I, "if you can tell me what it 's all for."

"You c'n see," said Jack, "it 's on the back of them," and he poked one round. "'For Woun-ded He-roes,'" he read out with pride and great deliberation.

"*He* can't read very well," said Jill, who was a wee bit jealous. "It doesn't mean dead. It only means wounded."

But Jack smiled at me understandingly, refusing to argue with anything so small as Jill, and they departed, counting the spoil.

At the gate Jack turned and came back. "If you have more than four children," he said earnestly, "I could bring you some more paper ones."

I think they must have had a successful day.

"BAPTISMAL TROUSERS AND GOWNS FOR MINISTERS.
Used throughout Wales for 40 years."
Baptist Times.

As the posters should have said, "It is worse than unpatriotic, it is bad form, to wear new clothes in war-time."

THE EPIGRAM.

George and I had been discussing the prospect for elderly and slightly shop-soiled *littérateurs* under present circumstances. The result was not wholly enlivening.

"If I had a few hundreds clear," said George at last, "I'd give up Fleet Street and start a farm. I've always loved the country."

"My dear George," I answered, speaking slowly, "for a man to take a farm because he loves the country is to make a master of what should remain a mistress."

Just like that. Because I was going slowly I was able at the last moment to substitute the word "mistress" for "servant," which would have been merely banal. Not till then did I recognise the bright perfection of the completed remark. No wonder George stared enviously.

"What's that out of?" he asked.

"Nothing as yet." But I had already determined that it should not long remain unset. I mean, in these days one simply can't afford to go chucking gems about in gratuitous conversation. The difficulty was what exactly to do with it.

The sparkling *causerie* was my first idea. That evening I refilled my fountain-pen, opened a fresh packet of foolscap, and began:—

"AGRICULTURE AND ÆSTHETICS.

"It has been wittily observed that for a man to start farming because——"

But there the adverb began to worry me. After all, perhaps it wasn't quite so witty as I had hoped, or at least others might not think it so. And in any case I got no personal credit. Subsequent pages recorded other attempts, as—"Who was the cynical philosopher who——?" or "It may perhaps be objected by the prudent that for a man to start——"

After this I must have decided against starting at all, for nothing more came of the *causerie*.

My next attempt took the form of fiction. I resolved to enshrine the masterpiece in a short story. "The Farm that Failed" seemed to me, and does still, an attractive title. You see the idea of it? Pastoral humour; George, as an amateur husbandman, scored off by sheep and confused by cows. Arrival of town friend, *Amber Dextrius*, on visit. Some sort of love interest. And finally the Epigram. "Ah, my dear fellow," said *Dextrius*, as he flung away his cigarette, "after all you have only proved the great truth that——" And so on.

It looked promising. I hardly know why I abandoned it. Perhaps the love interest proved an obstacle. Perhaps I feared lest George (that good sort) should detect himself and be hurt. Anyhow it got no further.

The inspiration that followed had even less fortune. It is represented by a sheet headed—

"THE BUCOLICS.

(*A Fantastic Comedy in Five Acts.*)

[ACT I.—*Morning-room of* Lord Amber Dextrius' *house in Hill Street, W. A large luxuriously-furnished apartment. Doors in right and left wall. Two doors in back wall. Three windows also in back wall. The light is that of a brilliant morning in May.*]

Enter Lord Amber, *a handsome faultlessly-dressed man of about five-and-thirty. He walks towards the door* L."

But he never reached it. Perhaps an entire ignorance of what he should do when he got there paralysed him, as it did his creator. After all, you can hardly run a five-Act comedy on stage directions and a single epigram, though I admit that the attempt has been made.

So there the thing rested. From time to time I had wild ideas of advertising it in the literary papers: "For sale, original epigram, mint condition, wide application, never been used. Cheap; or would accept typewriter, or workable film-plots." But even then I might have no offers. I began to think that my little property was going to prove unrealisable.

But only yesterday something happened.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear," said Ursula, entering the study with an air of contrition. "It isn't my fault; but the Carter girls are here having tea, and the eldest one has brought her birthday-book." She held out the detestable little volume as she spoke.

"You know perfectly well that I never—— Is the eldest the one with dark eyes?"

"Yes, that's the girl. She's going to be a lady-gardener."

It was like a voice from heaven. "For this once," I said benevolently, "I will make an exception." I took the book, already open at some absurd date in April, and wrote in a clear hand:—

"The professional horticulturist should beware lest he (or she) make that a master which should remain a mistress."

Ursula read it twice. "It's awfully clever," she said, "and on the spur of the moment too! I can't imagine how you think of these things."

"Oh, they just come," I said.

So it was not wholly wasted, though I own I should have preferred cash on delivery. Still we can't have everything.



FLOWERS FOR THE RED CROSS.

[Lines written for the Catalogue of the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition to be held at the Society's Hall in Vincent Square, on June 27, 28 and 29, for the benefit of the Red Cross.]

THINK not that Earth unheeding lies
Tranced by the summer's golden air,
Indifferent, under azure skies,
What blows of War her children bear.

She that has felt our tears like rain,
And shared our wounds of body and soul,
Gives of her flowers to ease our pain,
Gives of her heart to make us whole.

O. S.

"A Swiss cinematograph periodical learns that the hissing of the Kaiser's picture occurred decently at one of the largest cinema houses in Berlin."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

One of the few decent things the Prussians have done in this War.



Recruiting Sergeant (to Brown). "ARE YOU IN A CONTROLLED ESTABLISHMENT?"
Mrs. Brown. "YES, HE IS—AND HAS BEEN FOR TWENTY YEARS."

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

ESSAY-WRITING in my schooldays certainly was not my forte;
"Lack of concentration" always figured in the term's report,
And my undistinguished diction made my worthy master snort.

Now enlisted as an usher—so a freakish fate ordains—
I employ my best endeavours and the remnant of my brains
Setting and correcting essays written by scholastic swains.

Whether they derive advantage from this mental interplay,
Modesty, if not misgiving, makes it hard for me to say,
But I 'm much inclined to fancy that it 's just the other way.

Anyhow, from this experience I have learned a lot of things
Hidden from the ken of scholars or Prime Ministers or Kings,
Though revealed to youthful schoolboys lately freed from leading-strings.

On the relative importance of the classics, "maths." and "stinks";
On the charm of pink-hued ices, on the choice of gaseous drinks;
On the special sort of sermon which induces forty winks;

On the various ways of pulling pompous seniors by the leg;
On effective ways of bringing uppish juniors down a peg;
On the scientific mode of blowing any kind of egg;

On the forms of condescension which the human boy insult;
On the picture-palace mania, on the CHARLIE CHAPLIN cult;
On the latest modern weapons which supplant the catapult—

On these elemental matters, and indeed on many more,
I have now accumulated quite a valuable store
Of instructive, entertaining and authoritative lore.

And I hope, on my returning to my humdrum normal life—
When we've scotched the KAISER'S yearning after sanguinary strife—
Fortified by modern learning, to electrify my wife.

"VAN (sleeping), on iron wheels, to accommodate two men, not under 12ft. by 6ft."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Such giants should certainly go in the van.

Resuscitation.

Extract from official memo.:—

"This man has been medically examined . . . with the result that he is believed to be feigning decease. The penalty attached to trial by C.M. on this charge has been explained to him, and he has elected to return to duty."

In the Line of Methuselah.

"In France the northern men were accorded high honours. Louis had a bodyguard of twenty-four Scotsmen, and this band continued in existence as a Royal guard to nine monarchs for one hundred and fifty years." *The War Illustrated.*

What happened at this point of their interesting career we are not told—possibly they went into the Reserves.

WAR RISKS OF AN UNCLE.

I HAVE been made a fool of by the Government. No, you needn't all hold up your hands at once. Mine was different from yours. I have always looked upon myself as an efficient uncle, but now—well, one more incident of this kind and I shall be definitely *passé*.

The technique of being an uncle I mastered quite early. For instance, at stated seasons in the year I choose with some concentration two toys and two improving books. The toys I give to my nieces, Lillah and Phyllis; the books I send to a hospital. In the same spirit, when I take them for a treat and they over-eat themselves, I simply finance the operation and at the same time buy a large bottle of castor oil and send it anonymously to St. Bartholomew's. You see the idea? It is simply technique. I have explained this system to Margaret, their mother. But she is not one who sees reason very easily.

In spite of opposition, however, I continue to do my duty.

In this spirit I dashed into the nursery the other day and declared my afternoon and my finances at the service of Lillah and Phyllis. Margaret definitely forbade a cinema, from a curious notion that their patrons consisted exclusively of bacilli. So Lillah and Phyllis declared at once for CHARLIE CHAPLIN or nothing. This was only natural, so I bought two tickets for the latest exhibition of War cartoons and sent them to my Aunt Julia at Harpenden. Then I took the children to the Pictures.

This is just to show you that I know my job. But mark now how Fate rushed me on to destruction.

"Uncle James," said Lillah, "I love you!"

I braced myself up.

"So do I," said Phyllis.

It looked like trouble.

"Can we go and see the tin soldiers before they go to bed?" said Lillah.

"The horseback ones," added Phyllis.

Oh, this was too simple: a nice quiet look at the guardians of Whitehall, with perhaps a glimpse for the infant mind of the vast resources of the British Empire; a word in season, perhaps, from Uncle James; and a detailed report to Margaret of instruction combined with amusement.

Of course we went.

"This," I said, as Phyllis gazed round-eyed at one of the motionless warriors—"this is but a symbol of the dignity of that great Empire upon which the sun——"

"Soldiers," said Phyllis with a wisdom beyond her years, "like girls to look at them ever so long."

Then she went away to Lillah, and I saw them with their heads close together. A wonderful thing, the child-mind. Only beginning perhaps, but they were learning doubtless to think imperially. The foundation of that pride of race—— I broke the thread of thought and looked up. Instantly I was gibbering with horror.

Phyllis, standing on tiptoe and clinging precariously to his saddle-cloth, was dropping a roll of paper neatly into the jackboot of Hercules.

"Phyllis!" I gasped. "What are you doing?"

She turned to me happily.

"That's what Nannie does," she said, without a blush for her sex. "I put 'I love you.—PHYLLIS.' Do you think he'll be pleased?"

I seized both girls and hurried into the Park. My soul cried out for the open spaces. I stole a look at Hercules over my shoulder, but he was granite.

On Olympus the Olympians are above shame.

"Phyllis," I said gravely, "don't you think that was very naughty of you?"

"No," said that small Delilah firmly; "soldiers like it."

The even voice of Lillah broke in.

"And soldiers ought to have what they like, oughtn't they?"

"Certainly," I answered patriotically.

"Well, then," said Phyllis crushingly.

"If I had done that I should feel very much ashamed of myself," I said.

"Well, you didn't," said Lillah, and that finished it.

They evidently had an offensive and defensive alliance against this sort of thing.

"If your mother," I began.

"Sand! Sand!" shrieked Phyllis.

"Sand," echoed Lillah, and both children were gone.

They had just noticed the present possibilities of the empty lake as a substitute for Margate. Two best frocks! Essentially a moment for efficiency.

I stepped firmly across the railings.

And there the British Government stepped in. I turned to regard a policeman (out-size).

"May I call your attention to this, Sir?" he said.

I gazed at the notice like a fish:—

"ONLY CHILDREN ARE ALLOWED ON THE BED OF THE LAKE."

It is still there; you can go and see it for yourself. I argued, I entreated. Either the constable had a sense of humour (and should be reported) or else a perverted sense of duty.

A crowd collected. Out of the corner of my eye I could see those two best frocks.

"As usual," I said bitterly but with dignity, "the British Government is too late."

By the time I had persuaded the children that tea was superior to sand castles their clothes—but no, why repeat what Margaret said? I'm sure she regretted it when I had gone.

But my reputation as an uncle of any technical knowledge is finished.

I was so moved that I even forgot my gift to St. Bartholomew's after tea—and now I am writing a personal letter to Mr. SAMUEL about that notice in the Park.

THE ROUTE MARCH.

(In Training.)

WE 've got our foreign-service boots—
we 've 'ad 'em 'alf a day;
If it wasn't for the Adjutant I 'd sling
the brutes away;
If I could 'ave my old ones back I 'd
give a fortnight's pay,
And chuck 'em in the pair I got
this morning!

We 've marched a 'undred miles to-day,
we 've 'undreds more to go,
An' if you don't believe me, why, I 'll
tell you 'ow I know—
I 've measured out the distance by the
blister on my toe,
For I got my foreign-service
boots this morning!

We 've got our foreign-service boots—
I wish that I was dead;
I wish I 'd got the Colonel's 'orse an'
'im my feet instead;
I wish I was a nacrobat, I 'd walk
upon my 'ead,
For I got my foreign-service
boots this morning!

We 're 'oppin' and we 're 'obblin' to a
cock-eyed ragtime tune,
Not a soul what isn't limpin' in the
bloomin' 'ole balloon . . .
But buck you up, my com-e-rades,
we 're off to Flanders soon,
For we got our foreign-service
boots this morning!

"The full tale of the German losses is being sedulously concealed. Their battered ships are licking their wounds under the Kaiser's moustache, which has been badly singed."—*The Star.*

It is thought that by this time they have had quite enough of his lip.

"No further infantry attack had been delivered by either side in this area between June 3rd and June 5th. At least four battleships belonging to three different German regiments have been identified as having taken part in the original attack."
Newcastle Daily Journal.

Now we understand why the Germans were in such a hurry to get home from Jutland.



Town Lady. "BY-THE-BY, SIR WILLIAM, DO TELL ME. I'VE BEEN WONDERING ALL THE AFTERNOON HOW YOU TELL THE TIME BY THIS SUNDIAL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

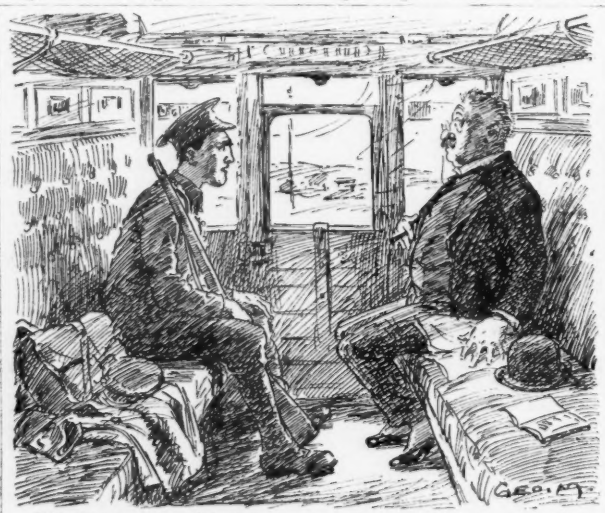
IF you only like listening to a talker with whom you agree, who is of your type and school, then don't bother with *What is Coming?* (CASSELL), which purports to be H. G. WELLS's forecasts of things after the War. It's perhaps hardly so serious as that, but just good speculative talk, the kind that offers the first thing that is signalled to the lips from a quick reflective brain without pauses to consider objections by the way. Yet perhaps, after all, the author cannot be dismissed too lightly as a prophet. He did see further into the air than most, at the time when the experts were blandly proving all sorts of impossibilities; and, as he recalls, he made a lucky shot in foretelling the immobility of trench warfare. He still believes in the BLOCH deadlock, and gives victory to the Allies merely for better staying power. For British training and method he naturally has nothing but scorn, which takes him further than most of us can follow him. At least when he says that the university-trained class has been found "under the fiery test of war an evasive, temporising class of people, individualistic, ungenerous and unable either to produce or obey vigorous leadership," he badly needs to justify the confining of that diagnosis to *that* particular class. And when he further says of British administration of subject territories that "the British are a race coldly aloof. They have nothing to give a black people and no disposition to give"—well, it isn't an obvious truth. These are blemishes of a kind to which a quick-thinking man, a little too anxious to set everybody right by wholesale methods, is naturally subject. But you will miss a good deal of fresh-air sanity, of illumination (for the man *can* see and find the vivid phrase to express his vision) on war and peace and education and feminism and internationalism and citizenship, if you let yourself be alienated by such lapses. So please don't.

"If only those old things could speak, what stories, etc., etc.!" Most of us, at one time or another, have endured or inflicted that well-intentioned banality. And here is Miss MARJORIE BOWEN, most skilful of historical romancers, setting out to tell us precisely what stories. She calls her volume *Shadows of Yesterday* (SMITH, ELDER), explaining in a preface that is by no means the least attractive chapter that they are supposed to be the histories attached to a collection of antique oddments in a little Italian museum. No one who remembers with what persuasive charm Miss BOWEN has handled her long costume novels will be astonished at the atmosphere with which she manages to invest these little episodes; a ring, a jewel, a CHARLES II. jug—these are the materials out of which by aid of fancy she recreates the past. Of the lot, I myself should give the palm to the jug's story, a spirited little thing enough, in which a country maid, awaiting in a cottage the coming of a lover, whom she knows as "Lord Anthony," meets instead my Lady CASTLEMAINE, who tells her that the defaulting swain is really His Majesty, and explains that there exist (to put it tactfully) certain prior engagements of the royal affection. The end is a brilliant comedy stroke, which I will not spoil by anticipation for you. It is this capacity for the unexpected that saves Miss BOWEN from the danger, obviously inherent in her plan, of being

too tightly bound down by the need of forcing her catalogue of relics into prominence. She has done larger work, but nothing more agreeable.

I could not, if I would, apply quite the customary severities of criticism to *Twilight* (HUTCHINSON). It is too personal, and the death of its author, the clever woman who elected to be known as FRANK DANBY, is too fresh in memory for me to regard it with detachment. It is one of the tragedies of literature that only in her last two books, this and the one that preceded it, did the author give the world a taste of her true quality. There is evidence in *Twilight* of gifts that might well have raised its writer to a place among the greatest. But frankly it is not possible to consider it apart from the circumstances of its origin. Two stories there are in it: one personal, autobiography at its most intimate; the other a work of imagination. It is supposed that the writer, a woman novelist, wrecked with disease and the drugs that bring endurance, goes down into the country and there becomes obsessed with the history of another woman, in circumstances much like to her own, who had once lived and loved in the same remote house. So, side by side, you have the two tragedies, one of the sick bed, one of the soul, both told with an incisive and compelling art, and with a realism often painful. But, as at once a document of fact and imagination, the book is perhaps unique. Certainly no one can read it without feeling that the death of its author has left literature poorer by the loss of a personality whose real power was yet to be shown.

The demand for an eleventh edition of Lord ERNEST HAMILTON'S book, *The First Seven Divisions* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is no more than a deserved tribute to what has already taken rank as the best history, so far, of the most critical period of the World War. Lord ERNEST HAMILTON writes as one having authority. He tells the facts as he knows them—facts in many cases hitherto undisclosed, and given here with adequate detail and just enough of explanation to make the account clear even to the most unmilitary reader. There has been no attempt by the writer to embellish his theme. It remains a simple story of sheer heroism, told in a straightforward soldierly manner—and the reading of it must make the most unemotional Briton feel the thrill of pride and pity and gratitude. "Nothing," says the writer, "can ever surpass, as a story of simple sublime pluck, the history of the first three months of England's participation in the Great War." This is what you can follow day by day in these pages. There are many new maps in the present edition, which greatly help to explain the situation, as it developed from Mons, through the battle of the Marne, to the trenches before Ypres. I can only say that I hope there will soon be few school libraries in which this most inspiring book has not an honourable place.



Elderly Gentleman (alone in a compartment with fully-armed soldier, next stop one hour). "EXCUSE ME, MY MAN, BUT YOUR FACE IS STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO ME."

Soldier (with meaning). "QUITE LIKELY, SIR, SEEIN' AS YOU WERE THE GENT IN THE TRIBUNAL WHO MADE GAME OF ME BEIN' A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. BUT YOU 'LL BE GLAD TO 'EAR I 'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND I AIN'T *now* GOT ANY OBJECTION TO TAKIN' 'UMAN LIFE."

When Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE is not out to be funny I enjoy his novels, and *The Rise of Raymond* (HUTCHINSON) is pleasantly free from humorous intent. *Raymond's* father, a cheap house-furnisher by trade, was a terribly blighting person of peculiar religious views. By rod and rote he tried to instil his narrow creed into his son, and the latter's suffering during this process is revealed all the more forcibly because it is not unduly insisted upon. Though *Raymond* has his quiverful of virtues, one's powers of belief in them, though taxed heavily enough, are not super-taxed. It may seem curious that this young man, whose vocation it was during some of the best years of his life to handle and sell uninspiring things like linoleum, should have had artistic tastes; but as the reason for this endowment is not given away until the very end of the story I prefer not to give it away at all. In contrast to the scorn and ridicule scattered over the puritanical sect of which *Raymond's* parents were members, the Church of England parson, *Mr. Bosover*, receives a very warm pat on the back. "The tradition of gentleman is kept alive by the English parson. He is the only remaining interpreter of that ancient *culte*." So now you know.

A Woman in the Balkans (HUTCHINSON) is a book of which the publishers very properly observe that it "will undoubtedly make a wide appeal at the present moment." These are times when the records of anybody intelligent "in the Balkans" must be attractive reading; and Mrs. WILL GORDON (WINIFRED GORDON) is not only intelligent, but—what is even more important in the writer of a popular memoir—excellent good company. Her vivid account of her pre-War travels in Serbia, Bulgaria, and Roumania gives one the feeling of being the fortunate friend of a correspondent whose views on home-writing are not confined to picture post-cards. In short a pleasant, not too professional, record of adventure and observation. The many excellent photographs that illustrate it are in precisely the same style, being, many of them, the successful little snapshots of an artistic amateur, such as often convey a far better impression of places and people than the more ambitious products of expert science. Not all the pictures, however, are from the writer's own camera. Two, which, with a grim sense of drama, are placed next to each other, represent the Coronation of King PETER of Serbia, and the tragic ride of the Monarch from his invaded country. There is a whole tremendous chapter of European history in the contrasted pictures. Small wonder if books about the Balkans should make "a wide appeal."

From a trade circular:—

"Since the beginning of the War we have encouraged our men to enlist, and have filled their places with girls of military ineligibles."

But why not give the girls of our fighting men a chance?

CHARIVARIA.

AN "Iron Scheer" is to be erected at Cuxhaven in honour of the "victor" of the Battle of Horn Reef. It is thought, however, that lead would be more appropriate than iron for the occasion. It runs more easily under fire.

* * *

"I want," said Mr. ROOSEVELT, at Oyster Bay, "to tell you newspaper men that it is useless to come to see me. I have nothing to say." As however some of them had come quite a long way to see him, he might at least have made a noise like a Bull Moose.

* * *

Asked as to the nature of his disability, an appellant informed one of the London Tribunals that he was a member of the V.T.C. This studied insult to a fine body of men was, we are happy to say, repudiated by the Tribunal, which advised the applicant to try to join a "crack" regiment.

* * *

No civilians being available for the work, fifty men of the Royal Scots regiment laid half-a-mile of water main at Coggeshall Abbey in record time. This incident should finally dispose of a popular superstition that among the Scotch water is only a secondary consideration.

* * *

The Water Board has spent £70 in renovating some Chippendale chairs belonging to the New River Company. The poor shareholders are quite helpless in the matter.

* * *

On an acre of ground, a man told the Farnham Tribunal, he kept 9 sows, 34 pigs and 1 horse, and grew a quarter-of-an-acre of mangolds and a quarter-of-an-acre of potatoes. Asked where he kept himself the man is understood to have reluctantly named an exclusive hotel in the West End.

* * *

"The extra hour of daylight is turning every City man into a gardener," says *The Daily Mail*. This must be a source of great concern to our contemporary, according to which, if we read aright, the majority of our public men do their work like gardeners.

* * *

"A wave of temperance might come by sending drunkards to prison for a second offence," said Mr. MEAD at the West London Court. This remark will cause consternation in those select circles in which a second offence is usually an indication of a discriminating dilettantism.

* * *

"Mr. Hughes," says *The Daily Mail*, "goes to the Paris Conference with the British ideals in his pocket." Personally, we have an idea that things of this sort ought to be left in the Cabinet.

* * *

"This war," says *The Fishing Gazette*, "is going to provide protection to fish from the trawlers in all places where ships sink on trawling-grounds." That, however, is not the real issue, and we cannot too strongly deprecate such an unscrupulous attempt on the part of our contemporary to draw a red herring across the trail.

* * *

According to a New York cable, President WILSON last week headed a procession in favour of military preparedness as an ordinary citizen in a straw hat, blue coat, cream pants, and carrying an American flag on his shoulders. The intensely militant note struck by the cream pants is regarded as a body blow to the hope of the pacificists in the party and astonished even the most chauvinistic of the PRESIDENT'S admirers.

* * *

"For anyone to keep a cow for their private supply of milk is a luxury, and there is no necessity for it," said the Chairman of the Chobham Tribunal, and, as a result of this ruling, a maiden lady in the district who has long cherished the ambition of keeping a bee for her private supply of honey has reluctantly decided to abandon the idea.

* * *

Berlin's newest attraction is said to be a young woman named ANNA VON BERGDORFF, who has revealed extraordinary powers of memory, and whose chief accomplishment is to "remember and repeat without error from twenty-five to fifty disconnected words after hearing them once." In these circumstances it would seem to be a thousand pities that the lady was not present when the KAISER received the news of the famous "victory" of his Fleet in the Battle of Jutland.

* * *

In St. Louis, U.S.A., the Democratic National Convention is claiming on behalf of President WILSON that he has "successfully steered the ship of State throughout troublous times without involving the United States in war." Or, as the hyphenateds put it more tersely, "Woodrow has delivered the goods."

* * *

In a bird's-nest in a water-pipe at Sheffield a workman has discovered a £20 Bank of England note, which, we understand, has since been claimed by various people in the neighbourhood who have lately been troubled by mysterious thefts of £1 and 10*s*. Treasury notes, as well as by a man who alleges that he was recently robbed of that exact sum in silver and copper coins.

* * *

A traveller who has arrived in Amsterdam from Berlin states that in that city placards have been pasted on all the walls explaining that the KAISER is not responsible for the War. We hope however that now it has been brought to his notice it is not unreasonable on our part to express the hope that he will promptly decide to go a step further and declare his neutrality.

* * *

At an Exhibition of Substitutes now being held in Berlin a special department displayed stage decorations, scenery and costumes made mostly out of paper instead of wool. As a counterblast to the alleged German superiority in matters of this sort, it is pleasant to be able to record the fact that in our English theatres it is no uncommon thing to see an audience made mostly out of the same material.



PUNCTUALITY.

Sergeant. "FALL IN AGIN AT 'LEVEN O'CLOCK. AN' WHEN I SAY, 'FALL IN AT 'LEVEN O'CLOCK,' *I MEAN* FALL IN AT 'LEVEN. SO *FALL IN AT 'ALF-PAST TEN!*"

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(Marshal VON HINDENBURG and Admiral VON SCHEER.)

The Admiral. The beer, at any rate, is good.

The Marshal. Yes, the beer is good enough, Heaven be thanked! I only wish everything else was as good as the beer.

The Admiral. So then there is grumbling here too. It was in my mind that I should find everything here in first-rate order and everybody delighted with the condition of things.

The Marshal. So? Then all I can say is that you expected too much. You do not seem to realise how things are going with us. I suppose you had thought the Russians were absolutely done for after what happened to them last year. So thought the All-highest, who has a mania for imagining complete victories and talking about them in language that makes one ashamed of being a German. As if——

The Admiral. Yes, that's quite true. I'll tell you a little story about that later on.

The Marshal. Well, he saw complete victory over the Russians, and what does he do? He withdraws some of my best divisions to the Western Front and throws them into that boiling cauldron at Verdun, where they have all perished to the last man, and leaves me with my thinned line to hold out as best I can; and, not content with this, he permits those accursed Austrians to rush their troops, if indeed they are worthy to be called by that name, headlong into Italy on a mad adventure of their own and to get stuck there far beyond the possibility of help. And then what happens? The moment arrives when the new and immense Russian armies are trained, and when they have rifles and cannons and ammunition in plenty, and one fine day they wake up and hurl themselves against the Austrians, and helter-skelter away go the whole set of Archdukes and Generals and Colonels and men, each trying to see who has the longest legs and can use them quickest for escaping. And I'm expected to bring up my fellows, who have quite enough to do where they are, and to sacrifice them in helping this rabble. "HINDENBURG," said the All-highest to me, "be up and doing. Show yourself worthy of your ancient glory and earn more golden nails for your wooden statue." "Majesty," I replied, "if you will leave me my fighting men, you can keep all the golden nails that were ever made." But at this he frowned, suspecting a joke: I have often noticed that he does not like jokes.

The Admiral. Yes, I have noticed that myself, and I always do my best to take him quite seriously. But I was going to tell you a little story about our speechmaking hero. Here it is. As you know, he ordered us out to fight the naval battle off Jutland.

The Marshal. Yes, I know—the great victory.

The Admiral. Hum-hum.

The Marshal. Well, wasn't it?

The Admiral. Ye-e-s, that is to say, not exactly what one understands by great and not precisely what is meant by victory. However, we can discuss that another time. What I wanted to tell you was this. The speech our friend and KAISER made——

The Marshal. It was a highly coloured piece of fireworks.

The Admiral. Well, it was all prepared and written down days before the fight was fought. I heard this from a sure source, from someone, in fact, who had seen the manuscript and had afterwards caught sight of the Imperial one rehearsing it before a looking-glass. Whatever might have happened, the speech would have been the same, even if we had returned into harbour with only one ship—and there was a time when I thought we should hardly be able to do even that.

The Marshal. I wonder what would have happened to him if he had not been able to deliver the speech at all.

The Admiral. He would have burst himself.

The Marshal. Yes, that is what would have happened to him.

The Admiral. Well, anyhow, the beer is good here.

The Marshal. Oh, yes, the beer is all right.

THE ONLY WAY.

Judkins was the last man in the world one would have expected to meet in the fashionable costume of the day. To begin with, he was well over age. And then he was on the quiet side, usually looking for some odd, old thought which had gone astray, and possessed of one of those travelling mentalities which take note of all sides of a subject. Yet there he stood in khaki.

"The very last man in the world I expected to see like this," I said. It was quite true. Judkins was the sort who would have attempted dreamy analyses with the drill-instructor.

"Don't blame me, old thing," he said with a shade of melancholy. "I know I am stiff and over age and all that, but the recruiting fellow said he would willingly overlook a decade. There was nothing else for it. It was the only way."

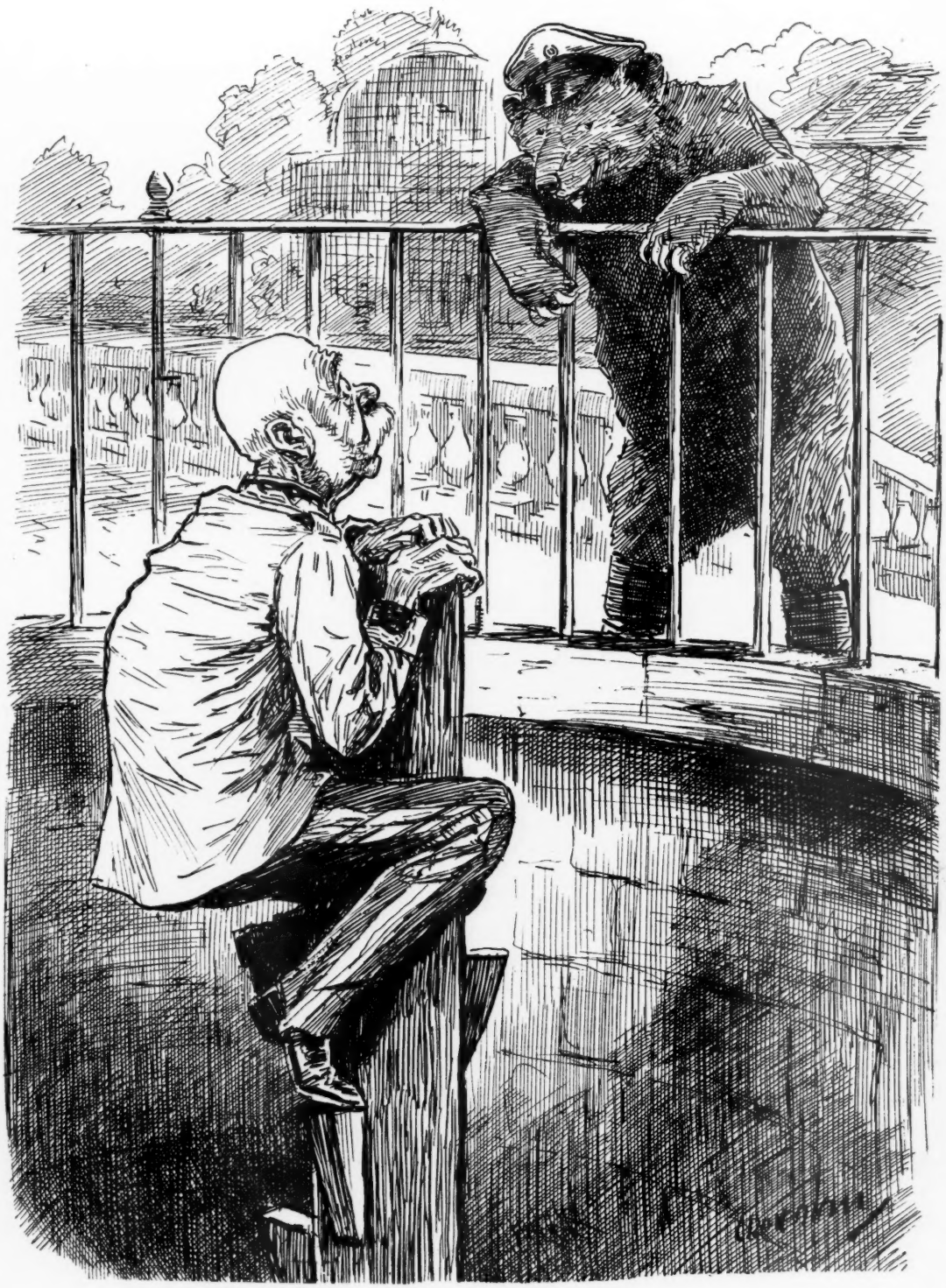
"How do you mean, 'the only way'?" I asked.

Judkins sighed.

"It was like this," he explained sadly. "I should have joined up before, but I have always tried to keep to the truth ever since I was seven and told a lie, and felt that I was lost. But I gave in at last. If Lord DERBY looks at my papers he will think I am forty. So I am, and a bit more. I meant to deceive his lordship, though it went against the grain. I am sure I don't know what Mr. WALTER LONG will say if he ever finds out what I have done. I can picture him exclaiming, 'Here's this man, Private Judkins, declaring he is only forty, when to my certain knowledge he was born in '66.'

"I am risking all that because life became insupportable. There was hardly anybody left I cared about. The one waiter at my favourite restaurant who didn't breathe down one's neck when he was holding the vegetables—he had joined; and the person who understood cigars at the corner shop, he is in it too. The new man doesn't know the difference between a Murias and a Manilla. It was the same all round. There was nobody to cut my hair. My barber was forming fours. It is a wonder to me why the War people have had to hunt the slippers, the chaps who have held back, for there is very little to tempt one to keep out of the crowd now. I've joined so as to be with the fellows I know. Don't go and put it all down to patriotism; it was just sheer loneliness. The man who sold me my evening paper—you remember him? he had a squint and used to invest in Spanish lotteries and get me to translate the letters he received—he is a soldier now; and so is the bootblack who asked for tips for the races, and the doorkeeper at the offices. They're all wearing khaki, all in; and it wasn't the same world without them, only a dreary make-believe, and so I decided to deceive the War Office and join my friends. Every day I am finding the folk I'd lost. The Corporal with whom I do most business was checktaker at a theatre I used to frequent—always told me whether the show was worth the money before I parted. And the life is suiting me fairly well. Last week's route-march in the rain was a far, far wetter thing than I had ever done, but——"

He turned and gravely saluted an officer who was coming up on the wind. . . .



THE TABLES TURNED.

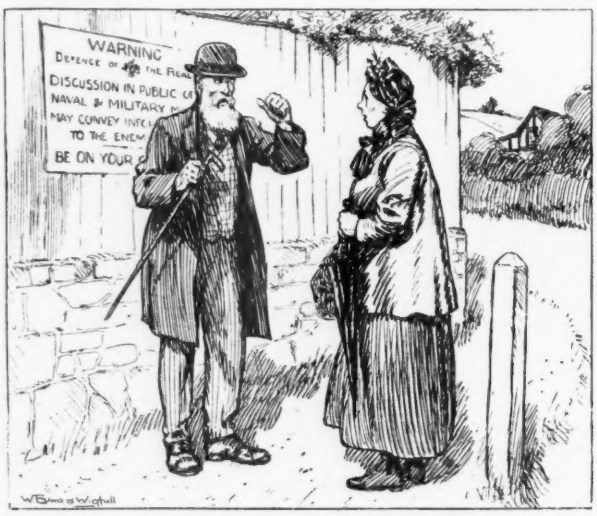
THE WATCH DOGS.

XLII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—No "Tourists' Guide to Northern France" would be complete without some mention of the picturesque town of A., a point at which even the most progressive traveller is likely to say that he's had a very pleasant journey so far, but now thinks of turning back. It boasts a small but exceedingly well-ventilated cathedral, many an eligible residence to let, and the relics of what was once a busy factory, on the few remaining bricks of which you are particularly requested to "afficher" no "affiches." It is approached by a railway, prettily overgrown with tall grasses and wild-flowers, and never made hideous these days by the presence of hustling, smoky trains. Entering daintily from the back, the tourist will soon find himself in its main street, devoid of ladies out shopping, but not without its curious collection of exuberant drain-pipes and recumbent lamp-posts. It lies, pleasantly dishevelled, in the sun, having the appearance of the bed of a restless sleeper who has shifted about somewhat in the night and made many abortive efforts to get up in the morning. Its streets are decorated with a series of dew ponds, dotted about with no apparent regard to the convenience of the traffic, and you may while away many an idle hour trying to discover where the street ends and the houses begin. You will not be interrupted if you detach, for your collection of curios, a yard or so of the dislodged statue of the leading municipal genius, and even the old man at the barrier of the eastern gate will only attempt to deter you by friendly advice if you persist in ignoring the notice, "This Road is Unfit for Vehicular Traffic." I am told that discipline is automatic at this point; it requires no browbeating military policemen to control the traffic here.

The town of A. has given up work. It has also given up trying to look smart. It still spreads itself over many acres and it has a population of twenty-five, not including the Town Major.

Town Majors, of the more permanent sort, are a race apart. Being older men, who have done their turn in the trenches and are now marked down for the less actively quarrelsome life, they nevertheless prefer to live in this sort of place. When a man gets to their age he has apparently grown too fond of his old friends, the shells, to be parted from them altogether till he absolutely must; also he likes a row of houses to himself to live in. A street cannot be so quickly demolished as to give him no time to select another one, and business can always be carried on at the one end while structural alterations are taking place at the other. This fluctuation of town property is a thing to be reckoned with in his life; and so on his office wall you will find a list of billets occupied by units, and where you see a blue mark you'll know the unit has gone, and where you see a red mark, you'll know the billet has.



NEWS FOR THE ENEMY.

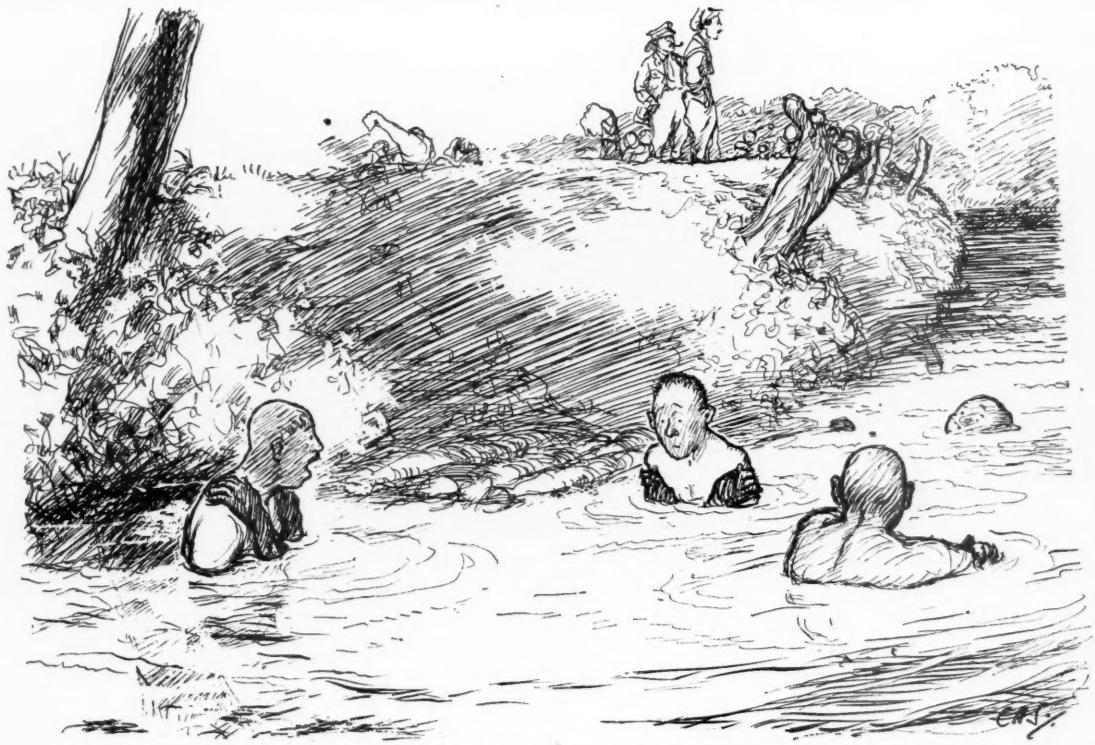
Mrs. Brown. "HAVE YOU HEARD AS HOW OUR JIM HAS GOT HIS STRIPE?"

Mr. Smith. "HUSH, WOMAN! DON'T YOU SEE THAT NOTICE?"

The Town Major of A. is a great friend of mine; fortunately we are able to reserve our differences of opinion for the telephone, and even so neither can ever be sure whether the other lost his temper or the "cutting off" was done elsewhere. When we meet I find him the victim of so many other troubles that I always spare him more. He is one of those little old Majors, more like walnuts than anything else—the hardest, most wrinkled but best filled walnuts. He acts as the medium between the relentless routine of a high administrative office and the complex wants of the local warrior. I don't think he has ever yet decided whether his true sympathies lie with the machine or with the men. Once I was in his office when a weather-beaten young Subaltern arrived, requiring fuel for his R.E. Company. He knew of the whereabouts of just the very thing. True, it was a standing door at the moment, but no doubt that condition was only temporary. It led from a room, which was half demolished, into a passage which had ceased to exist. But the Town Major did not concern himself with this. An order was an order, and a door was a door, and the order decreeing that doors should remain, the Subaltern had better get quick. He tried arguing, but you don't crack a walnut that way. He tried pleading, and the walnut creaked a little, yet remained whole. "Understand," said he, very authoritatively, "not only do I forbid you to enter that house for the purpose you propose, but I have stationed at the front entrance a picket to prevent you. If you so much as set foot on the front doorstep he will arrest you and bring you here. I shall know how to deal with you, Sir." The Subaltern, who had no doubt suffered much, turned away with a weary sigh; the Town Major ignored his salute, but, before his complete withdrawal, did happen to mention (so to speak) that he'd been told there was a *back* entrance to the house in question and he had some idea of putting another picket there to-morrow.

The Subaltern heard all right, and, from the further and additional salute he now gave, it appeared that he knew how to deal with that. The Town Major looked at me, faintly representing for the moment the machine, and, blushing dismally, bribed me into silence with a cigarette. Yet here I am telling you all about it! Never mind; the house and all its entrances and exits have long since disappeared, and as to the Subaltern himself—who knows?

On Saturday, June 3rd (that black Saturday which was not quite so black as it was painted) he received an urgent call, as if he was a doctor, to attend the oldest and least movable inhabitant in the acuteness of her distress. Town Majors are good for anything; though I suppose I oughtn't to mention it, I knew of one who assisted single-handed at a birth, mother and son both doing well notwithstanding interim bombardment. They are at anybody's disposal for any purpose; it is merely a question of first come first served. He went to the old lady's house; he found her in a paroxysm of tears over the news of



Shivering Tommy (to red-headed pal). "'URRY UP, GINGER, AND DIP YER 'EAD UNDER. IT'LL WARM THE WATER!"

the Naval disaster. For an hour he tried to comfort her, being limited to the methods of personal magnetism, in the absence of his interpreter and the scarcity of his French. She refused to take comfort; it was not sorrow for the gallant dead, but terror of the atrocious living which moved her. She was mortally afraid, she to whom salvoes of big guns were now matters of passing inconvenience. The English Navy had taken a knock; the War was therefore over and we had lost. There was no hope for any of us, and any moment the Bosch might be expected on her threshold, arriving presumably from the rear. The magnificence of the Army of France had been in vain; it was no use going on at Verdun. She was still weeping spasmodically when the better news arrived.

Now, Charles, if that is how a French peasant took the first news, how do you suppose the German peasants are digesting the second and better version?

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Athens, Monday.—I learn in a well-informed quarter that the Allies are expected to communicate to the Greek Government almost immediately a further Note relative to the restrictions imposed on Greek sipping."
Provincial Paper.

At present, we understand, Greek sippers are strictly confined to Port.

THE NEWEST HOPE.

DEAR Betty, in the good old days,
Before this Armageddon stunt,
We floated down still water-ways
Ensconced within a cushioned punt;
With mingled terror and delight
I felt the toils around me closing,
Until one starry moonlit night,
Discreetly veiled from vulgar sight,
I found myself proposing.

You heard my ravings with a smile,
And then confessed you liked my cheek,
But thought my nose denoted guile
And feared my chin was rather weak;
My character with fiendish glee
You treated to a grim dissection,
Then as a final *jeu d'esprit*
You cynically offered me
A sisterly affection.

But now within my faithful heart
New hope has sprung to sudden life;
In fancy (somewhat *à la carte*)
I see you more or less my wife;
The way is found, the path is clear,
The resolution moved and carried—
If you have pluck enough, my dear,
To risk a rather new career . . .
We might be *slightly* married.*

*In his book, *What is Coming*, Mr. H. G. WELLS sees "a vision of the slightly-married woman."

In a Good Cause.

The Veterans' Club, for which the LORD MAYOR is to hold a meeting at the Mansion House on Thursday, June 22nd, at 3.30, is the nucleus of a movement to offer the chance of rest and convalescence to those who have fought and suffered in defence of their country; to secure suitable employment for those whose service is finished, and friendly help in the hour of need. The Club at Hand Court, Holborn, has already welcomed seven thousand men of the Navy and Army to its membership. A great effort is needed to enlarge this scheme for providing a centre of reunion and succour for our fighting men from all parts of the United Kingdom and its Dominions—a scheme which, if generously supported, should serve as an Imperial Memorial of the nation's sacrifice.

Gifts and inquiries should be addressed to the Organising Secretary, Veterans' Club Association, 1, Adelphi Terrace House, Adelphi, W.C.

"Mr. Balfour . . . revealed that a number of the guns on monitors came from America and stated that certain of Churchill's speeches are so faulty that they are unuseable."
Montreal Gazette.

Mr. BALFOUR may have thought this, but we don't remember his saying it.

LYRA DOMESTICA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I cordially welcome your efforts to extend the horizon of Nursery Rhymes. At the same time it has always seemed to me rather unfair that one room in the house, though I readily acknowledge its importance, should practically monopolise the attention of our domestic poets. If Nursery Rhymes, why not Dining-room, Drawing-room and Kitchen Rhymes? I am convinced that they could be made just as instructive, didactic and helpful. Hence, to make a beginning, I venture to submit the following specimens of prudential and cautionary Dining-room Rhymes. Should they meet with approval I propose to deal with other apartments in the same spirit, excepting perhaps the Box-room, which does not seem to me to offer facilities for lyrical treatment.

PRELIMINARY.

If desirous of succeeding
In the noble art of feeding
With dignity and breeding of a Jove,
You will find all information
For your proper education
In the admirable works of Lady GROVE.

OF PORRIDGE.

Eat your porridge standing
If you are a Scot;
To be frank it 's only rank
Swank if you are not.

OF THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

Unless you wish to shorten your life
Don't eat your peas or your cheese with a knife,
Like greedy Jim, who cut his tongue
And died unseasonably young.

OF DISGUISED DISHES.

Be alert to scrutinize
Food in unfamiliar guise.
Death may lurk within the pot
If you eat the *papillote*.

OF THE VIRTUES OF SILENCE.

Jack and Tom were two pretty boys;
But Jack ate his soup with a horrible noise,
While Tom was a silent eater.
Now Jack is a poor insurance tout,
While Tom drives splendidly about
In a Limousine seven-seater.

OF A FORBIDDEN WORD.

No one mentioned in *Debrett*
Talks about a "serviette."

OF TIMELY AND UNTIMELY MIRTH.

Be cheerful at lunch and at dinner,
Be cheerful at five-o'clock tea;
But only a social beginner
At breakfast indulges in glee.

OF PUNCTUALITY.

Late for breakfast shows your sense,
Late for luncheon no offence;
Late for well-cooked well-served dinner
Proves you fool as well as sinner.

With much respect,
I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours devotedly,
A. DAMPIER SQUIBB.

ARCHIBILL.

HIS name was, so to speak, the fine flower of Delia's imagination, and of mine. Mrs. Mutimer-Sympson gave him to Delia as a war-time birthday-present, and he was at once acclaimed as "fascinating," which he may have been, and "lovely," which he certainly was not. His usual abiding-place was the kitchen, in comfortable proximity to the range, which he shared with one of his kind or of a lower order; but there were occasions when he honoured the dining-room with a visit.

"Though he mustn't come in when we 've callers," said Delia: this was in the early days, when his title and status were as yet nebulous.

"But why not?" I protested. "William 's all right, so long as he 's reasonably clean."

Delia raised her eyebrows *à la française*.

"William?"

"William," I repeated firmly. "What else would you call him?"

"I should have thought," said Delia coldly, "that it would have been plain, even to the meanest intelligence, that he was Archibald."

"On the contrary," I retorted, "no sentient being can gaze upon him without recognizing him as William."

At this moment the treasure in question, who had been making contented little purring noises near the fire, was apparently startled by a falling coal, for he raised his voice in a high note of appeal.

"Did a nasty man call him out of his name, then!" said Delia, snatching him up.

"If you 're not careful," I reminded her, "William will ruin your new blouse."

"Of course," said Delia, with an air of trying to be reasonable with an utterly unreasonable person, "there 'd be no objection to his having a *second* name."

"None whatever. 'William Archibald' goes quite well."

"'Archibald William' goes better. And it 's going to be that, or just plain 'Archibald.'" Delia added defiantly that she wasn't going to argue, because she wanted her tea, and so did he.

For the next three days we refrained from argument accordingly, sometimes calling him one name, sometimes another. The thing ended, perhaps inevitably, in a compromise. He became "Archibill."

It was curious how the charms of Archibill grew upon us—how his personality developed under Delia's care. She insisted that he recognized her step, and that the piercingly shrill cry he gave was for her ear alone. Perhaps it was so—women have more subtle powers of perception than men. There was real pathos in their first parting, which came when an inconsiderate grand-aunt in Scotland, knowing nothing of Archibill's claims, made Delia promise to pay her a ten-days' visit.

"You mustn't mind Missis being away, old boy," Delia told him, "because she 'll be coming back soon. And, although Master 's going to stay with his sister, you won't be lonely. There 's a nice kind charlady who 'll look in every day to make sure that you haven't been stolen by horrid tramps, and that the silver spoons are safe." Yet, from what she has told me since, I know that her spirits were heavy with foreboding when she left by the 11.23 from Euston.

We returned, later than we expected, together. The nice kind charlady had done her work for the day, and left, but a fire burned cheerfully in the dining-room and the table was laid for tea.

"And where," demanded Delia, "is Archibill?".

Even as she spoke she sped into the kitchen. A moment later I heard a cry, and followed.

"Look!" said Delia.

He lay near the range, a wrecked and worn-out shadow of his former self, incapable of even a sigh. Tenderly she lifted him.

"It 's just neglect," she said. "Why did I leave him! Something always happens when one leaves such treasures as Archibill."

"It mayn't be too late to do something," I said; "I 'll run down with him to Gramshaw's after tea."

"*After* tea!" echoed Delia reproachfully. I went at once.

A fortnight has passed since then. Once more Archibill makes cheerful murmuring noises on the hearth. He looks, I fancy, older; otherwise there is little change to record.

Yesterday morning I received Gramshaw's bill: "*To putting new Bottom to patent Whistling Kettle, and repairing Spout*—£0 2*s*. 9*d*."

Delia says it 's worth twenty two-and-ninepences to listen to Archibill calling her when he boils.



THE FAR-REACHING EFFECT OF THE RUSSIAN PUSH.

CONSOLATIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In order to guard against the snares of a too facile optimism I have made a point ever since the War began of taking all my information solely from German sources, as I have a feeling somehow that they may be confidently relied upon not to err upon the side of underrating their own success. But, having started with this handicap, I consider that I am the more justified in looking upon the bright side of things whenever possible. I am writing to you to-day to point out a very important aspect of the many recent German victories which seems to have been overlooked. It is full of promise of an early termination of the War.

I wish to analyse the ingredients of the German Celebration Days, which have followed each other with such bewildering rapidity of late. As far as I can gather, the whole nation has turned out to celebrate the fall of Verdun (in the first week of March), which was the key to Paris; the advance in the Trentino, which was the key to Rome; and the destruction of the British Fleet, which was the key to London, along with the going out of the electric spark of the British nimbus and all that. Meanwhile certain cities and districts—the thing seems to move round from one to another—have celebrated in force the various times that the Mort Homme was captured (while it was still held by the French), the great diplomatic victory over America, the success of the last War Loan and countless other triumphs. The thing has been going on ever since the sinking of the *Tiger* eighteen months ago.

Now, Sir, there are five main ingredients in these celebrations—flags, the ringing of bells, the distribution of iron crosses, fireworks, and school holidays. The efficient organisation of civilian *morale* demands them all. Let us look into these.

First, let us take the widest view and look forward to the contest for supremacy that will follow the War. What is it that we have to fear? Why, German education. They have often told us so. Yet the very magnitude of their present successes is robbing their chief weapon of its edge. It is not too much to say that, should the summer campaign follow the lines expected of it, bringing victory on every front, education will come to a standstill owing to the rapid succession of school holidays. Already parents are complaining that their children think it hardly worth while to turn up at school until they have had a look at the paper to see if there is anything much going on, and patriotic truants are always able to point to the capture of a battery or the sinking of a ship as justification for taking the day off. Should the War be prolonged we have to face the fact that we may have to do with a Germany in which the rising generation can neither read nor write.

But in a far more immediate sense the great number of German victories is sapping the very sources of German power. I ask you, first of all, what are these flags made of? They are made of *cotton;* and more than that, they are rapidly wearing out. Much flapping in all weathers—victories have too often been allowed to occur in bad weather—has torn them to ribbons. The situation is serious: reserves are exhausted, and an attempt to introduce flag-cards has met with no support.

Then let us consider fireworks. Is it not clear that the supply cannot be maintained without a steady munitionment of high explosives, more especially in the case of rockets?

I need not labour the fact, which



Tommy. "RATS, MUM? I SHOULD SAY THERE WAS—AND WHOPPERS! WHY, LOR' BLESS YER, ONLY THE DAY AFORE I GOT KNOCKED OUT I CAUGHT ONE OF 'EM TRYING ON MY GREAT-COAT!"

is sufficiently ominous, that iron crosses are made of iron, but I may point out that this expenditure cannot be made good by drawing upon the belfries, as the necessity for periodical bell-ringing has immobilized the bells.

These facts should be more widely known. They have given me much comfort. Even the deplorable loss of the *Warspite*—the vast, latest hyper-super-Dreadnought of the Fleet and the pillar and the key, as I learn from my authorities—cannot wholly depress me. For well I know the dilemma that confronts our enemies, and that neither by victory nor defeat can they escape their doom.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours as usual, STATISTICIAN.

Saving their Bacon.

"THE GERMAN DESTROYERS RETIRE TO PORK."
Provincial Paper.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SALE OF WORK.—This important annual event takes place in the Rectory grounds on June 14th, and everything indicates a successful day, if Father Neptune only smiles on the efforts now being put forward."—*Penarth Times.*

We hope Uncle Phœbus will not be jealous.

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

'Tis sad to read of these young lives
Poured out to please a tyrant's whim;
My manly soul within me strives
To burst its bonds and have at him.
But peace, my soul! we must be strong,
For conscience whispers, "War is wrong."

Poor lads! Poor lads! Their duty calls;
Their duty calls—no more they know;
No fear of death their faith appals;
All the clear summons hear, and go.
'Tis right, of course, they should; but I—
I serve a duty still more high.

And yet not all. Some few, I fear,
In this their country's hour of need
Keep undemonstratively clear,
Or, if they 're called, exemption plead.
For these—no conscience-clause have they—
Conscription is the thing, I say.

But worse than these, who simply shirk,
Are those employed to fashion arms,
Who tempt their fellows not to work,
And give us all such grave alarms—
Traitors! If their deserts they got
They would be either hanged or shot.

The wind blows shrewdly here to-night,
My heart bleeds, as I think, perchance,
How numbed with cold our heroes fight;
How chill those trenches, there in France.
The thought unmans me. Ere I weep,
I 'll drink my gruel—and to sleep.

An officer in Egypt writes:—

"Cairo is a gay city, at least so they say. The chief hotels put up boards showing the amusements to be enjoyed. A sample of an eventful week follows:—

'COMING EVENTS.

MONDAY.
TUESDAY.
WEDNESDAY.
THURSDAY.
FRIDAY. Museum will not open.
SATURDAY.
SUNDAY.

——, *Manager*, —— *Hotel.*'"

"A very interesting cricket-match took place at Ghain Tuffieha on Wednesday last, 24th inst., when eleven Nursing Sisters played eleven officers. The game throughout was very keen and the Sisters have nothing to learn from the Officers in the way of wicket-keeping, batting and yielding."
Daily Malta Chronicle.

In the last-mentioned art British soldiers notoriously do not excel.



THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.



Job's Comforter. "IF THEY KEEP ON STOPPING YOUR LEAVE LIKE THIS YOU 'LL NEVER SEE YOUR NEW KID TILL THE WAR'S OVER."
Job. "OH, YES, I EXPECT I SHALL. HE 'LL BE COMING OUT HERE IN 1934."

A SOLUTION.

AMONG the many Government changes that are imminent it is to be hoped that the PRIME MINISTER will appoint someone to an office of the highest importance for the well-being of the Cabinet in the public eye. Far too long has the man-in-the-street been encouraged in an attitude of scorn for the efforts of the Twenty-three. It is not suggested that the new official shall be added to that mystic number and bring it up to twice-times-twelve, or four-times-six, or even three-times-eight. There is no need for him to have Cabinet rank, but he must be permitted some inside knowledge or his labours will not be fully fruitful. Only by such labours can the Twenty-three really expect a fair reputation. As it is, everyone is more or less suspicious of them, led by the papers in their self-imposed sacred task of leaders or leader-writers of the Opposition; while the music-halls are of course frankly against any but a purely Tory Government, as they have always been, and so wholeheartedly and superior to detail that even to this day at one of the leading variety houses of London a topical song is being sung and loudly applauded in which Mr. ASQUITH is still taunted with his inability to come to a decision about conscription. The fact that the conscription problem was long since settled is immaterial to these loud-lunged patriots. Any stick is good for such a dog. True there has of late been rather less venom in certain of the anti-Premier papers, which now substitute for their ancient scoldings a bland omniscience and kindliness in their reminders of the obvious, but none the less contrive still to insert the knife and even to give it a furtive twist.

The fact then remains that what the Government need is a friend, a trumpeter, a fugle-man, a pointer-out of merits, a signaller of This-way-to-the-virtues—in short, a Callisthenes. They should take a lesson from the self-sacrificing zeal of that other Callisthenes who serves a certain London emporium so faithfully, awaking every morning to a new and rapturous vision of its excellence, which nothing can stop the discoverer at once putting into words for the evening papers. Such *trouvailles* must not be kept for private use; all the world must know. How it is that editors are so complacent in printing these rhapsodies, which, truth to tell, are sometimes very like each other, no one knows; but there it is. They see the light, and everyone rejoices to think that in a country which has been a good deal blown upon there is, at any rate, one perfect thing.

Why should there not be two?

There could be if the Government would appoint a Callisthenes of their own and set the eager pen similarly to work. Then every day we should be assured of the extraordinary vigour and vitality of our rulers. Doubt would vanish and the nation would blossom as the rose. For if all editors are so ready to print the present-day eulogies of the emporium, how much readier should they be to print to-morrow's eulogies of the Empire!

One can see the new Callisthenes inspiring confidence and heartening the public with some such words as these; for of course the new one should, if possible, be modelled on the old—it might even be (daring thought!) the same:—

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

About all kinds of paid service there must be a *certain* monotony; such service implies something that one does for other people over and over again. But though action may

become, in time, almost automatic, *thought* need never lose its volition. And it is one's thought or attitude of mind that counts.

The service at the Firm of ASQUITH & Co., is, I think, so good because Ministers are encouraged tremendously to give their work the *personal touch*. They are not afraid to give their individuality full rein, to let it inform their particular jobs, so that each one is enlivened thereby.

If you knew the Cabinet as well as I do, you would appreciate the fact that it is remarkable for the number of distinct personalities among its members—men of marked character and distinction, who are known not only throughout the House, but to a great many members of the London Public as well.

They stand out among their fellow-workers because their service *is distinguished*. It is not necessarily that their abilities are so especially superior, excellent though they may be. *It is that all they do is infused with character*. Their voices have *timbre;* they don't drawl. Their manners are good. They carry out the smallest transaction as though it held infinite interest for themselves as well as you. They never for a moment allow their intelligence to sag. They give to their least varying work that personal touch which is so transforming.

The Firm of ASQUITH thoroughly appreciates their worth, and openly rejoices in the prestige these *star workers* attach to themselves. It would have every member of the Staff do likewise—act not merely as a minister, but as a very definite and valued personality.

For that is service as it should be in a modern Government, as spontaneous to-day as it was servile yesterday—*intelligent, forceful and gay.*

Example is the greatest factor in its fine development. The Cabinet Minister, however young, who can answer every query with a pretty deference, put off an Irish Member with good effect, who in checking your ill-advised inquisitiveness seems to welcome you—such a one receives as much and more, every time, as he gives. He gets smiles, thanks, even deference in return, and very often friendship. His companions notice that. They see how his buoyancy never flags, because it is all the while met with response, stimulated, liked. And the habit of success is very catching. *Voilà tout!*

ASQUITH & Co., LTD.

Had the Cabinet such a watchful and industrious exponent and commender as Callisthenes, never wearying, except possibly on Sunday, its success would be certain.



WITH AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT THE FRONT AND WAR-WORK AT HOME, THE EXCHANGED SOUVENIRS ARE IN STARTLING CONTRAST TO THOSE OF 1840.

"ACCORDIONS.—Sale or exchange, Busson's beautiful flutina, 23 white piano keys, 15 black, portable, light to carry, nice for open air; large ass wanted."—*Exchange and Mart.*

We are not sure that the last phrase is quite the right one for attracting a purchaser.

Our Economical Army.

"In one hospital there is a complete tinsmith's shop running full blast. There empty biscuit-tins are remade into tin plates, pans and drinking-cups. Even the soldier is melted down and used a second time."

Darling Downs Gazette (*Queensland*).

"FARRIERS.—Wanted, a good doorman; quiet job, 7 or 8 days a week."

Daily Chronicle.

And all the rest of the time to himself.



Visitor. "WE 'RE HAVING A MOTHERS' SALE OF WORK ON SATURDAY. WILL YOU COME AND BRING YOUR HUSBAND?"
Wife of Wounded Soldier. "THANKS SO MUCH. WE 'D LOVE TO, BUT THE DOCTOR WAS MOST EMPHATIC IN WARNING MY HUSBAND TO AVOID ANY FORM OF EXCITEMENT."

CONCERT TICKETS.

I 'M beginning to think that Petherton has taken a dislike to me, and it is not at all pleasant in a more or less country retreat to be on bad terms with a neighbour.

It is especially trying, when one has made every endeavour to be friendly, to meet with a chilling response. I 'm sure I have written him some very genial letters on matters which less good-tempered individuals than I might have taken more seriously.

The Annual Concert in the village, a great event in local circles, has been another cause of unnecessary friction between Petherton and myself.

As one of the older residents and knowing most of the people here, I am usually consulted as to the programme, sale of tickets and other details of the concert, and my house is often used for rehearsing the solos, part songs and choruses which are rendered by the local Carusos and Melbas.

Our passage of arms was over the tickets. We who are on the Committee are supplied with so many tickets each, which we endeavour to sell. I sent two to Petherton, half-crown ones. I forgot to enclose the printed notice that usually accompanies them, but evidently he recognised my handwriting on the envelope, and sent the tickets back. He wrote a letter with them:—

SIR,—I received the enclosed, presumably from you, because the almost illegible scrawl on the envelope was yours without a doubt. Why you should try to bribe me with five shillings-worth of tickets for the Annual Concert I cannot conceive. Perhaps you are going to sing at it and are anxious that I should come to hear you. I shall deny myself that pleasure. I hear quite enough of you in the afternoons (this, no doubt, referred to the rehearsals). Should I change my mind, which is unlikely, I am quite able to purchase tickets.

I replied:—

DEAR MR. PETHERTON,—I am beginning my letter, as you see, in the formal way, but from your opening move I foresee that a more affectionate tone will supervene before we are through with the matter in hand. This will be in accordance with the immemorial custom that has prevailed in the delightful intercourse between us on various subjects. Now, as to the Concert. My suggestion, mutely expressed through a little forgetfulness on my part, missed fire. If this isn't expressed clearly I mean I hoped you would understand that I sent the tickets because I hoped that you would buy them. Or, to put the matter very plainly, I sent you two tickets. Have you 5*s*. that 's doing nothing? If so, send it me for goodness' sake, and keep the tickets, which I 'm sending back in this. If the 5*s*. is busy with the War Loan, don't disturb it of course, but send me the tickets back, or sell them to somebody else. I think that 's all clear, so now we 'll get on to the next point. I don't sing—outside a church. I fancy it 's Wright, the blacksmith, a fine upstanding bass with full-throated movement, that you can hear. He leaves his spreading chestnut-tree on Wednesdays and Fridays for rehearsals in my drawing-room, and it 's difficult to keep his voice from straying over into your premises, even with the windows shut. I 'm sorry if he annoys you, but, anyway, as the Concert takes place next Wednesday, he won't worry you much longer. I hope you will come in your group. I can send you more tickets if you need them.

Yours faithfully, H. J. FORDYCE.

I hope your hens are fruit-bearing. Eggs are a terrible price just now, aren't they?

The tickets came back next day with a curt note:—



Doctor (to wounded soldier who is on "low diet"). "IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT, MY LAD?"
Irishman. "OCH, DOCTOR, IF YE'D BE GIVIN' ME A NICE FAT GOOSE FOR ME DINNER, NOW?"
Doctor. "AH, AND I SUPPOSE YOU'D LIKE IT STUFFED WITH SOMETHING SPECIAL, EH?"
Irishman. "INDEED AND I WOULD. I'D LIKE IT STUFFED WITH ANOTHER WAN!"

Mr. Petherton begs to return the concert tickets and requests that Mr. Fordyce will not send them back again, as otherwise Mr. Petherton will not hold himself responsible in the event of their being lost or destroyed.

So I wrote again:—

DEAR PETHERTON,—How perfectly splendid! Everything has worked out beautifully up till now. Your first note was pitched in just the proper key, and now comes your second, a perfect gem in its way. Your style reminds me more than ever of CHESTERFIELD, to whom a chair was a chair and nothing more, but a couch was an inspiration. I enclose two yellow tickets this time. Perhaps you didn't like the others. Some people don't care for pink tickets. These jolly little yellow chaps are only 1*s.* each, a consideration in these hard times.

Yours very sincerely,
HARRY FORDYCE.

P.S.—We have a job line of green tickets at 6*d.* each to clear. Perhaps you would care to look at some. We are selling quite a lot of them this year.

Petherton's reply to this was an envelope containing the fragments of two yellow tickets and a sheet of notepaper inscribed "With Mr. Frederick Petherton's compliments."

As the tickets would have to be accounted for, of course there was nothing for it but to send him a bill, so I sent him one:—

F. PETHERTON, Esq.,
In a/c with the Purbury Concert Committee.

To 2 tickets in yellow cardboard, 3 in. by 2½ in., printed in black, with embellishments, the whole giving right of entry to the Purbury Annual Concert to be held on June 28, 1916 . . . 2*s.*

Your kind attention will oblige.

To this Petherton made no reply, so after a few days I bought the tickets for (and from) myself, and wrote to Petherton:—

DEAR FREDDY,—You will be glad to hear that I have found someone to take your yellow tickets off my hands at the full market price. Sorry to find that the War has hit you so badly. Certainly two bob is two bob, as you apparently wish me to infer. However it is a blessing to know that the Tommies will get the extra cigarettes, isn't it? It's a pity you won't be at the concert. Your cheery presence will be greatly missed, especially by

Your old pal, HARRY.

The reply I received:—

Who the devil said I shouldn't be at the concert? I bought a dozen pink tickets from the Vicar as soon as I heard you were not going to perform.

FREDERICK PETHERTON.

It seems evident that Petherton has taken a dislike to me for some reason or other.

"Latet Anguis in Herba."

"ROCK PLANTS in pots; 12 different, 2s. 6d. Cobra, rapid growing Climber, 4d. and 6d. each.—Horticultural School, Swaythling."
Provincial Paper.

Our gardening friends tell us that *Cobæa scandens* is much safer as a horticultural pet.

From a description of a mine explosion under the German trenches:—

"Tons of earth were flung hundreds of feet high, carrying away trenches, dugouts and handbags."—*Baltimore Paper.*

The American correspondent who sends us the cutting says, "I am glad to see that the Hun is losing his grip."

THE BOOKLOVER.

By Charing Cross in London Town
There runs a road of high renown,
Where antique books are ranged on shelves
As dark and dusty as themselves.

And many booklovers have spent
Their substance there with great content,
And vexed their wives and filled their homes
With faded prints and massive tomes.

And ere I sailed to fight in France
There did I often woo Romance,
Searching for jewels in the dross,
Along the road to Charing Cross.

But booksellers and men of taste
Have fled the towns the Hun laid waste,
And within Ypres Cathedral square
I sought but found no bookshops there.

What little hope have books to dwell
'Twixt Flemish mud and German shell?
Yet have I still upon my back,
Hid safely in my haversack,

A tattered Horace, printed fine
(Anchor and Fish, the printer's sign),
Of sage advice, of classic wit;
Much wisdom have I gained from it.

And should I suffer sad mischance
When Summer brings the Great Advance,
I pray no cultured Bosch may bag
My Aldus print to swell his swag.

Yet would I rather ask of Fate
So to consider my estate,
That I may live to loiter down
By Charing Cross in London Town.

The Reward of "Frightfulness."

"Amsterdam, Sunday.—Admiral von Tirpitz has been offered the degree of doctor hororis."—*Provincial Paper.*

Taking it Badly.

"AUSTRIAN DEFENCES GRUMBLING BEFORE THE RUSSIANS."
Scotch Paper.

"What is Port?" asks an evening paper. According to Admiral VON SCHEER it is "A very present help in time of trouble."

The Chameleon.

From a feuilleton :—

"The black sheep had flushed crimson, but the hot colour soon died down leaving him very pale."—*The Daily Mirror.*

"Experienced nurses wanted immediately; temporary £1 to 15*s.* weekly. Also excellent situations for ladies' first babies, £40 to £28."
Daily Paper.

The demand for juvenile labour is surely being overdone.

RUIN O' ENGLAND.

(*At "The Plough and Horses."*)

"UPPER classes be stirrin' o' theirselves to rights now, seemin'ly."

"'Ow be you meanin', George?"

"Squire be by my place 'tother day when I be 'avin' a bit o' quiet pipe by my gate, same as you might be, Luther Cherriman, an' 'e stops—which 'e ain't been in the 'abit o' doin'—an' 'e says, 'Ullo, George,' 'e says, 'bain't you the man as allus used to keep a pig 'ereabouts?' An' I answers 'im as I cert'nly did use to keep a pig pretty constant when food-stuffs was cheaper than what they be now."

"What 's 'e say to that, George?"

"'E says, 'My good man, if you was a bit more thrifty like, an' wasn't above collectin' 'ouse'old scraps,' 'e says, 'an', moreover, if you wasn't so blamed penny wise an' poun' foolish,' 'e says, 'you 'd be keepin' y'r pigs—breedin' of 'em—now, when you could get biggest price for 'em. You 'd be doin' o' y'rself a good turn an' settin' a 'xample to y'r neighbours,' 'e says, 'as they badly needs. Well, any'ow, think it over,' 'e says—an' away 'e goes."

"You been thinkin' it over, George?"

"In a manner o' speakin' I be thinkin' it over now, this very minute. In a manner o' speakin' I were thinkin' it over when I goes up to the Court over a bit o' business yesterday. 'Owever, I were really doin' no more 'n airin' my mind, as you might say, to the Cook—a decent 'nough young woman. I 'ad n't no idea o' nothin' more."

"What you say to 'er, then?"

"I were lookin' at a bit of a lawn they 'as up there to the left o' their back-door. Middlin' poor bit o' lawn it be, not like them in front, an' I says of it what I 've often said afore. 'Too much lawn to this 'ere 'ouse,' I says, 'to please me. Ruin o' England,' I says, 'lawns do be. Orter be dug up,' I says. 'Sow a matter o' fower bushels o' taters,' I says, 'on that poor little bit 'lone. Don't like t' see all this waste o' groun',' I says, 'an' us at war.'"

"What did Cook say to that? Some'at saucy, I be bound."

"'You be very practical, George,' she says, 'but food ain't everything, even in times o' war. You did ought to have seen wounded soldiers,' she says, 'settin' 'bout on all these 'ere lawns last summer time, like a lot o' bluebottles, 'joyin' o' theirselves to rights,' she says. 'An' 'ow could they a-done it, poor chaps,' she says, 'if we 'd 'ad nothin' but an ol' tater patch to offer 'em?'"

"You 'd got y'r answer to that, I dessay."

"I 'ad. 'They soldier chaps could very well 'ave sat on the paths,' I says—for the paths be wasteful wide to my thinkin'. 'A bit of a bench or a chair or so, an' they 'd 'ave been right as rain, with some'at to look at as was sensible, too. A close-cut lawn ain't no manner o' interest to a thinkin' man, not like a medder or a few rows o' good early taters be.'"

"What did Cook say to that 'ere?"

"She laughs, an' she says, 'You be done courtin' then, George, I can see. You ain't got no thought of a second wife, seemin'ly.' 'Ow d' you know that?' I asks; an' she laughs again an' says she knows, 'cos if 'twasn't so I 'd like the thought of a bit o' lawn to sit out on warm evenings an' such. An' then she says, 'You think too much o' y'r stomach, George'—which fair rattled me."

"What you say?"

"I says again, 'They lawns be the ruin o' England, I tell ye'—an' then I see 'er start an' go red 's a poppy, an' then she sort o' plunges in at 'er door. An' then I looks round for first time an' I sees Squire standin' there, 'earin' all as 'ad been said, an' for the moment I 'd 'ave been glad 'nough for a back-door too—so I would."

"Lord-a-mercy, George, you 're a rare-un for puttin' y'r foot in it wi' gentry! What to gracious did 'e make o' it?"

"'E sort o' smiled—but crooked like. An' then 'e says, 'No but what you 're right, George'—which were 'bout 'undred miles from what I 'spected 'im to say. 'Look 'ere,' 'e goes on, 'I 'll make a bargain wi' ye. You send me up 'alf-a-bushel o' seed potatoes,' 'e says, 'to start on, an' I 'll send you a young sow out o' the last litter. What d' you say?'"

"What did ye say?"

"I says, 'Thank ye kindly, Sir. An' if I 've done my bit to save England from ruin I be fine an' glad.' And so I be."

More Tampering with the Calendar.

"Among the objections to flag days is that they have detracted from the novelty of Alexandra Rose Day, which this year is being held on June 31."—*Daily Paper.*

This attempt to shove Alexandra Day right off the calendar has, we are glad to say, been unsuccessful; and to-day, June 21st, sees roses, roses all the way as usual.

From a concert programme :—

"BALLET (for which Miss Gladys Groom has won the Challenge Cub in connection with Lady Rachel Byng's Olympic Game Tests)

SONG. 'Show us how to do the Fox Trot' (Miss Ruby Groom and chorus)."

It seems to us that Miss GLADYS's reward would have been more appropriate to Miss RUBY.



GIVEN AWAY.

Boy. "MOTHER, WE OUGHTN'T TO BE IN THIS CARRIAGE, OUGHT WE? IT'S FIRST-CLASS."
Mother. "OH, DARLING, YOU MEAN WE OUGHT TO BE ECONOMISING IN WAR-TIME?"
Boy. "BUT, MOTHER, WE *ARE* ECONOMISING, AREN'T WE? WE'VE ONLY GOT THIRD-CLASS TICKETS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is no doubt that one of the greatest pieces of luck that has come the way of the Empire is LOUIS BOTHA. Mr. HAROLD SPENDER'S legitimately uncritical biography, *General Botha: The Career and the Man* (CONSTABLE), fills in the details of the romance; and astonishing details they are. BOTHA, the anti-Krugerite, one of the seven in the Volksraad who voted against the fateful ultimatum in October, 1899, threw himself, when war was unavoidable, with all his energy into the task of his country's defence. Rapidly proving himself, he succeeded his sick chief, JOUBERT, with at first, and luckily for us, a mitigated authority. Here was no mere slim guerilla playing little disconcerting tricks on a clumsy enemy, but a general to respect, as BULLER found at Colenso and BENSON at Bakenlaagte. And his staff college was just his own occiput. When the inevitable end came, long delayed by his and his brother-generals' skill and courage, he laboured for a lasting peace, and took a line of steady fealty to the ideal of British citizenship, which he has unfalteringly pursued to this day. It is good, by the way, to recall the admirable and patient diplomacy, at and after Vereeniging, of Lord KITCHENER, who was the chief pleader for generous concessions to the gallant beaten enemy—an attitude BOTHA never forgot. BOTHA is indeed the pilot of modern South Africa—the first Premier of the Transvaal after the gift of responsible government, the first Premier of the Union after the federation of the four states. To him has fallen the honour (and the task) of crushing the rebellion, wherein he had the supreme wisdom to throw the burden upon the loyal Dutch in order not to risk reopening racial bitterness by using British elements against the rebels. He has entered Windhuk a conqueror. May his old luck follow him in the still difficult days of the youngest of the Dominions! I've forgotten Mr. SPENDER'S book. But of course this is all out of it. And there's plenty more good stuff in it.

I have for some time now had my prophetic eye upon Mr. J. C. SNAITH as a writer from whom uncommon things were to be looked for. So it has pleased me to find this belief entirely justified by *The Sailor* (SMITH, ELDER), which is as good and absorbing a tale as anything I have encountered this great while. It is the life-history of one *Henry Harper* that Mr. SNAITH sets out to tell; incidentally it is also the record of the development of a popular novelist out of a slum child, through such seemingly unpromising stages as tramp-sailor and professional footballer. There is a strength and (to use the most fitting term) a punch about the telling of it that carries the reader forward quite irresistibly. Moreover, like all histories of expanding fortune, it is cheery reading for that sake alone. Personally, I think I liked most the football section. I knew from *Willow the King* that Mr. SNAITH knew all about cricket; for his football mastery I was unprepared. There is a fresh poignancy in Mr. SNAITH'S handling of professional sport in its most frankly gladiatorial aspect that gives one a new sympathy with the young giants who are now mostly engaged upon another and nobler contest. What I liked least about the book were the *Sailor's* two matrimonial adventures. His entrapment by the detestable *Cora* is so painful that perhaps I was glad to think it also slightly incredible. Even the lady whose hand is his ultimate great reward failed to rouse me to any enthusiasm. But the *Sailor* himself is so human and likeable a figure that he perhaps absorbed my interest to the exclusion of the other characters, which I hope is as Mr. SNAITH intended it.

In *Verdun to the Vosges* (ARNOLD) Mr. GERALD CAMPBELL has paid a generous tribute to the indomitable courage of our French Allies. His position as Special Correspondent of *The Times* gave him opportunities—strictly limited, of course, but unique—of recording in particular the earlier phases of the War on the fortress frontier of France; and he has produced a volume which shows no trace of civilian authorship, except in those qualities which confess the art of a trained writer. Never obtruding his own personality, he gives us here and there a glimpse of privileged experiences and happy relationships with the French authorities, civil and military, notably the Préfet of Meurthe et Moselle, whose letter to the author, published as an epilogue, is a document of astounding force and eloquence. If I have a complaint to make it is that in a serious history—the kind that you must follow very closely on the map—Mr. CAMPBELL should have spent so much time on general reflections and homilies which might just as well have been composed in Fleet Street or the salient of Ypres. And it is perhaps a pity that, where his subject gave him no chance of dealing with his own country's share in the War, he should have exposed at considerable length certain defects in the English character which delayed the adoption of national service. It is true that universal compulsion had not been adopted at the time when Mr. CAMPBELL was writing, and it is certain that no one who knows the good work he has done in helping the two nations to a better understanding of one another will question his motives; but I think that these reflections upon England, very English in their candour, have no proper place in a history of the achievements of France; and I hope that they may be cut out of the French translation which is shortly to appear. For the rest (and a good big rest) it is an enthralling book; and if I were a Frenchman I should read it with a very great pride. Even as it is, and notwithstanding what I have said, I am proud enough that an Englishman should have written it.



PAINFUL PREDICAMENT OF MNEMO, THE WORLD-FAMED MEMORISER, WHO, AFTER A HARD DAY AT A MATINEE AND TWO EVENING PERFORMANCES, FORGETS THE NAME AND NUMBER OF HIS HOUSE.

The Scratch Pack (HUTCHINSON) is another of those jovial, out-door stories, for which Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS has already endeared herself to a considerable public. As before, her scene is Ireland. It is somewhere on the south coast of that emotional island that a maiden called *Gheena Freyne* determines, in the war-absence of the local M.F.H., to do her bit by dealing faithfully with the foxes, who are rather above themselves through neglect. So she, and one *Darby Dillon*, who is crippled and unable to do anything but ride (and adore *Gheena*), get together a very scratch pack of the farmers' foot-dogs. What sport results, and how buoyantly it is told, those with experience of Miss CONYERS' vigorous gifts can easily imagine. There is however another thread to the story. A second suitor pervades the scene, one *Basil Stafford*, who, though hale and vigorous, persists, even under white-feather provocation, in an attitude of taciturn reserve about the War. Also he takes mysterious walks at night on the cliffs, somewhere off which a German submarine is said to be hiding, *Gheena* accordingly suspects him of being (i) a shirker, (ii) a spy. Apparently, as far as young ladies on the South coast of Ireland are concerned, Messrs. VEDRENNE and EADIE have simply lived in vain. The more sophisticated reader, while not sharing *Gheena's* astonishment at the climax, will none the less enjoy some pleasant thrills that lead up to it. In short *The Scratch Pack* can show you an excellent day's sport.

I suppose we owe our grotesquely insular ignorance of the Art of Russia (other than music) to the fact that hitherto no one has been so enterprising as ROSA NEWMARCH. In *The Russian Arts* (JENKINS), she sets out to give us a brief history of painting in Russia, from the ikon to the Futurist diagram, with a preamble on architecture and a postscript on sculpture. It is indeed a dismal thing to be brought to realise, even from quite inadequate illustrations in monochrome half-tone, that one does not know anything of such artists as REPIN and NESTEROF—to take but two widely differing types of a notable family. Art, such triumphant art, say, as the ballet with the gorgeous scenic accessories that we know, does not spring into being without ancestry, and this book gives us some notes on artistic pedigree—enough perhaps to save us from abject shame when, after this war, we sit at dinner next some knowledgeable Russian guest. . . . And this is likely often to happen. It is odd that Mrs. NEWMARCH seems to be interested in the literary rather than the graphic content of the pictures she describes—odd because she seems to know the painter's creed.

An Impending Apology.

Extract from a soldier's letter recently received by the wife of a distinguished retired officer:—

"Please tell Colonel W—— I was asking for him. Tell him this is a rough war, not the same as in his time. It is all brains now, and machinery."

Extract from *The Seamanship Manual*, vol. ii., chap. vii., "Disembarking Troops":—

"This method is satisfactory for horses, mules, or cattle, but does not answer with the camel. The latter, if not drowned on the way ashore, is very little use when landed."

This disparaging remark about the "ship of the desert" is attributable, we fear, to professional jealousy.

"The impression I carried away was that the Kiel Canal was a splendid bit of engineering, and that in case of war it would be invaluable, not only as a refuge for the German Fleet, but also as a quick means of getting the Kiel squadron quickly into the North Sea, or *vice versâ*."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

The British Fleet has proved even better than the Kiel Canal as a quick means of accomplishing the *vice-versâ* operation.

"The last sale of home mad cooking will take place on Saturday."
Avonlea Advocate (*Saskatchewan*).

If only it were the last!

CHARIVARIA.

Two sailors charged with stealing a barrel of beer from a public-house at Dover explained that it was only a joke. The prosecution however pointed out that when the defendants were arrested a large part of the joke was found to be on them.

* * *

An applicant to the London Appeal Tribunal asked for exemption on the ground that he was engaged in the business, previously monopolized by Germans, of filling Santa Claus stockings. The Tribunal however concluded that for the present he would be better employed in the business, also largely a German monopoly before the War, of filling a tunic.

* * *

Herr BETHMANN-HOLLWEG has explained to members of the German *Flottenvereins* that after the War Germany will require a strong Fleet to "guard the transatlantic lanes of commerce." This of course explains why they have refrained up to the present from annihilating the British Fleet. They expect to use it in their coming war with Portugal.

* * *

"The pair of swans on the lake at Hampton Court," says a news item, "have hatched out seven young cygnets." Ordinary swans of course only hatch out goslings or ducklets.

* * *

A defendant who was fined £1 at Woking for shooting a wild-duck pleaded that he was an enthusiastic ornithologist and wanted the bird for comparison with other specimens. We ourselves in former times were in the habit of mounting our wild ducks in sets, but since the outbreak of the War the exorbitant prices charged by the local taxidermist have deprived us of the pleasures of comparative ornithology.

* * *

A Bill introduced into the House of Commons last week enables the Crown to continue for a limited time after the War (three years, with a possible extension to another four) in possession of land occupied during the War for defence purposes. We understand that in the framing of this measure the feelings of TINO were not consulted.

* * *

The *Berlingske Tidende* declares that the British authorities are collecting vast quantities of coffee in Sweden which will be sent to Germany after the War. It is also generally believed, on the strength of the reports of the Paris Conference, that equally large quantities of beans are being assembled in France and elsewhere which will be handed to Germany immediately after the conclusion of the struggle.

* * *

A Willesden man, charged with being disorderly at a music-hall, pleaded that the performance was so jolly that he had to dance. That sort of thing is all right in places like Willesden, but we trust that our West End managers will continue to eliminate from their programmes anything likely to be provocative of similar behaviour.

* * *

The report that Mexico has sent an ultimatum to the United States is probably exaggerated. The Mexican authorities are said to be of the opinion that a policy of firmness combined with moderation will bring their unruly neighbour to reason.

* * *

A turtle weighing a ton has been caught off the Scilly Isles. The animal, which made no attempt to resist capture, stated that it was tired of being mistaken for a submarine.

From an account of the Russian advance:—

"The enemy is desisting furiously, particularly in the region of Torgovitsa."
Provincial Paper.

Just as the German High Seas Fleet did off the coast of Jutland.



Sweep (who is to be called up in a few days, pointing to staff uniform). "I SHALL BE WEARING THEM THINGS NEXT WEEK, MATE."

THE SENIOR PARTNER.

As viewed by FRANZ JOSEF, *Junior Partner.*

I HATE the horrid roller used by our offensive foe,
Which goes so very much more fast than most steam-rollers go;
Just now it's got us in a hole particularly tight,
But HINDENBURG, brave HINDENBURG, is sure to put us right.

Some time ago it snorted up Carpathia's rugged steeps,
It tooted through Przemysl Town and Cracow had the creeps;
And even in Vienna we were turning rather sick,
But MACKENSEN, good MACKENSEN, he saved us in the nick.

Our stout Ally's behaviour may contain a touch of swank,
But, when we leave a vacuum upon his dexter flank,
Although with simulated grief he'd chuck us if he could,
His HINDENBURG (or MACKENSEN) has got to make it good.

Yet if I do my best to win a battle on my own,
And barge about Trentino, which is my peculiar zone,
Should anything occur to push my eagle off its perch
Then WILLIAM TWO, dear WILLIAM TWO, would leave me in the lurch.

But now that I am knocked again on our united front,
Which incidentally disturbs his adumbrated stunt,
His heart (from quite a distance) yearns to soothe the painful spot,
And HINDENBURG, old HINDENBURG, is sent to stop the rot.

O. S.

WHAT THE PRESSMEN SAW.

(BY OUR NAVAL EXPERT).

I HAVE passed a week rich in experiences. The things I've seen! As one of a party of journalists accorded the privilege of a visit to the Trawler Fleet I am able to-day at last to lift the curtain and tell the public what is going on. It is true that there are some restrictions as to what may be published, but I think you will find that I am free to relate the best bits.

The Trawler Fleet! The Trawler Fleet is a power of great and diverse capabilities. But my visit was paid not so much to estimate its fighting value as to plumb its spiritual depths (which are not so likely to be interfered with by the Censor). The very heart of British sea power, the epitome of modern naval war, is to be found in a little port somewhere on the —— Coast. Here cluster just ordinary little one-funnelled trawlers, grimy little every-day vessels. These are the real thing. They come and go, these trawlers, in and out, back and forth, up and down, round and round; but they are being wrought into the weft and woof of history, every one of them.

I contemplated them. On one I found an old tar cleaning his shore-going boots. We entered into conversation, the ice being broken by a friendly query of his as to whether the adoption of Summer Time had affected the prohibited hours. And I—with intention—asked him if he had been fishing.

"Fishing?" said he; and he looked at me and winked. There was heroism in his wink with a dash of humour, as is the way with men of our race.

On another I found a mere boy. His job, I gathered, was to help the cook and wash up. "The War," he considered, "'adn't made no sort o' difference to 'im. His job went on much the same."

Well, I took off my hat to him—I couldn't resist it. Never have I been more thrilled at the thought of the indomitable spirit of our race. No difference!

I questioned him further, but he evinced all the admirable and impenetrable reticence of the Service in war-time.

Deeply moved by these experiences I next accosted a brawny stoker covered with the grime of his calling. "The life seems to suit you all right," I cried, and slapped him on the back. The result was noteworthy. He made absolutely no reply of any sort but spat over the side.

And finally I must tell the story of the trawler and the mine. We all heard it, and most of the best people are telling it. It reveals better than anything perhaps the spiritual depths. It was related by an officer who had taken charge of our party and who actually showed us a photograph of the mine in question in a little museum of relics he had established on the quay, which contained also a part of a chronometer, said to be German, and a loaf of potato bread, captured and brought home under conditions that will make a stirring story after the War. The mine had been towed in by a fisherman who had flung a rope round its horns. "Cool hand, that fisherman," the narrator concluded. (It is only fair to say that in some versions given to the public the expression is set down as "Offhand chap" or "Careless old card," but I believe these to be incorrect.) "He said it must be safe enough for he had towed it for fourteen miles." (There has been some little discrepancy as to the mileage also, one sensational writer in the Yellow Press even putting it as high as nineteen.)

A wonderful week! It is folly to draw great conclusions from a hasty visit. All the same this is my considered message to the British Public—*Trust the Trawlers.*

BIS.

S.O.S.

"We may indeed say with another meaning, *Sos monumentum requiras circumspice.*"—*The Builder.*

Hun Candour.

From a description of Czernowitz in the *Berliner Tageblatt*:—

"Since Saturday evening everyone wanted to go away, Christian, Jew, German."

"An Edmonton barber, who was given temporary exemption, stated that he had tried a female assistant, but she took half-an-hour to shave one man."—*Evening Paper.*

As the result, we suspect, of too much "chin-wagging."

The following letter was received from a Chinese store-keeper, in response to an order for benzine:—

"Madam,—Very sorry we have no Benzine, but we have Ground Cloves, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and Ginger. Hoping to be excused for the trouble."

Victims of the petrol-census may be glad to know of these substitutes.

"Wanted good Navies. Several months work. 7d.—Apply Ganger, Northampton."

We suspect "Ganger, Northampton," to be a *nom de guerre* for "Admiral of the Atlantic, Wilhelmshaven," who is notoriously hard up both for ships and money.

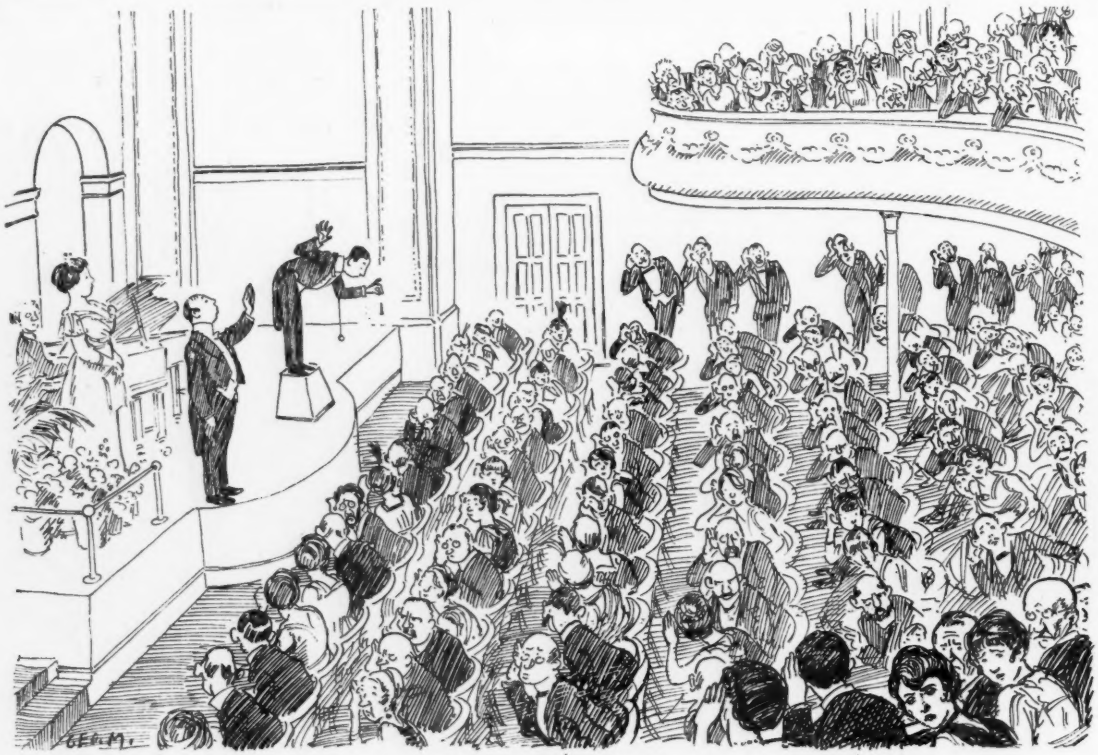
"The evidence of the police was to the effect that about 400 people marched in procession through Dame Street and Westmoreland Street, followed by a crowd of 2,000 girls, who led the processionists."—*Daily Mirror.*

There is precedent for this in higher circles, where leaders have been known to follow the crowd.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

PARIS. "WE'VE DECIDED TO KEEP THE APPLE FOR OURSELVES."
GERMANIA. "THEN WHAT DO I GET?"
PARIS. "THE PIP!"



TESTING THE HUSH.

YOU DO IT BY DROPPING A PIN AT THE SUPREME MOMENT BEFORE A GREAT SOPRANO'S OPENING NOTE.

KITCHEN RHYMES.

THE CROWNING ART.

It 's fine to be a Bishop with a shovel-hat and gaiters;
It 's fine to be an Author with a style like WALTER PATER'S;
It 's very fine to be a Judge like DARLING or like AVORY,
But it 's finer far to be a cook who understands a savoury.

TOO MANY COOKS?

The broth was spoiled, so said the ancient books,
By the employment of "too many cooks";
But nowadays we think the saying funny,
When cooks can not be had for love or money.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

I can't afford to send my sons to Eton;
The fees are now prohibitively high;
But I'll send my girls to study *Mrs. Beeton*,
And hope to reap the profits ere I die.

LOSS AND GAIN.

In good VICTORIA'S golden reign
Cooks were not lured, by love of gain,
From their professional domain
To making war munitions;
But they had compensations too
Denied by law to me and you,
And used to supplement their screw
By secret trade commissions.

FIRELESS COOKERY.

When I was young, in days far hence,
The heat of the kitchen was most intense,
But now, by the use of electric connections
Our cooks are able to keep their complexions.

A DIETETIC TRAGEDY.

Jack Sprat on nuts grew fat;
His wife ate nothing but prunes;
The Butler drank quarts
Of his master's ports,
And the Cook ran away with the spoons.

BEFORE THE WAR.

Master 's at his broker's thinking of a flutter;
Mistress, she 's out golfing, trying her new putter;
Cook is at a matinée, laughing at the songs;
Why keep a cook when you can feed at restaurongs?

DURING THE WAR.

Master 's in the trenches with his only son;
Mistress manages the farm and keeps a poultry run;
Miss Belinda roasts and bakes and answers all the bells,
For Cook and House- and Kitchen-maid are all making shells.

"To-day we hear that the elevation to the Peerage of Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P. for Berwickshire, is certain. We hope the title he assumes will be a local one."
Berwick Journal.

A Tweed Cap, we presume.

"The list of these Canadian doctors is a long one. . . . It includes . . . Major Meakins and Captain Thomas Cotton, the distinguished cardiologists, who are now attached to the Hampstead Hospital for the study of the Soldier's Heart."—*The Times.*

This subject must be far and away the most popular at the present time, and we have an idea that the finest experts are not attached to the Medical profession.



Mother (to little girl engaged in grooming with a nail-brush a newly-born kitten). "OH, MAISIE, I DON'T THINK THAT THE MUMMY-CAT WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU DOING IT THAT WAY."

Maisie. "WELL, MUMMY, I *COULDN'T* LICK IT."

HIS LADY FRIEND.

WHEN the post came in Private Grimes was sitting alone, hammering a strip of metal with a stone. During the eight months that this solitary and silent man had been in Flanders he had not received so much as a picture-postcard, and he expected nothing now. But to the surprise not only of himself but of all the men who saw it, this post brought him a letter:—

"DEER HENERY she is in the best off helth i thort you mite be wunderin' the wether heer is shokin' As it leeves me at presant BILL."

Grimes read it with obvious satisfaction and put it in his pocket; soon he took it out and read it again.

In the group round the fire that night Grimes was again working on his piece of metal.

"'Eard from 'is girl at last," said Private Brant to the others, indicating Grimes by a jerk of the head. "'Dear 'Arold, when are you goin' to send me the bewtiful ring you're makin'?' she says."

"Ring, is it?" said Parker. "Looks as if it would be more like a kid's 'oop, when it's finished. She must 'ave a finger like two thumbs. Grimes, old son, you can take it from me she won't give you a blanky thank-you for it. Lummy, look at the jools!"—and in the firelight they saw the glint of red and blue against the polished strip of metal.

"Is she young and fair, Grimes?" asked a humourist.

"If she was 'ere she'd teach you manners," said Private Grimes.

The jewels were pieces of glass from a shattered church-window. Grimes was pleased with them, and even whistled a note or two as he worked. "Won't give me a thank-you, eh?" he thought, with a bit of a smile.

Three weeks later he went home on leave. She was not at Victoria (whoever she was). His visit would be a surprise for her. He got off the tram at Vauxhall and turned into the narrow side-streets.

From the yard of a brewery in the distance a van was emerging. A big red-faced man was on the dickey, and on a barrel beside him was something white. Grimes whistled; and the white patch leapt into vigorous life, giving out glad barks and little impatient whines. "Wot cher, Grimey!" called the driver, as he pulled up to lower the wriggling patch of white to the road; and Bess, an ecstatic bull-terrier, with the gladdest of pink-rimmed eyes, came bounding towards the soldier.

He caught her up and took a good look at her. She licked his unwashed unshaven face.

"Looks all right, don't she, Grimey?" asked the other a little anxiously. "Never 'ad a thing to eat but wot you said, all the time."

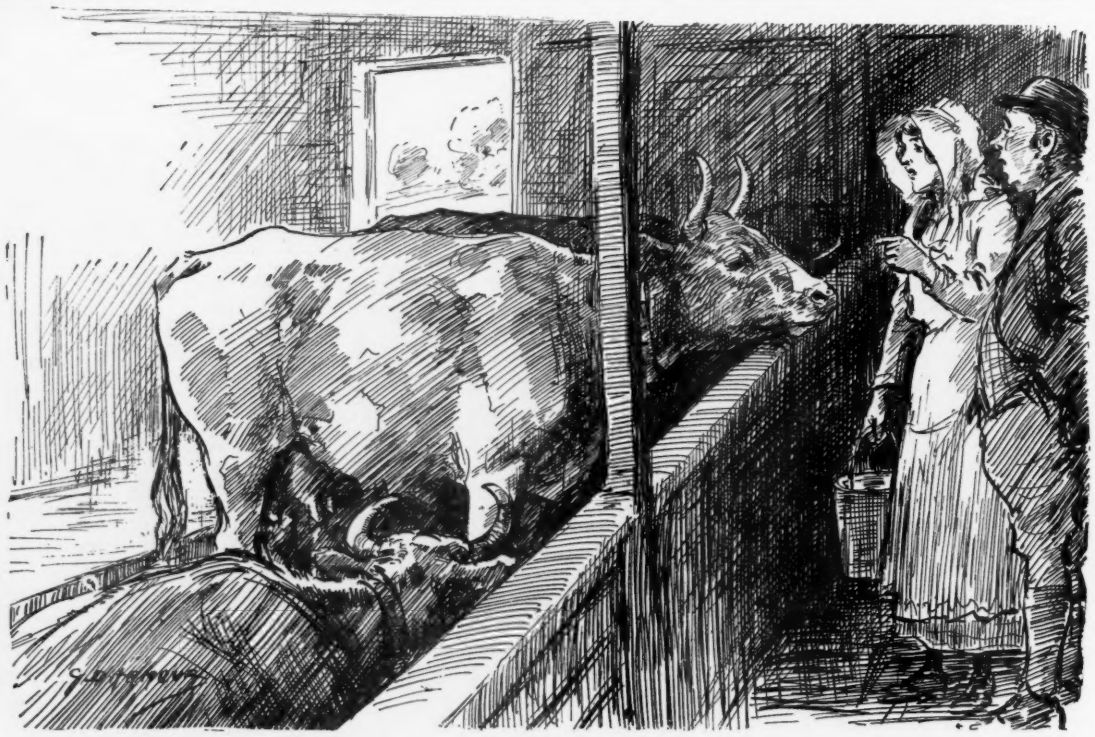
"Looks a treat, Bill," said Bess's master; and Bill knew that this was high praise.

"'Ere, Bess, 'ere's a sooveneer," said Grimes. He put her down and, taking her paw in his hand, bent and fastened into place that strip of waste war-metal, ornamented with bits of saints from an old church window in Flanders.

The Preparatory Course.

Application just received on behalf of a young lady who is anxious to do War-service as a teacher in an elementary school:—

"She has had some little test of her powers of discipline, as she has started and trained a pack of Wolf Cubs in the parish."



Farmer. "NOW LET ME SEE IF YOU CAN MILK THAT COW."
Girl (by vocation barmaid—regarding the horns). "WHICH HANDLE'S FOR THE MILK AND WHICH FOR THE CREAM?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RIDDLE."

FOR a woman who has barely scraped through a charge of poisoning her husband and has had to change her name and dye her hair from yellow to sable (contrary to the customary order of things) and lead "the wolf's life"—preying, that is, on innocent lambs—there might be worse hells on earth than the Sleeve Ard Hotel, Ardcastle, Co. Down, with its pleasant lake and mountain scenery, its golf and its real Irish waiter. And it was a cruel stroke of bad luck that into this quiet fold, teeming with woolly lambs of all ages in their crisp fleeces of fivers and tenners, there should have intruded (1) a vulgar blackmailer who knew all about her lurid past, and (2) a K.C. with a deadly memory for the details of *causes célèbres*. And (3) it was a heart-breaking coincidence that the youngest lamb of all should have borne such a striking resemblance to the lady-wolf's dead lover that she wanted to embrace him instead of fleecing him; and (4) that his betrothed should have been the god-daughter of the K.C. with the terrible recording tablets.

But what would you? We are not talking of life, but of a stage-play; and from the moment of the curtain's rise, when Miss ELSOM sat down at the piano and sang, without any provocation, a little thing by Mr. LANDON RONALD, for the sole benefit of the Irish waiter, to the juncture when the K.C. and the blackmailer got through a game of billiards in about four minutes, we were seldom allowed to forget that we were seeing things in a light that never was on any land but stageland.



THE WOLF AND THE RIVAL SLEUTH-HOUNDS.

Mrs. Lytton . . . . . Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.
William Rigg . . . . . Mr. OSWALD MARSHALL.
James Stronach, K.C. . . . . . Mr. DION BOUCICAULT.

Like so many theatrical plays it was written up to what the profession calls a "strong scene." Even the weather was pressed into a shameless collusion; for it was a wet afternoon that gave the K.C. his opportunity, as it might have been in the house on the road to Fiesole, of narrating, with lavish detail and the whole hotel for audience, the story of the murder trial in which "*Mrs. Lytton*" (the wolf) had figured as the prisoner; and frankly indicating that, if he had been the prosecutor, he could have established her guilt. His



Commercial Traveller. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WAR NOW, MRS. HAGGETT?"

Mrs. Haggett. "WELL, MR. SMITH, FROM WHAT I READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND FROM WHAT HAGGETT TELLS ME, I—WELL, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK."

object, more moral than humane, and more histrionic than either, was to confound the wretched woman, to expose her identity and so, by a sudden disillusionment, to restore her lamb to the fold. The end, as it turned out for the general good, did actually seem to justify the means; but at the time it was not a very edifying exhibition.

"One likes to show the truth for the truth;
That the woman was light is very true;
But suppose she says, Never mind that youth!
What wrong have I done to you?"

"Well, anyhow" (as BROWNING also said) it was an effective piece of stage-work, and the result tallied with the best conventions by which youth is reclaimed from the snares of a baffled and repentant vampire.

The staginess of things infected or seemed to infect even Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. In the first Act I found her a little spasmodic. And all through the play the authors were most arbitrary about the way in which they made her meet the various attacks that were sprung upon her. Thus, at a small shock, she would suddenly start and drop something; but when you expected her at least to swoon on finding that her true name had been discovered, she bore the blow with superb aplomb. And after enduring the K.C.'s interminable recitation with only here and there a sign of personal interest, she finally gave herself away in a loud and voluble protest against the idea that any woman purposing to administer poison to her husband could have been callous enough to try it first on a favourite dog.

There was inconsistency too in the pace at which the performance was conducted. All obvious things were taken quite leisurely; but the speed at which really difficult and complex details were rushed was simply torrential.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH had her own reputation to compete with in the kind of part in which we know her so well, and to say that she was equal to it is praise enough. She was best, perhaps, because most womanly and least wolfish, in the scene of her confession. As for Mr. DION BOUCICAULT I would not go so far as to say that his manner deceived me into supposing that he was a real K.C. I have mixed with many real K.C.'s on the parade-ground or in the trenches (home defence), but even in the disguise of a uniform, and under conditions that might tend to obscure the outward signs of legal distinction, I have always observed a certain manner which betrayed their high calling. That manner was not very saliently marked in Mr. DION BOUCICAULT. But he had an exceptional chance as an actor and grasped it firmly.

The part of *Mr. Rigg*, blackmailer, the mystery of whose personality, aggravated by a *penchant* for "hovering" with intent, constituted a darker "Riddle" than that of "*Mrs. Lytton*," was played by Mr. OSWALD MARSHALL with admirable ease and reserve; and Mr. STANLEY DREWITT'S *Professor Beveridge*, an antique lamb who confided to the wolf his views on "discontinuous variations," and by way of reprisal was touched by her for a couple of ten-pound notes, had a pleasant air of naïve sincerity. The others were



Mother (to Jack, who has drawn lots with his twin-brother and won the choice). "WELL, DEAR, CAN'T YOU SETTLE WHICH YOU WANT?"
Jack (after deep thought). "YE-ES, MOTHER; I THINK I WANT THE ONE BOBBY WANTS."

sufficiently scund on the old accepted lines.

The dialogue had too many long sentences for spontaneity, and when I say that the humour was largely confined to the vague inconsequences of the mother-in-law-to-be you will kindly understand that it was neither profuse nor sparkling.

I shall not venture to predict the length of *The Riddle's* run; but I suspect that the public may rise superior to the judgment of the critics. Plays that are purely actors' plays have a habit, however familiar their formulas, of coming home to the British bosom; and this one may stick there. O. S.

By the courtesy of the directors of the Grand Opera Syndicate, Covent Garden Opera House will be lent during the week of July 3rd–8th for the use of those who are promoting, under the presidency of the Duchess of SOMERSET, "The Women's Tribute to the Soldiers and Sailors of the Empire." The scheme offers an opportunity to every woman to prove her gratitude to the men who have defended our honour and our liberty, and to assist in raising a fund which will not compete with, but be supplementary to, the recognised agencies for the care of our sailors and soldiers, particularly those who have been wholly or partially disabled on active service; bearing, in fact, the same relation to those agencies that King Edward's Hospital Fund bears to established institutions for the relief of sufferers by disease or accident,

The first three days of the Covent Garden Week will be devoted to a Patriotic Fair, with side-shows to be arranged by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER; and the second three days to Music and Entertainments of various kinds.

THE CINEMIC TOUCH.

THE MEGALO MOTION CO. (U.S.A.) has the pleasure to announce the release of its latest triumph, a film version of the well-known nursery rhyme

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Stupendous production. Genuine British classic revitalised by American methods, featuring MISS EYLASH BLACK, the ten-thousand dollar screen star.

Short Synopsis: Mary at home. The old farm-stead. Five hundred specially trained Sussex sheep, with genuine shepherds. Mary thinking. "What is my lamb's fleece like?" Fade out, revealing real snow, two thousand tons of which have been specially imported from Nebraska for the purpose of this unique comparison.

"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT——"

For the first time these lines have obtained, thanks to American enterprise, their full interpretation. See the world-voyagings of the Heroine. Watch Mary in the gilded salons of Paris and Monte Carlo, in Thibet and the South Seas, always accompanied by her pet.

N.B.: That lamb was some goer, but the film is out to beat it.

Five million dollars were spent on this unique picture-drama; but you can see it for 6d. upwards.

Released shortly. Have your local motion-manager order

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,"

and insist that he gets it.

Jilted.

"Motor driver wanted, young man, ineligible for Amy."—*Shields Daily News.*

From an essay on "Daylight-Saving":—

"The clock at Greenwich has not been altered because the tide and sun all work with the clock and if they were to put it on the tide might not run right when it was put back."



"THE STEAM-ROLLER."

AUSTRIA. "I SAY, YOU KNOW, YOU'RE EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IT IS WHISPERED THAT A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SARTORIAL PRESS IS TRYING TO INDUCE THE SPEAKER TO RECONSIDER HIS STATEMENT THAT HE (THE SPEAKER) "HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CLOTHES THAT MEMBERS CHOOSE TO WEAR."

Tuesday, June 20th.—Once again the House of Lords has forestalled the Commons by its elastic procedure. During the brief recess the Empire has been stirred to its depths by the tragic death of Lord KITCHENER. Almost his last official act was to meet his critics of the House of Commons face to face, reply to their questions, and leave them silenced and admiring. Yet to-day the Commons could do no more than listen to the sympathetic messages from foreign Parliaments read out to them by the SPEAKER, and learn from the PRIME MINISTER that to-morrow he would endeavour to give expression to their feelings upon this "irreparable loss." The Lords, less fettered by formality, were able at once to pay their tribute to the great dead and to hear his praises sounded by a Statesman, a Soldier and a Friend.

The SPEAKER is no ALEXANDER seeking fresh worlds to conquer. Invited to rebuke an Irish Member for wearing a Sinn Fein badge he flatly declined, with the remark that he had nothing to do with the clothes Members chose to wear. In refusing to set up as an *arbiter elegantiarum* I think Mr. LOWTHER is wise, for the post in these days would be no sinecure. Time was when the House was the best-dressed assembly in the world. When the late Mr. KEIR HARDIE entered its precincts with a little cloth cap perched upon his luxuriant curls he created quite a shock. To-day no one, except perhaps the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*, would mind much if Mr. SNOWDEN were to appear in a fez or Mr. PONSONBY in a *pickelhaube*.

Wednesday, June 21st.—What struck me most in the PRIME MINISTER'S tribute to Lord KITCHENER was his evident sense of personal loss in parting from one with whom he had been in daily association for two strenuous years. So with the other speeches delivered. Each was touched with genuine emotion and illustrated some one or other of Lord KITCHENER'S outstanding qualities. Thus Mr. BONAR LAW spoke of the sure instinct which caused him to realise at the very outset the gigantic nature of the present War; Mr. WARDLE of the absolute straightness which won for him the confidence of the working-classes; Sir IVOR HERBERT, a personal friend who had occasionally differed with him, of the unflinching courage with which he faced alike Dervishes in the desert or critics in Parliament; and Sir GEORGE REID of the equally conspicuous humanity which he displayed as an administrator in repairing the ravages of War. Through all these varied tributes rang the note of Duty Well Done.

A singularly perverse fate obstructs the efforts of the Government to tax cocoa. As beer is notoriously the beverage which supports the pens of Tory leader-writers, so cocoa is supposed to be the appropriate stimulus of Liberal nibs. Until the War it got off remarkably cheaply, as compared with its rival, tea, being only taxed 1*d.* a pound. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE dared add no more than a halfpenny to the impost, but Mr. MCKENNA with sublime courage proposed to make the tax a round sixpence.

But this was before he knew as much about cocoa as he does to-day. At sixpence a pound, it seems, the imbiber of cocoa would pay a fraction more to the Exchequer for every cup that he consumed than would the drinker of tea. Such a dreadful anomaly in our otherwise equitable fiscal system could not, of course, be tolerated. So the tax has now been fixed at 4½*d.*, and Messrs. CADBURY and ROWNTREE are grateful and comforted.

Finding the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in this yielding mood, Mr.



OUR VILLAGE STORE.

Aged Man (to customer wanting a sandwich). "I'M SORRY TO KEEP YOU, SIR, BUT IT'S VERY AWKWARD, MY SON BEING CALLED UP AND ME NEW TO IT ALL. 'AM! 'AM! NOW WHERE *DID* I SEE THE 'AM?"

LOUGH thought he would try to get rid of the tax on sugar. But here Mr. MCKENNA was obdurate. We used far more sugar than any other European nation, and must be forced to reduce our consumption. Someone, remembering, perhaps, how a month ago Mr. MCKENNA had smiled approval while his colleague, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, defended Prohibition against Tariffs as a means of lessening consumption, suggested that sugar-consumers should be rationed instead of being taxed. But Mr. MCKENNA, without turning a hair, maintained that in war-time to raise the price by taxation was the only way. Political economy, once relegated by Mr. GLADSTONE to Jupiter and Saturn, is now, it seems, a permanent dweller in Mars.

Thursday, June 22nd.—The House of Lords welcomed a notable recruit in the person of Lord CHAPLIN. To his many remarkable performances in the field and the forum the newcomer has added another by gaining a step in the peerage before taking his seat. Last April it was announced that the KING had been pleased to confer upon him a barony, but it was Viscount CHAPLIN, of St. Oswald's, Blankney, who subscribed the roll this afternoon.

Out of 173 questions on the Paper of the House of Commons a large number related to Ireland; but Ministers were extremely economical of information. The anticipated settlement still hangs fire, and there are increasing fears that it will not hold water. Almost the only fact revealed was that Lord WIMBORNE is no longer Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His resignation has been definitely accepted. By Ireland, where he was by no means an unwelcome GUEST, he will be more regretted than some other Viceroys.

The extra income-tax on American securities again led to some lively exchanges. Sir FREDERICK BANBURY found himself in the unwonted company of Mr. D. M. MASON in resisting the Government proposals. These "Old Tories" were told by Mr. G. FABER that the world was upside down, and that the sooner they realised it the better. But even he thought the Government were using up these dollar securities rather fast. They ought to treat them as "pearls of great price" and not cast them away for American bacon.

Mr. MCKENNA was not at all in a conciliatory mood, and startled some of his opponents by reminding them that under the Defence of the Realm Act the Government could take any kind of property at prices far below the market value. When other men had given up their lives for their country why all this boggling over shares?—an argument that the House as usual found unanswerable.

"At Colmar a merchant has been sentenced to a fine of £5 by a German court-martial for repeating in a public restaurant the well-known joke about ordering a sandwich at a Prussian railway buffet, and being served with a neat ticket between two bread tickets."
The Times.

Anyhow he deserved his punishment for spoiling the only Teuton joke.

"The bride's mother was costumed in black stain."—*Shepton Mallet Journal.*

Under the stress of War-economy we are evidently getting back to the days of woad.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM a little puzzled as to the authorship of *Action Front* (SMITH, ELDER), which is stated to be written by BOYD CABLE, author of *Between the Lines*. First of all there was a Mr. BOYD CABLE, but he didn't last, for he soon turned into "BOYD CABLE" without the Mr., the inverted commas indicating, I suppose, that this was a mere *nom de guerre*. At or about the same time there was an author known as "ACTION FRONT," whose writings were hardly to be distinguished from those of "BOYD CABLE." And now *Action Front* becomes the title of a book by BOYD CABLE. For my own part I can only say that, whoever he may be, BOYD CABLE—let us try him without the inverts—has a most remarkable gift for the writing of vivid and exciting war-stories. He takes a phrase from the *communiqués* and shows you with a seemingly careless art, of which he holds the secret, what moving incidents, what heroism, what self-sacrifice and glorious endurance are concealed behind the bald official announcement. Moreover, he has a true appreciation of the reckless and humorous courage that characterises the British fighting man, the splendid human material out of which great events are fashioned. If you add to these high qualities a talent for making you visualise the scenes and the sequence of incidents which he describes you will obtain some conception of the methods of this most interesting writer. He holds you in his grip from the moment he starts, and there is no relaxation from then to the finish. Each little story is an admirable piece of literary architecture. If I had to class them I should place "Drill" and "The Signallers" by themselves in the first division of the first class. I will hint only one fault: it is too great a tax on one's credulity to be asked to believe that a French officer could have addressed an English private as *mon beau Anglaise*. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for *Action Front*, though I am still as far as ever from knowing who wrote it.



"BLESS 'IM! AIN'T 'E A LITTLE *PATRIARCH?*"

I feel I am beginning to know something of romantic Russia and the Russians from the perpetual and jolly spate of Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S books. *Through Russian Central Asia* (CASSELL) is the very latest to hand. I like his easy pace, his gentle universal friendliness, his fearlessness, his untidy but interesting mind. He is a tramp of tramps. With a thin wallet of notes and no weapon but a fountain-pen he travels a couple of thousand miles or so and back, faring on his own feet, steaming down stretches of navigable river, taking the rail for a space, begging a lift in some prehistoric conveyance, right from the Caspian, by magical many-hued Bokhara and storied Samarkand that holds the bones of TAMERLANE, on through the flower-starred highlands of the Seven Rivers Land to the Irtish river and Siberian plains, sleeping under the stars or in a Khirgiz tent of felt, or a riverside cave—surely a happy careless man. And he has made an interesting book of it, intelligently packed with admirable photographs. He still keeps to his fine theme, the interpretation of Russia and the plea for friendliness, trust and a large co-operation with her on our part over the problems of peace and power. Among such problems he drifts about with a disarming *naïveté*, a little out of depth and more than a little sagacious. An excellent specimen of the converted Radical-Imperialist.

There used, I believe, to be an old controversy as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. Somehow, this antique problem is always brought to my mind by the short stories of Mr. BARRY PAIN, perhaps because he seems to have the power of marshalling more angels of pity and fear and laughter in the restricted area of a few printed pages than almost any other writer. How true this is you have now a fine opportunity of judging, since the first volume of his *Collected Tales* (SECKER) contains a baker's dozen of samples selected by himself. Of these the most considerable (in point of length) is "Wilmay," which might almost be considered a very short novel. It is also to my mind the weakest thing in the volume; not even Mr. BARRY PAIN can impart much freshness to the middle-aged guardian who remains, till the final chapter, blind to the obvious devotion of his attractive ward. Elsewhere, by way of compensation, we have several little studies of rare quality: "Ellen Rider," exquisite in its restraint and genuine feeling; "The Undying Thing," that small masterpiece of the unpleasant, and "The Night of Glory," a savage and utterly merciless piece of anti-sentimentalism with a moral. Mr. PAIN says in his preface that he has not included any example of his humorous work. Perhaps he was looking the other way when "Sparkling Burgundy" added itself to the collection. Anyhow, I am glad it eluded him, as it is one of the happiest things in a most attractive volume.

Miss MARGUERITE BRYANT, the author of *Felicity Crofton* (HEINEMANN), can thank the gods for two gifts which lift any novel of hers well above the ruck of fiction. One is a sense of style (let me beg her not to play careless pranks with it); the other such a knowledge of men as is vouchsafed to very few contemporary women-novelists. You will have to go far and get very tired before you find a more lovable heroine than *Felicity*. Even after you have begun to suspect that the bearing of her own and other people's burdens had grown to be a hobby with her, you never lose faith in her delightfully vivid and radiant personality. The danger of drawing so fascinating a character is that when she is off the stage one's attention is apt to wander to the wings; but Miss BRYANT, though she cannot quite defeat this peril, has not been overwhelmed by it. With one exception the minor parts in her story are excellently handled, and in the end I have to be grateful for more refreshment than I have gleaned for many a day.



WOMEN IN WAR-TIME.

WHEREVER he has wandered of late, Mr. Punch has been struck by the sight of a new and capable type of citizen, always in some responsible position and always alert and efficient.

He has found her, in various incarnations, everywhere. If he goes by the railway she sells him his ticket. When he passes through the gate she clips his ticket. When he leaves the station she collects his ticket.

When he goes by Tube she takes him down in the lift and up in it again. If he boards a tram or an omnibus it is she, this new citizen, in a trim businesslike uniform, who collects his fare.

At his club she brings him his lunch. At many a restaurant she handles plates once sacred to Fritz and Karl.

He has seen her collecting letters from the pillar-boxes and manfully shouldering the sack.

When he shops she opens his cab door and receives him, and if it is wet she holds an umbrella over him.

In countless Banks and Offices she does the work of clerks, released for the army.

Often he sees her driving a motor-car; often a waggon; often a motor-tricycle delivering goods. In smart leggings, tunic and cap she runs errands.

On flag-days (and they occur now and then) she collects money in the streets hour after hour, no matter how cold or tired she is. At charity matinées (and they, too, have been known to happen) she extracts vast sums of money from the audience for programmes and souvenirs. She sits on a thousand committees connected with War charities and alleviations.

At the canteens, which never shut, day or night, she serves soldiers with hot drinks, cheerfully welcoming them back to old England, or speeding them with equal cheer on their way to the War. Dressed in khaki, she meets soldiers home on leave, leading them to comfortable shelters. Never does she look so masterful as then, for she marches at their head like a real commander.

In Regent's Park you may see her guiding blind soldiers, and on Hampstead Heath Mr. Punch has found her pulling or pushing crippled soldiers in bath-chairs. Elsewhere she reads to them and writes their letters for them, thus helping to beguile the long inactive hours.

In the hospital depôts she makes swabs and bandages by the million, quilts pneumonia jackets, pads the tops of crutches and sandpapers splints.

She has hardened her soft hands, through all weathers and seasons, in the labour of farm and field; grooming horses, tending cattle, guiding the plough, gathering the harvest.

And all over the country she is continually busy making munitions.

As for the myriad nurses in the hospitals here and abroad, who guard the precarious flame of life and dress wounds and cheer the sick—they do nothing new. That has always been woman's mission. But of course there are countless more nurses than there were two years ago, before the cataclysm.

Wherever he sees one of the new citizens, or whenever he hears fresh stories of their address and ability, Mr. Punch is proud and delighted. "It's almost worth having a war," he will say, "to prove what stuff our women are made of." But, always the most chivalrous of men, "Not that it wanted proof," he will add.

And then, the other day, finding several representatives of the new citizenship resting in their luncheon hour, Mr. Punch, taking all his courage into his venerable hands, ventured to chat a little with them (for of course he would not dare to interrupt them when they were at work), in order to find out how they would be now filling their time were there none of these novel and pressing War duties.

But the remarkable thing is that none of them quite knew. They could not remember. All they were certain of amid the haze was the very distinct conviction that, whatever it was, they would not then have been so happy as they now were.

"Well, my dears," said Mr. Punch, laughing, "never mind about what you might have been doing. The important thing is what you are doing, and when I think of that it makes my eyes glisten, I am so proud of you. Perhaps now and then in the past I may have been a little chaffing about some of your foibles, and even about some of your aspirations; but I never doubted how splendid you were at heart; I never for a moment supposed you would be anything but ready and keen when the hour of need struck. And I was right, bless your spirited hearts! I was right. For here you are, filling the men's places, so that they can be the more free to go and fight for us, and doing it all smilingly and cleverly as though you'd never done anything else. I think it's magnificent. I'm an old man and I've seen a great many things in my time, but I've never seen anything better or anything that gave me more pleasure."

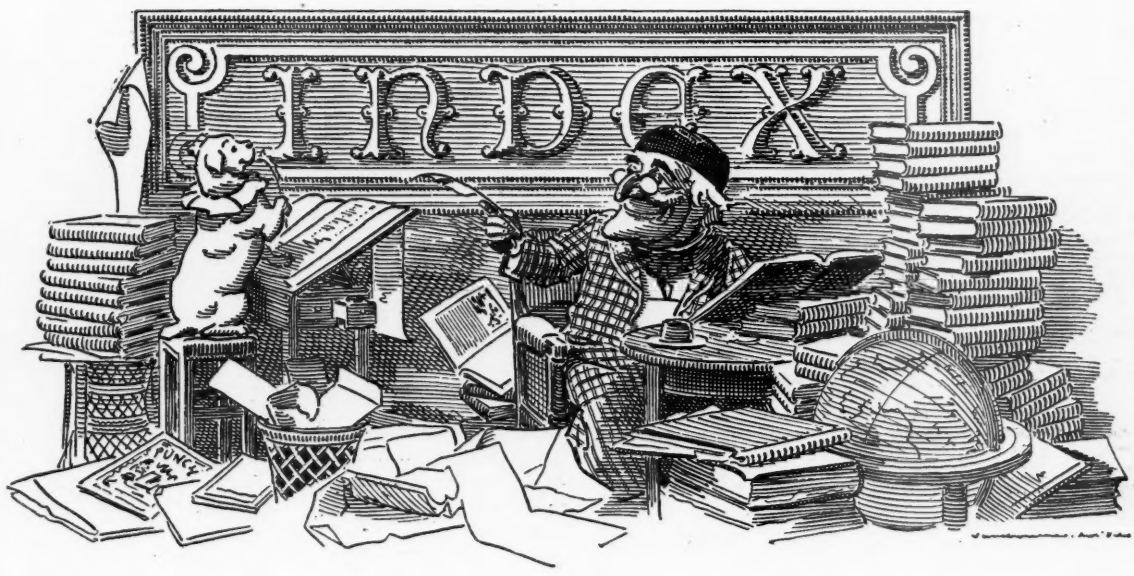
"Oh, no, Mr. Punch," said one of the new citizens—rather a pretty one, too—"you're not really old."

"No! no!" cried the others.

"You're very kind and sweet," said Mr. Punch, "but you're wrong. I am old, very old—in fact just three quarters of a century old; and in proof of that let me hand you my

One Hundred and Fiftieth Volume."





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